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The Pioneer's Kitchen

THE UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

A CYCLOPÆDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE, PRESENTING IN ALPHABETICAL ARRANGEMENT THE BIOGRAPHY, TOGETHER WITH CRITICAL REVIEWS AND EXTRACTS, OF EMINENT WRITERS OF ALL LANDS AND ALL AGES.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

W. H. DE PUY, A.M., D.D., LL.D.

EDITOR OF "THE PEOPLE'S CYCLOPEDIA," "AMERICAN REVISIONS AND ADDITIONS TO THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA," ETC., ETC.

Our high respect for a well-read man is praise enough of literature.—Emerson.

Knowledge is of two kinds : we know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.—Samuel Johnson.

VOLUME XV.

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JAMES S. BARCUS

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in fat, man, pang.
 ā as in fate, mane, dale.
 ä as in far, father, guard.
 å as in fall, talk.
 ǎ as in ask, fast, ant.
 ǣ as in fare.
 e as in met, pen, bless.
 ē as in mete, meet.
 é as in her, fern.
 i as in pin, it.
 ī as in pine, fight, file.
 o as in not, on, frog.
 ō as in note, poke, floor.
 ö as in move, spoon.
 ô as in nor, song, off.
 u as in tub.
 ū as in mute, acute.
 ū as in pull.
 ü German ü, French u.
 oi as in oil, joint, boy.
 ou as in pound, proud.

A single dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates its abbreviation and lightening, without absolute loss of its distinctive quality.
 Thus:

ǣ as in prelate, courage.
 ē as in ablegate, episcopal.
 ô as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.
 ū as in singular, education.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its sound is variable to, and in or-

dinary utterance actually becomes the short u-sound (of but, pun, etc.).
 Thus:

æ as in errant, republican.
 ǣ as in prudent, difference.
 ī as in charity, density.
 ō as in valor, actor, idiot.
 þ as in Persia, peninsula.
 ð as in the book.
 ū as in nature, feature.

A mark (˘) under the consonants *t*, *d*, *s*, *z* indicates that they in like manner are variable to *ch*, *f*, *sh*, *zh*.
 Thus:

ʃ as in nature, adventure.
 ɟ as in arduous, education.
 ʒ as in pressure.
 ʒ as in seizure.
 ʏ as in yet.
 B Spanish b (medial).
 ʈh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
 G as in German Abensberg, Hamburg.
 H Spanish g before e and i; Spanish j; etc. (a guttural h).
 ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
 s final s in Portuguese (soft).
 th as in thin.
 TH as in then.
 D = TH.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

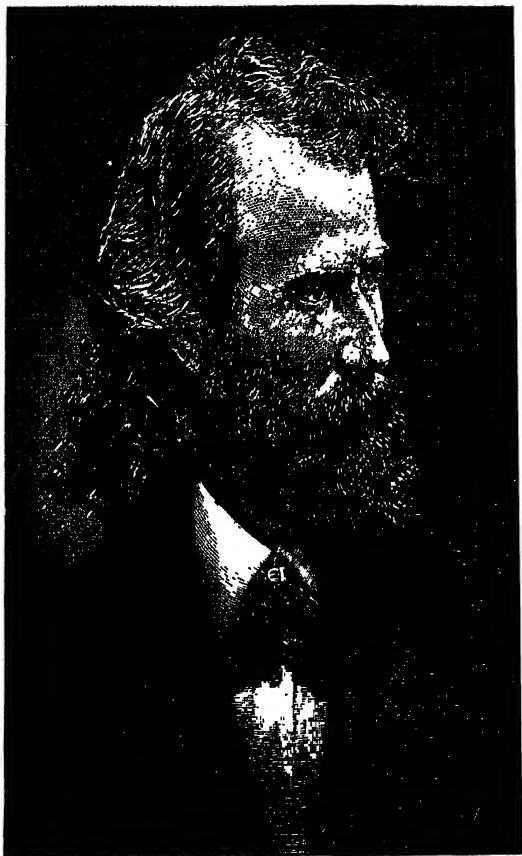
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- Monroe (mun rō'), Harriet.
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JOAQUIN MILLER.

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MILLER, CINCINNATUS HINER (Joaquin Miller, *pseud.*), an American poet, born in Indiana in 1841. In 1854 he went with his parents to Oregon. His early education was much neglected. His adventures in the mining regions of California and Oregon were varied with legal studies and editorial efforts. A paper, the *Democratic Register*, edited by him at Eugene, Oregon, in 1863, was suppressed for disloyalty. From 1866 to 1870 he was county judge of Grant County, Oregon. He then went abroad. From childhood he had written verses. His first volume, published in England, during his stay abroad, attracted much attention and won high praise from English critics. He afterwards lived in Washington, but in 1887 moved to Oakland, Cal. His books of poetry are *Songs of the Sierras* (1871), *Songs of the Sunlands* (1873), *Songs of the Desert* (1875), *Songs of Italy* (1878), *Collected Poems* (1882), and *Songs of the Mexican Seas* (1887). In prose he has published *The Baroness of New York* (1877), *The Danites in the Sierras*, and *Shadows of Shasta* (1881), *Memorie and Rime* (1884), '49, or the *Gold-Seekers of the Sierras*

CINCINNATUS HINER MILLER.—

(1884), *My Own Story* (1890), *Building of the City Beautiful* (1893). He has also written much for periodicals.

SUNRISE IN VENICE.

Night seems troubled and scarce asleep ;
Her brows are gathered in broken rest.
A star in the east starts up from the deep !
Sullen old lion of loved Saint Mark,
Lord of the deep, high-throned in the dark !
'Tis morn, new-born, with a star on her breast,
White as my lilies that grow in the West !

Hist ! Men are passing me hurriedly,
I see the yellow wide wings of a bark !
Sail silently over my morning star,
And on and in to an amber sea.
I see men move in the moving dark,
Tall and silent as columns are,
Girded and patient as Destiny ;
Great, sinewy men that are good to see,
With hair pushed back, and with open breasts ;
Barefooted fishermen, seeking their boats,
Brown as walnuts and hairy as goats,—
Brave old water-dogs, wed to the sea,
First to their labors and last to their rests.

Ships are moving ! I hear a horn—
A silver trumpet it sounds to me,
Deep-voiced and musical, far at sea—
Answers back, and again it calls.
'Tis the sentinel boat that watches the town
All night, as mounting her watery walls,
And watching for pirate or smuggler. Down
Over the sea, and reaching away
And against the east, a soft light falls,
Silvery soft as the mist of morn,
And I catch a breath like the breath of day.

The east is blossoming ! Yea, a rose,
Vast as the heavens, soft as a kiss,
Sweet as the presence of woman is,
Rises and reaches, and widens and grows
Large and luminous up from the sea,
And out of the sea, as a blossoming tree.

CININNATUS HINER MILLER.—

Richer and richer, so higher and higher,
Deeper and deeper it takes its hue ;
Brighter and brighter it reaches through
The space of heaven and the place of stars,
Till all is as rich as a rose can be,
And my rose-leaves fall into billows of fire.
Then beams reach upward as arms from a sea ;
Then lances and arrows are aimed at me.
Then lances and spangles and spars and bars
Are broken and shivered and strewn on the sea ;
And around and about me tower and spire
Start from the billows like tongues of fire.
Songs of Italy.

THROUGH THE DESERT.

What scenes they pass'd, what camps at
morn,
What weary columns kept the road ;
What herds of troubled cattle low'd,
And trumpeted like lifted horn ;
And everywhere, or road or rest,
All things were pointing to the west ;
A weary, long, and lonesome track,
And all led on, but one look'd back. . . .

They pitch'd the tent where rivers run,
As if to drown the falling sun.
They saw the snowy mountains roll'd,
And heaved along the nameless lands
Like mighty billows ; saw the gold
Of awful sunsets ; saw the blush
Of sudden dawn, and felt the hush
Of heaven when the day sat down,
And hid his face in dusky hands.

The long and lonesome nights ! The tent
That nestled soft in sweep of grass ;
The hills against the firmament,
Where scarce the moving moon could pass ;
The cautious camp, the smother'd light,
The silent sentinel at night !

The wild beasts howling from the hill ;
The troubled cattle bellowing ;
The savage prowling by the spring,

CINCINNATUS HINER MILLER.—

Then sudden passing swift and still,
And bended as a bow is bent.
The arrow sent; the arrow spent
And buried in its bloody place,
The dead man lying on his face!

The clouds of dust, their cloud by day;
Their pillar of unfailing fire
The far North star. And high, and higher—
They climb'd so high it seem'd eftsoon
That they must face the falling moon,
That like some flame-lit ruin lay,
Thrown down before their weary way.

They learn'd to read the sign of storms,
The moon's wide circles, sunset bars,
And storm-provoking blood and flame;
And, like the Chaldean shepherds, came
At night to name the moving stars.
In heaven's face they pictured forms
Of beasts, of fishes of the sea,
They mark'd the Great Bear wearily
Rise up and drag his clinking chain
Of stars around the starry main.

What lines of yoked and patient steers!
What weary thousands pushing west!
What restless pilgrims seeking rest,
As if from out the edge of years!
What great yoked brutes with briskets low,
With wrinkled necks like buffalo,
With round, brown, liquid, pleading eyes,
That turn'd so slow and sad to you,
That shone like love's eyes soft with tears,
That seem'd to plead, and make replies
The while they bow'd their necks and drew
The creaking load, and look'd at you.
Their sable briskets swept the ground,
Their cloven feet kept solemn sound.

Two sullen bullocks led the line,
Their great eyes shining bright like wine;
Two sullen captive kings were they,
That had in time kept herds at bay,
And even now they crush'd the sod

CINCINNATUS HINER MILLER.—

With stolid sense of majesty,
And stately stepp'd and stately trod,
As if 'twas something still to be
Kings, even in captivity.

The Ship in the Desert.

DRIFTING SOULS.

Ah! there be souls none understand;
Like clouds they cannot touch the land,
Drive as they may, by field or town;
Then we look wise at this and frown,
And we cry, "Fool," and cry, "Take hold
Of earth, and fashion gods of gold."

Unanchor'd ships, they blow and blow,
Sail to and fro, and then go down
In unknown seas that none shall know,
Without one ripple of renown.
Poor drifting dreamers sailing by,
They seem to only live to die.

Call these not fools! The test of worth
Is not the hold you have of earth.
Lo! there be gentlest souls sea-blown
That know not any harbor known.
Now it may be the reason is
They touch on fairer shores than this.

The Ship in the Desert.

TO RUSSIA.

(On Her Persecution of the Jews.)

"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of
the earth?"—*Bible.*

Who tamed thy lawless Tartar blood?
What David bearded in her den
The Russian bear in ages when
You strode your black, unbridled steed,
A skin-clad savage of the steeps?
Why, one who now sits low and weeps,
Why, one who now wails out to you—
The Jew; the homeless, hated Jew.

Who girt the thews of your young prime?
Why, who but Moses shaped your course

CININNATUS HINER MILLER.—

And bound your fierce, divided force
United down the grooves of Time ?
Your mighty millions, all to-day
The hated, homeless Jews obey.
Who taught all histories to you ?
The Jew, the hated, homeless Jew.

Who taught you tender Bible tales
Of honey-lands, of milk and wine ?
Of happy, peaceful Palestine ?
Of Jordan's holy harvest-vales ?
Who gave the patient Christ ? I say,
Who gave you Christian creed ? Yea, yea,
Who gave your very God to you ?
The Jew ! The Jew ! The hated Jew !

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

From out the golden doors of dawn
The wise men came, of wondrous thought,
Who knew the stars. From far upon
The shoreless East they kneeling brought
Their costly gifts of inwrought gems and gold
While, cloudlike, incense from their presence
rolled.

Their sweets of flower-fields, their sweet
Distillments of most sacred leaves
They laid, low bending, at His feet,
As reapers bend above their sheaves—
As strong-armed reapers bending clamorous
To give their gathered full sheaves kneeling thus.

And kneeling so, they spake of when
God walked his Garden's fragrant sod,
Nor yet had hid his face from men,
Nor yet had man forgotten God.
They spake. But Mary kept her thought apart
And, silent, "pondered all things in her heart."

They spake in whispers long, they laid
Their shaggy heads together, drew
Some stained scrolls breathless forth, then made
Such speech as only wise men knew—
Their high red camels on the huge hill set
Outstanding, like some night-hewn silhouette.



THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

Drawing by Johann Ritter von Führich

CININNATUS HINER MILLER.—

LITTLE BILLIE PIPER.

Nobody knew when he came. Perhaps nobody cared. He was the smallest man in the camp. In fact he was not a man. He was only a boyish, girlish looking creature that came and went at will. He was so small he crowded no one, and so no one cried out about him, or paid him any attention, so long as they were all busily taking possession of and measuring off the new Eden.

What a shy, sensitive, girlish looking man! His boyish face was beautiful, dreamy, and childish. It was sometimes half-hidden in a cloud of yellow hair that fell down about it, and was always being pushed back by a small white hand, that looked helpless enough in the battle of life among these bearded and brawny men on the edge of the new world. . . .

Once a saloon-keeper, the cinnamon-haired man of the Howling Wilderness, as the one whiskey shop of this New Eden was called, met him on the trail as he was going out with a pick and shovel on his shoulder, to prospect for gold.

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Billie Piper."

The timid brown eyes looked up through the cluster of yellow curls, as the boy stepped aside to let the big man pass; and the two, without other words, went on their ways.

Oddly enough they allowed this boy to keep his name. They called him Little Billie Piper. He was an enigma to the miners. Sometimes he looked to be only fifteen. Then again he was very thoughtful. The fair brow was wrinkled sometimes; there were lines, sabre cuts of time, on the fair delicate face, and then he looked to be at least double that age. He worked, or at least he went out to work, every day with his pick and pan and shovel; but almost always they saw him standing by the running stream, looking into the water, dreaming, seeing in Nature's mirror the snowy clouds that blew in moving mosaic overhead and through and over the tops of the tossing firs.

CINCINNATUS HINER MILLER.—

He rarely spoke to the men more than in monosyllables. Yet when he did speak to them his language was so refined, so far above their common speech, and his voice was so soft, and his manner so gentle, that they saw in him, in some sort, a superior. Yet Limber Tim, the boy-man, came pretty near to this boy's life. At least he stood nearer to his heart than any one. Their lives were nearer the same level. One Sunday they stood together on the hill by the grave-yard above the Forks.

"Tell me," said the boy, laying his hand on the arm of his companion, and looking earnestly and sadly in his face, "Tell me, Tim, why it is that they always have the grave-yard on a hill. Is it because it is a little nearer to heaven?"

His companion did not understand. And yet he did understand, and was silent. They sat down together by and by and looked up out of the great cañon at the drifting white clouds, and the boy said, looking into heaven, as if to himself.

"O! fleets of clouds that flee before
The burly winds of upper seas."

Then, as the sudden twilight fell and they went down the hill together, the white crooked moon, as if it had just been broken on the snow peak that it had been hiding behind, came out with a star.

"How the red star hangs to the moon's white horn." There was no answer, for his companion was awed to utter silence.

One day, Bunker Hill, a humped-back and unhappy woman of uncertain ways, passed through the crowd in the Forks. Some of the rough men laughed and made remarks. This boy was there also. Lifting his eyes to one of these men at his side, he said:

"God has made some women a little plain, in order that he might have some women that are wholly good."

These things began to be noised about. All things have their culmination. Even the epizootic has one worst day. Things only go

so far. Rockets only rise so high, then they explode, and all is dark and still.

The Judge stood straddled out before the roaring fire of the Howling Wilderness one night, tilting up the tails of his coat with his two hands which he had turned in behind him as he stood there warming the upper ends of his short legs, and listening to these questions and the comments of the men. At last, he seemed to have an inspiration, and tilting forward on his toes, and bringing his head very low down, and his coat tails very high up, he said solemnly:

"Fellow-citizens, it's a poet." Then bringing out his right hand, and reaching it high in the air, as he poised on his right leg: "In this glorious climate of Californy——."

"Be gad, it is!" cried an Irishman, jumping up, "a Bryan! A poet, a rale, live, Lord O' Bryan!" And so the status of the strange boy was fixed at the Forks. He was declared to be a poet, and was no more a wonder. Curiosity was satisfied.

"It is something to know that it is no worse," growled a very practical old man, as he held a pipe in his teeth and rubbed his tobacco between his palms. He spoke of it as if it had been a case of small-pox, and as if he was thinking how to best prevent the spread of the infection.

The First Families of the Sierras.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.—

MILLER, EMILY (HUNTINGTON), an American author, born at Brooklyn, Conn., in 1833. Her father was Dr. Thomas Huntington; her grandfather, General Jedediah Huntington, one of Washington's staff-officers. She was educated at Oberlin College. In 1860 she was married to Mr. John E. Miller, also a graduate of Oberlin. They removed to Evanston, Ill., and later to St. Paul, Minn., where Mr. Miller died in 1882.

Mrs. Miller's literary work began when she was yet a school-girl, and she was early a contributor to the *Independent*, the *Congregationalist*, the *Christian Union*, and other papers, and to all of the principal periodicals for children. She was first assistant editor, and afterwards editor-in-chief of the *Little Corporal*, one of the earliest and best of these publications, her connection with it ceasing only with its absorption into *St. Nicholas*. To it many of her stories, now published in separate volumes, were contributed.

Mrs. Miller has written the *Home Talks for the Christian Union* for some years. She has always been active in missionary and Sunday-school work. In 1874 she was one of the organizers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and later became the head of the woman's work at Chataqua. Her works include: *Highways and Hedges*, *Kathie's Experience*, *Summer Days in Kirkwood*, *Captain Fritz*, *Little Neighbors*, *The Little Maid*, an Easter poem, *The Royal Road to Fortune* (1875), *The Parish of Fair Haven*, and *What Tommy Did* (1876), *The House that Johnny Rented*, *Fighting the Enemy*, *The Bear's Den*, *A Year at Riverside Farm* (1877), *Uncle*

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.—

Dick's Legacy, Thorn Apples, What Happened on a Christmas Eve, The King's Messenger (1891), *Helps and Hindrances* (1892). *Twelve Songs of the Seasons*, written by Mrs. Miller for *Our Young Folks*, have been set to music by Theodore Thomas.

The following selection is from *Captain Fritz*, the story of a dog, written for children, but full of kindly humor and fine sympathy, charming to maturer minds.

A NEW SORROW.

No one seemed to care that the grandfather was dead. Some men came to see him, and they sat upon the table and talked and laughed. A woman came, too—a very old woman, with a cap like the one I used to wear when I nursed the monkey. One of the men told her that her turn would come next, but she did not say anything. He did not know that she was deaf, and I have heard the grandfather say, that was worse than to be blind. She looked at the grandfather, and said to herself, "Aye, he sees well enough now; and there are things worth seeing, too."

I could not tell what she meant, for his eyes were shut, and the room was just the same as ever. By and by another man came, and he talked to the girl a long time.

I think he was angry, for he spoke loud and thumped upon the floor with his cane, but the girl was not afraid of him. She stood up very straight, and looked in his face and said always the same thing. "He wanted to be buried at St. Angelo, and he gave me the money to pay for everything. Here is the paper, and it shall be as he said. Some day, he said, Carl would come and plant a flower over his grave."

One of the men who lived in the house said, "Yes, it shall be as he said. You need not grudge him a decent place to rest in, now he is dead."

So the men went away, and the next day

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.—

they put the grandfather in a box and carried him down the stairs.

I kept close to them, and when they put the box in a carriage, I thought perhaps they were going to take him to the place where he would be made new again.

I had not begun to be sorry then, because I did not know what would happen, and I thought if I kept close by the grandfather it would be all right. It was a very long way that we went, and after a while I began to know that I was hungry. When the grandfather would not wake up to take his soup, the girl set the basin down for me.

"Here she said, "it is a pity to waste it, and you are his best friend." But I would not eat it. The grandfather always ate first, and left a portion for me, and I could not eat until he did. After that no one thought to feed me.

When we came to St. Angelo I knew it must be the place where the grandfather wanted to go. It was so warm and sunshiny, with green grass and fountains and flowers.

I knew the grandfather would like it, and I waited for them to take him out of the box. They did not take him out at all; they set the box by the side of a deep hole, and then, all at once, I remembered what became of Jack.

I jumped on the box and cried and howled, but they drove me away, and they buried the grandfather deep down in the ground. I could not see him; I had lost him, and it broke my heart. That was trouble. It was not like being lost, or being cold or hungry.

It was not like being beaten, or anything else that ever happened to me. I did not feel anything or know anything but sorrow, but I lay down with my head close upon the ground, and waited and listened.

I thought he might move or speak. They would not let me stay by him. The keeper dragged me away and shut the gate. That was no worse—nothing could be any worse; but I stood up and looked through the gate and

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.—

watched the place as long as I could see. When it was dark I lay down by the gate.

I was no more hungry; and when I shut my eyes I saw great shining things sailing along in the dark, like lanterns, only some of them had faces—the face of the man who beat me, and of my old master, and of the big boy who made me turn the wheel. . . .

I cannot quite understand about dreams, though the magpie says it is very plain to him and that it is only the shadow-people having our good times and our bad times over again. I can understand about the good times, but what do they want of the bad ones? How do they know where to find us, and when we die, are they dead too? The magpie cannot tell this part, and he says it is not necessary to know everything. He is watching for another sermon, and yesterday he came very near getting one which blew out at a window, but the rector himself came to get it. He thinks if he could get that it would tell all the things we do not know.

I hope he will find one, for there are a great many things that I do not know. When I had to find my own breakfast and supper, and when I worked for the grandfather, I never used to think about these things; but now I have nothing to do but sit in the door of my house and wonder. I wonder about the people who come here, and about the white doors all over the cemetery, that nobody ever opens, because they do not belong to houses, but little green heaps with grass growing over them. Sometimes, when the moon shines very bright, and I cannot sleep, I walk all about among them, and they are always the same. There is no door where they put the grandfather, but the grass grows there, too, and it is a very sunny corner.

HUGH MILLER.—

MILLER, HUGH, a Scottish geologist and author, born at Cromarty in 1802; died at Portobello, near Edinburgh, in 1856. His father having died when he was a child, he came mainly into the charge of two maternal uncles, whom he affectionately styles his "schoolmasters," and who wished him to study for the ministry of the Scottish kirk. This he declined to do, having, as he said, "no call" to the sacred office. He was, therefore, in his seventeenth year, apprenticed to a relative, who was a stone-mason and quarryman. He worked at this occupation, partly as a journeyman, and partly on his own account, until his thirty-fourth year. During these years he read largely in every department of English and Scottish literature, and wrote for periodicals; and as early as 1829 put forth a volume of *Poems written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason*. Even before he entered upon his apprenticeship as a stone-mason, his attention had been turned towards geology, especially towards fossilography; and before he had reached his thirtieth year, he had come to be widely known as a profound geologist. The trade of a stone-cutter is among the most unhealthy known. Few Edinburgh stone-cutters pass their fortieth year, and he gave up the occupation on being offered the position of accountant in a bank in his native town.

In 1840 the newly-organized "Free Church" of Scotland established at Edinburgh a newspaper called *The Witness*, and invited Hugh Miller to become its editor, a position which he filled with unusual brilliancy. About 1850 he began

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to write his book, *The Testimony of the Rocks*, upon which he labored incessantly, taking little sleep or exercise. The work was just finished when he was attacked by cerebral disorder, and he became aware that his mind was giving away. On the morning of October 26, 1856, he was found dead in his study. He had shot himself through the breast. He left a brief note for his wife, in which he said: "A fearful dream rises upon me: I cannot bear the horrible thought."

The principal works of Hugh Miller are: *Poems of a Journeyman Mason* (1829), *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland* (1835), *The Old Red Sandstone, or New Walks in an Old Field* (1841), *The Footprints of the Creator*, a reply to Robert Chambers's anonymous *Vestiges of Creation* (1849), *My Schools and Schoolmasters* (1854), *The Geology of the Bass Rock* (1848), *The Testimony of the Rocks* (1857). His *Life* has been written by Thomas N. Brown (1850), and Peter Bayne (1871).

FIRST STUDIES IN GEOLOGY.

It was twenty years last February since I set out a little before sunrise to make my first acquaintance with a life of labor and restraint, and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was now going to work in a quarry. Bating the passing uneasiness occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods; a reader of curious books, when I could get them; a gleaner of old traditionary stories. And now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams and all my amusements for the kind of

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life in which men toil every day that they be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they be enabled to toil.

The quarry in which I wrought lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay—or frith, rather—with a little clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir-wood on the other. It had been opened in the old red sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel blistered my hands; but the pain was by no means very severe, and I wrought hard and willingly that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks and wedges and levers were applied by my brother workmen; and simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved inefficient, however, and the workmen had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder.

The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one. It had the merit, too, of being attended with some degree of danger, as a boating or rock excursion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital shots. The fragments flew in every direction; and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures, to die in the shelter. I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts and the cold and darkness of

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their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay down their tools. I looked up, and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir-wood beside us, and the long dark shadows of the trees stretching downwards towards the shore.

This was no very formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks ; but I had wrought, and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother workmen. . . .

All the workmen rested at mid-day, and I went to enjoy my half-hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighboring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water, nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been traced upon canvas. From a wooded promontory that stretched half-way across the frith there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose straight as the line of a plummet for more than a thousand yards ; and then, on reaching a thinner stratum of air, spread out equally on every side, like the foliage of a stately tree. Ben Wyvis rose to the west, white with the yet unwasted snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills ; all above was white and all below was purple. I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

The gunpowder had loosened a large mass in one of the inferior strata, and our first employment, on resuming our labors, was to raise it from its bed. I assisted the other workmen in

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placing it on edge, and was much struck by the appearance of the platform on which it had rested. The entire surface was ridged and furrowed like a bank of sand that had been left by the tide an hour before. I could trace every bend and curvature, every cross-hollow and counter-ridge of the corresponding phenomena; for the resemblance was no half-resemblance. It was the thing itself; and I had observed it a hundred and a hundred times when sailing my little schooner in the shallows left by the ebb. But what had become of the waves that had thus fretted the solid rock; or of what element had they been composed? I felt as completely at a loss as Robinson Crusoe did on his discovering the print of the man's foot on the sand.

The evening furnished me with still further cause of wonder. We raised another block in a different part of the quarry, and found that the area of a circular depression in the stratum below was broken and flawed in every direction, as if it had been the bottom of a pool, recently dried up, which had shrunk and split in the hardening. Several large stones came rolling down from the diluvium in the course of the afternoon. They were of different qualities from the sandstone below, and from one another; and, what was more wonderful still, they were all rounded and water-worn, as if they had been tossed about in the sea, or the bed of a river, for hundreds of years. There could not surely be a more conclusive proof that the bank which had enclosed them so long could not have been created on the rock on which it rested. No workman ever manufactures a half-worn article, and the stones were all half-worn! And, if not the bank, why then the sandstone underneath? I was lost in conjecture, and found I had food enough for thought that evening, without once thinking of the unhappiness of a life of labor.

The immense masses of diluvium which we had to clear away rendered the working of the

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quarry laborious and expensive, and all the party quitted it in a few days to make trial of another that seemed to promise better. The one we left is situated, as I have said, on the southern shore of an inland bay—the Bay of Cromarty; the one to which we removed had been opened in a lofty wall of cliffs that overhangs the northern shore of the Moray Frith.

I soon found that I was to be no loser by the change. Not the united labors of a thousand men for more than a thousand years could have furnished a better section of the geology of the district than this range of cliffs. It may be regarded as a sort of chance dissection on the earth's crust. We see in one place the primary rock, with its veins of granite and quartz, its dizzy precipices of gneiss, and its huge masses of hornblende; we find the secondary rock in another, with its beds of sandstone and shale, its spars, its clays, and its nodular limestones. We discover the still little-known, but highly interesting fossils of the old red sandstone in one deposition; we find the beautifully-preserved shells and lignites of the lias in another. There are the remains of two several creations at once before us. The shore, too, is heaped with rolled fragments of almost every variety of rocks—basalts, ironstones, hyperstenes, porphyries, bituminous shales, and micaceous schists.

In short, the young geologist—had he all Europe before him—could hardly choose for himself a better field. I had, however, no one to tell me so at the time, for geology had not yet travelled so far north; and so, without guide or vocabulary, I had to grope my way as I best might, and find out all its wonders for myself. But so slow was the process, and so much was I a seeker in the dark, that the facts contained in these few sentences were the patient gatherings of years.

In the course of the first day's employment I picked up a nodular mass of blue limestone, and laid it open by a stroke of the hammer.

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Wonderful to relate, it contained inside a beautifully-finished piece of sculpture—one of the volutes, apparently of an Ionic capital; and not the far-famed walnut of the fairy tale, had I broken the shell and found the little dog lying within, it could have surprised me more. Was there another such curiosity in the whole world? I broke open a few other nodules of similar appearance—for they lay pretty thickly on the shore—and found that there might be. In one of these there were what seemed to be the scales of fishes, and the impressions of a few minute bivalves, prettily striated; in the centre of another there was actually a piece of decayed wood. Of all nature's riddles these seemed to me at once the most interesting and the most difficult to expound. I treasured them carefully up, and was told by one of the workmen to whom I showed them that there was a part of the shore, about two miles farther to the west, where curiously shaped stones, somewhat like the heads of boarding-pikes were occasionally picked up; and that in his father's days the country people called them thunderbolts, and deemed them of sovereign efficacy in curing bewitched cattle. Our employer, on quitting the quarry on which we were to be engaged, gave all the workmen a half-holiday. I employed it in visiting the place where the thunderbolts had fallen so thickly, and found a richer scene of wonder than I could have fancied in even my dreams.

What first attracted my notice was a detached group of low-lying skerries, wholly different in form and color from the sandstone cliffs above, or the primary rocks a little farther to the west. I found them composed of thin strata of limestone, alternating with thicker beds of a black slaty substance, which, as I ascertained in the course of the evening, burns with a powerful flame, and emits a strong bituminous odor. The layers into which the beds readily separate are hardly an eighth part of an inch in thickness, and yet on every layer

there are the impressions of thousands and tens of thousands of the various fossils peculiar to the lias. We may turn over these wonderful leaves one after one, like the leaves of an herbarium, and find the pictorial records of a former creation in every page. Scallops, and gryphites, and ammonites, of almost every variety peculiar to the formation, and at least some eight or ten varieties of belemnite; twigs of wood, leaves of plants, cones of an extinct species of pine, bits of charcoal, and the scales of fishes. And, as if to render their pictorial appearance more striking, though the leaves of this interesting volume are of deep black, most of the impressions are of a chalky whiteness. I was lost in admiration and astonishment, and found my very imagination paralyzed by an assemblage of wonders that seemed to outrival, in the fantastic and the extravagant, even its wildest conceptions.

I passed on from ledge to ledge, like the traveller of the tale through the city of statues, and at length found one of the supposed aërolites I had come in quest of firmly embedded in a mass of shale. But I had skill enough to determine that it was other than what it had been deemed. A very near relative, who had been a sailor in his time, on almost every ocean, and had visited almost every quarter of the globe, had brought home one of these meteoric stones with him from the coast of Java. It was of a cylindrical shape and vitreous texture; and it seemed to have parted in the middle, when in a half-molten state, and to have united again, somewhat awry, ere it had cooled enough to have lost the adhesive quality. But there was nothing organic in its structure, whereas the stone I had now found was organized very curiously indeed.

It was of a conical form and filamentary texture, the filaments radiating in straight lines from the centre to the circumference. Finely-marked veins, like white threads, ran transversely through these in its upper half to

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the point, while the space below was occupied by an internal cone, formed of plates that lay parallel to the base, and which, like watch-glasses, were concave on the under side, and convex on the upper. I learned in time to call this stone a belemnite, and became acquainted with enough of its history to know that it once formed part of a variety of cuttle-fish, long since extinct.

My first year of labor came to a close, and I found that the amount of my happiness had not been less than in the last of my boyhood. My knowledge, too, had increased in more than the ratio of former seasons; and as I had acquired the skill of at least the common mechanic, I had fitted myself for independence. The additional experience of twenty years has not shown me that there is any necessary connection between a life of toil and a life of wretchedness; and when I have found good men anticipating a better and a happier time than either the present or the past, the conviction that in every period of the world's history the great bulk of mankind must pass their days in labor has not in the least inclined me to skepticism.—*The Old Red Sandstone.*

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OLIVE THORNE MILLER.—

MILLER, OLIVE THORNE, an American author, born at Auburn, N. Y., in 1831. Her maiden name was Harriet Mann, and she was married to Dr. T. M. Miller in 1854. She has written stories for the *St. Nicholas* and other magazines, and of late years has devoted herself to the study of birds. Her first articles appeared under the pen name of "Olive Thorne," but afterwards under the signature of "Olive Thorne Miller." Her books include: *Little Folks in Feathers and Fur* (1879), *Queer Pets at Marcy's* (1880), *Little People of Asia* (1882), *Birds' Ways* (1885), *In Nesting Time* (1888), *The Woman's Club*, advocating female organizations (1891), *Little Brothers of the Air*, studies of birds (1892), *A Bird Lover in the West* (1894), *Our Home Pets* (1894), and also a serial story entitled *Nimpo's Troubles*, published in the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, in 1874.

ON THE TRAIL.

I had just returned from a walk down the meadow, put on wrapper and slippers, and established myself by the window to write some letters. Pen, ink, paper, and all the accessories were spread out before me. I dipped my pen in the ink and wrote "My Dear"—when a sound fell upon my ears; it was the cry of a young bird! it was near to me! it had a veery ring! . . .

I snatched my glass, seized my hat as I passed, and was out doors. In the open air the call sounded louder, and plainly came from the borders of the brook that with its fringe of trees divides the yard from the pasture beyond. It was a two-syllabled utterance like "quee wee," but it had the intermitted or tremolo sound that distinguishes the song of the tawny thrush from others. I could locate the bird almost to a twig, but nobody cared if I could. It was on the other side of the brook and the deep gully through which it ran, and they who had that youngster in charge could laugh at me.

But I knew the way up the brookside. I

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went down the road to the bars, crossed the water on the stepping-stones, and in a few minutes entered a cow-path that wandered up beside the stream. All was quiet; the young thrush no doubt had been hushed. They were waiting for me to pass by, as I often did, for that was a common walk of mine.

At length I reached the path that ran up the bank where I usually turned and went to the pasture, for beyond this the cow-path descended, and looked damp and wild, as if it may once have been the way of the cows, but now was abandoned. Still all was quiet, and I thought of my letter unanswered—of my slippers—and—and I turned to go back.

Just at that moment that unlucky young thrush opened his mouth for a cry; the birds had been too sure. I forgot my letters again, and looked at the path beyond. I thought I could see a dry way, so I took a step or two forward. This was too much! this I had never before done, and I believe those birds were well used to my habits, for the moment I passed my usual bounds a cry rang out, loud, and a bird flew past my head. She alighted near me. It was a tawny thrush; and when one of those shy birds, who fly if I turn my head behind the blinds, gets bold, there is a good reason for it. I thanked madam for giving me my cue; I knew now it was her baby, and I walked slowly on. . . .

As I proceeded, the thrush grew more and more uneasy. She came so near me that I saw she had a gauzy-winged fly in her mouth—another proof that she had young ones near. She called, without opening her beak, her usual low “quee.”

Finding a dry spot, and the baby-cry being ceased, I sat down to consider and to wait. Then the bird seemed suddenly to remember how compromising her mouthful was, and she planted herself on a branch before my eyes, deliberately ate that fly and wiped her beak, as who should say, “You thought I was carrying

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that morsel to somebody, but you see I have eaten it myself; there's nothing up that path." But much as I respected the dear mother, I did not believe her eloquent demonstration. I selected another point where I could stop a minute, and picked my way to it. Then all my poor little bird's philosophy deserted her; she came close to me, she uttered the greatest variety of cries; she almost begged me to believe that she was the only living creature up that gully. And so much did she move me, so intolerably brutal did she make me feel, that for the second time I was very near to turning back.

But the cry began again. How could I miss so good a chance to see that tawny youngster, when I knew I should not lay finger on it? I hardened my heart, and struggled a few feet further.

Then some of the neighbors came to see what was the trouble, and if they could do anything about it. A black-and-white creeper rose from a low bush with a surprised "chit-it-it," alighted on a tree, and ran glibly up the upright branch as though it were a ladder. But a glance at the "cause of all this woe" was more than his courage could endure; one cry escaped him, and then a streak of black and white passed over the road out of sight.

Next came a redstart, himself the head of a family, for he too had his beak full of provisions. He was not in the least dismayed; he perched on a twig and looked over at me with interest, as if trying to see what the veery found so terrifying, and then continued on his way home. A snow-bird was the last visitor, and he came nearer and nearer, not at all frightened, merely curious, but madam evidently distrusted him, for she flew at him, intimating in a way that he plainly understood that "his room was better than his company."

Still I floundered on, and now the disturbed mother added a new cry, like the bleating of a lamb. I never should have suspected a bird of

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making that sound; it was a perfect "ba-ha-ha." Yet on listening closely, I saw that it was the very tremolo that gives the song of the male its peculiar thrill. Her "ba-ha-ha" pitched to his tone, and with his intervals, would be a perfect reproduction of it. No doubt she could sing, and perhaps she does—who knows?

Now the mother threw in occasionally a louder sort of a call-note like "pee-ro," which was quickly followed by the appearance of another thrush, her mate, I presume. He called too, the usual "quee-o," but he kept himself well out of sight—no reckless mother-love made him lose his reason. Still, steadily though slowly, and with many pauses to study out the next step, I progressed. The cry, often suppressed for minutes at a time, was perceptibly nearer. The bank was rougher than ever, but with one scramble I was sure I could reach my prize. I started carefully, when a cry rang out sudden and sharp and close at hand. At that instant the stone I had put faith in failed me basely and rolled, one foot *went in*, a dead twig caught my hair, part of my dress remained with the sharp end of a broken branch, I came to one knee (but not in a devotional spirit), I struck the ground with one hand and a briar-bush with the other, but I did not drop my glass, and I reached my goal in a fashion.

I paused to recover my breath and give that youngster—who I was persuaded was laughing at me all that time—a chance to lift up his voice again. But he had subsided, while the mother was earnest as ever. Perhaps I was too near, or had scared him out of his wits by my sensational entry. While I was patiently studying every twig on the tree from which the last cry had come, the slight flutter of a leaf caught my eye, and there stood the long-sought infant himself.

He was a few feet below me. I could have laid my hands upon him, but he did not ap-

pear to see me, and stood like a statue while I studied his points. Mamma, too, was suddenly quiet; either she saw at last that my intentions were friendly, or she thought the supreme moment had come, and was paralyzed. I had no leisure to look after her; I wanted to make acquaintance with her bairn—and I did. He was the exact image of his parents; I should have known him anywhere—the same soft, tawny back, and light under-parts, but no tail to be seen, and only a dumpy pair of wings, which would not bear him very far. The feathers of his side looked rough, and not fully out, but his head was lovely and his eye was the wild, free eye of a veery. I saw the youngster utter his cry. I saw him fly four or five feet, and then I climbed the bank, hopeless of returning the way I had come, pushed my way between detaining spruces, and emerged once more on dry ground. I had been two hours on the trail.

I slipped into the house the back way, and hastened to my room, where I counted the cost: Slippers ruined, dress torn, hand scratched, toilet a general wreck. But I had seen the tawny-thrush baby, and I was happy. And it's no common thing to do either; does not Emerson count it among Thoreau's remarkable feats that

All her shows did Nature yield
To please and win this pilgrim wise
He found the tawny thrush's brood,
And the shy hawk did wait for him?

RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKEN.—

MILLIKEN, RICHARD ALFRED, an Irish poet, a native of County Cork, born in 1767 ; died in 1855. He may be regarded as the precursor of Moore, Mahony, and others, in a peculiar form of Irish humorous poetry.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

The groves of Blarney, they look so charming
Down by the purling of sweet silent
 brooks;
Being banked with posies that spontaneous
 grow there,
Planted in order in the rocky nooks.
'Tis there's the daisy, and the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink and the rose so fair,
The daffadowndilly, likewise the lily—
All flowers that scent the sweet open air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers owns this plantation ;
Like Alexander or like Helen fair,
There's no commander in all the nation
For emulation can with her compare.
Such walls surround her, that no nine-pounder
Could ever plunder her place of strength ;
But Oliver Cromwell, he did pummel,
And make a breach in her battlement.

There's gravel-walks there for speculation
And conversation in sweet solitude ;
'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
The gentle plover in the afternoon.
And if a lady should be so engaging
As to walk alone in those shady bowers,
'Tis there her courtier he may transport her
Into some fort or all underground.

For 'tis there's a cave where no daylight
enters,
But bats and badgers are forever bred ;
Being mossed by natur', that makes it
swater,
Than a coach-and-six or a feather-bed,

RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKEN.—

'Tis there the lake is well-stored with perches,
And comely eels in the verdant mud ;
Besides the leeches and groves of beeches,
Standing in order to guard the flood.

'Tis there's the kitchen hangs many a fitch'en,
With the maids a stitching upon the stair;
The bread and biske', the beer and the whiskey,
Would make you frisky if you were there.
'Tis there you would see Peg Murphy's
daughter
A-washing praties forenent the door,
With Roger Cleary and Father Healy,
All blood relations to my Lord Donough-
more.

There's statues gracing this noble place in—
All heathen gods and nymphs so fair :
Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
All standing naked in the open air.
There's a boat on the lake to float on,
And lots of beauties which I can't entwine ;
But were I a preacher, or a classic teacher,
In every feature I'd make 'em shine.

There's a stone there that whoever kisses,
Oh, he never misses to grow eloquent ;
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
Or become a member of Parliament,
A clever sporter he'll turn out, or
An outer-and-outer to be let alone.
Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him ;
Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney
Stone !

So now to finish this brave narration
Which my poor genius could not entwine.
But were I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar,
'Tis in every feature I would make it
shine.

HENRY HART MILMAN.—

MILMAN, HENRY HART, Dean of St. Paul's, an English author, born in 1791; died in 1868. He won distinction at Oxford as a classical scholar, took the Newdigate poetical prize, and in 1815 was made a fellow of Brasenose College. He entered the Anglican ministry in 1816, and soon obtained a vicarage at Reading. He had already written a drama, *Fazio*, which was published in 1817, and was subsequently highly successful on the stage. An epic poem, *Samor, the Lord of the Bright Islet*, appeared in 1818. It was followed by four dramatic poems: *The Fall of Jerusalem* (1820), *Belshazzar*, and *The Martyr of Antioch* (1822), and *Anne Boleyn* (1826). In 1821 he was elected professor of poetry at Oxford, in 1835 was made rector of St. Margaret's and Canon of Westminster, and in 1849, Dean of St. Paul's.

His permanent literary fame rests not on his poetical but on his historical works, of which he published: *A History of the Jews* (1830), *A History of Christianity from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire* (1840), and *A History of Latin Christianity including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V.* (1855). The first of these works provoked much adverse criticism by the 'liberality' or the 'unorthodoxy' of its views; but the histories of Christianity were received, and deservedly, as great works, worthy of the highest praise.

Dean Milman also published the *Bampton Lectures*, delivered by him in 1828, a translation of the *Agamemnon* and *Bacchæ*; edited *Horace* and Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and left almost

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completed a *History of St. Paul's Cathedral*, which was published by his son. A volume of his *Essays* appeared after his death.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE.

It was the 10th of August, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar by the destruction of the former Temple by the king of Babylon; that day was almost past.

Titus withdrew again into the Antonia, intending the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening came on; the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow-white walls and glistening pinnacles of the Temple roof.

Titus had retired to rest; when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard, and a man came rushing in, announcing that the Temple was on fire. Some of the besieged, notwithstanding their repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters.

The Romans not merely drove them back, but, entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the door of the Temple. A soldier, without orders, mounting on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a small gilded door on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or porch. The flames sprang up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords with a furious determination of revenging and perishing in the ruins of the Temple. Titus rushed down with the utmost speed: he shouted, he made signs to his soldiers to quench the fire; his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed, in the blind confusion. The legionaries either could not or would not hear; they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or, stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished

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with the enemy. Each exhorted the other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part of the edifice, and then hurried to his work of carnage.

The unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands; they lay heaped like sacrifices round the altar; the steps of the Temple ran with streams of blood, which washed down the bodies that lay about. Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiery; he entered with his officers, and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice. The splendor filled them with wonder; and, as the flames had not yet penetrated to the holy place, he made a last effort to save it, and, springing forth, again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration. The centurion Liberalis endeavored to force obedience with his staff of office; but even respect for the emperor gave way to the furious animosity against the Jews, to the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatiable hope of plunder. The soldiers saw everything around them radiant with gold, which shone dazzlingly in the wild light of the flames; they supposed that incalculable treasures were laid up in the sanctuary. A soldier, unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the door; the whole building was in flames in an instant. The blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat, and the noble edifice was left to its fate.

It was an appalling spectacle to the Romans—what was it to the Jews! The whole summit of the hill which commanded the city blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in, with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss.

The roofs of cedar were like sheets of flame: the gilded pinnacles shone like spikes of red light; the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighboring hills were lighted up; and dark groups of people were seen watching in horrible anxiety the progress

of the destruction; the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiery as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights; all along the walls resounded screams and wailings; men who were expiring with famine rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation.

The slaughter within was even more dreadful than the spectacle from without. Men and women, old and young, insurgents and priests, those who fought and those who entreated mercy, were hewn down in indiscriminate carnage. The number of the slain exceeded that of the slayers. The legionaries had to clamber over heaps of dead to carry on the work of extermination. John, at the head of some of his troops, cut his way through, first into the outer court of the Temple, afterwards into the upper city.

Some of the priests upon the roof wrenched off the gilded spikes with their sockets of lead, and used them as missiles against the Romans below.

Afterwards they fled to a part of the wall, about fourteen feet wide; they were summoned to surrender, but two of them, Mair, son of Belga, and Joseph, son of Dalai, plunged headlong into the flames.

No part escaped the fury of the Romans. The treasures, with all their wealth of money, jewels, and costly robes—the plunder which the Zealots had laid up—were totally destroyed. Nothing remained but a small part of the outer cloister, in which about six thousand unarmed and defenceless people, with women and children, had taken refuge.

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These poor wretches, like multitudes of others, had been led up to the Temple by a false prophet, who had proclaimed that God commanded all the Jews to go up to the Temple, where He would display His almighty power to save His people. The soldiers set fire to the building: every soul perished. The whole Roman army entered the sacred precincts, and pitched their standards among the smoking ruins; they offered sacrifices for the victory, and with loud acclamations saluted Titus as Emperor. Their joy was not a little enhanced by the value of the plunder they obtained, which was so great that gold fell in Syria to half its former value.—*History of the Jews.*

THE MEETING OF LEO AND ATTLA.

The terror of Europe at the invasion of the Huns naturally and justifiably surpassed that of all former barbaric invasions. The Goths and other German tribes were familiar to the sight of the Romans; some of them had long been settled within the frontier of the empire; they were already, for the most part, Christian, and, to a certain extent, Romanized in their manners and habits. The Mongol race, with their hideous, misshapen, and, as they are described, scarcely human figures, their wild habits, their strange language, their unknown origin, their numbers, exaggerated no doubt by fear, and swollen by the aggregation of all the savage tribes who were compelled or eagerly crowded to join the predatory warfare, but which seemed absolutely inexhaustible; their almost unassisted career of victory, devastation, and carnage, from the remotest east till they were met by Aëtius on the field of Châlons; at the present time the vast monarchy founded by Attila, which overshadowed the whole Northern frontier of the Empire, and to which the Gothic and other Teutonic kings rendered a compulsory allegiance; their successful inroads on the Eastern Empire, even to the gates of Constantinople; the haughty and contemptuous

tone in which they conducted their negotiations, had almost appalled the Roman mind into the apathy of despair. Religion, instead of rousing to a noble resistance against this heathen race, which threatened to overrun the whole of Christendom, by acquiescing in Attila's proud appellation, the Scourge of God, seemed to justify a dastardly prostration before the acknowledged emissary of the divine wrath: The spell, it is true, of Attila's irresistible power had been broken; he had suffered a great defeat, and Gaul was, for a time at least, wrested from his dominion by the valor and generalship of Aëtius. But when, infuriated, as it might seem, more than discouraged, by his discomfiture, the yet formidable Hun suddenly descended upon Italy, the whole peninsula lay defenceless before him. Aëtius, as is most probable, was unable, as his enemies afterwards declared, was traitorously unwilling, to throw himself between the barbarians and Rome. . . . Valentinian, the Emperor, fled from Ravenna to Rome. To some he might appear to seek succor at the feet of the Roman Pontiff; but the abandonment of Italy was rumored to be his last desperate determination.

At this fearful crisis, the insatiable and victorious Hun seemed suddenly and unaccountably to pause in his career of triumph. He stood rebuked and subdued before a peaceful embassy, of which, with the greater part of the world, the Bishop of Rome, as he held the most conspicuous station, so he received almost all the honor. The names of the rich Consular Avienus, of the Prefect of Italy, Trigetius, who ventured with Leo to confront the barbarian conqueror, were speedily forgotten; and Leo stands forth the sole preserver of Italy. On the shores of the Benacus the ambassadors encountered the fearful Attila. Overawed (as the belief was eagerly propagated, and as eagerly accepted) by the personal dignity, the venerable character, and by the religious maj-

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esty of Leo, Attila consented to receive the large dowry of the Princess Honoria, and to retire from Italy. The death of Attila in the following year, by the bursting of a blood-vessel, on the night during which he had wedded a new wife, may have been brooding, as it were, in his constitution, and somewhat subdued his fiercer energy of ambition. His army, in all probability, was weakened by its conquests, and by the uncongenial climate and unaccustomed luxuries of Italy. But religious awe may still have been the dominant feeling which enthralled the mind of Attila. The Hun, with the usual superstitiousness of the polytheist, may have trembled before the God of the stranger, whom nevertheless he did not worship. The best historian (Priscus) of the period relates that the fate of Alaric, who had survived so short a time the conquest of Rome, was known to Attila, and seemed to have made a profound impression upon him. The dauntless confidence and the venerable aspect of Leo, would confirm this apprehension of encountering, as it were, in his sanctuary the God now adored by the Romans. Legend, indeed, has attributed the submission of Attila to a visible apparition of the apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, who menaced the trembling heathen with a speedy divine judgment if he repelled the proposals of their successor. But this materializing view, though it may have heightened the beauty of Raffaele's painting of Leo's meeting with Attila, by the introduction of preterhuman forms, lowers the moral grandeur of the whole transaction. The simple faith in his God, which gave the Roman Pontiff courage to confront Attila, and threw that commanding majesty over his words and actions which wrought upon the mind of the barbarian, is far more Christianly sublime than this unnecessarily imagined miracle.—*History of Latin Christianity.*

The *Martyr of Antioch* is founded on

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the story of Margaret, daughter of a heathen priest, and beloved by Olybius, the Prefect of the East who would have saved her from martyrdom. In the drama he promises her father Callias that she shall be kept until the other martyrs have suffered, and then rescued, but she unconsciously frustrates his design. The scene given is the last in the drama.

THE DEATH OF MARGARITA.

Callias, Olybius.

Enter Officer.

Olybius.—What means thy hurried look ?

Speak—speak !

Though thy words blast like lightning.

Officer.— Mighty Prefect,
The apostate priestess Margarita—

Olybius.— How ?
Where's Macer ?

Officer.— By the dead.

Olybius.— What dead ?

Officer.— Remove
Thy sword, which thou dost brandish at my
throat,
And I shall answer.

Olybius.— Speak, and instantly,
Or I will dash thee down, and trample from
thee
Thy hideous secret.

Officer.— It is nothing hideous—
'Tis but the enemy of our faith— She died
Nobly, in truth—but—

Callias.— Dead ! she is not dead !
Thou liest ! I have his oath, the Prefect's oath ;
I had forgot it in my fears, but now
I well remember that she should not die.
Faugh ! who will trust in Gods and men like
these ?

Olybius.—Slave ! slave ! dost mock me ?
Better 'twere for thee

HENRY HART MILMAN.—

That this be false than if thou'dst found a
treasure
To purchase kingdoms.

Officer.—

Here me but awhile :

She had beheld each sad and cruel death,
And, if she shuddered, 'twas as one that strives
With nature's soft infirmity of pity,
One look to heaven restoring all her calmness;
Save when that dastard did renounce his faith,
And she did shed tears for him. Then led
they forth

Old Fabius. When a quick and sudden cry
Of Callias, and a parting in the throng
Proclaim'd her father's coming, forth she
sprung,
And clasp'd the frowning headsman's knees,
and said—

“Thou know'st me ; when thou laid'st on thy
sick bed

Christ sent me there to wipe thy burning brow.
There was an infant play'd about thy chamber,
And thy pale cheek would smile and weep at
once,

Gazing upon that almost orphan'd child.

Oh ! by its dear and precious memory,
I do beseech thee, slay me first, and quickly ;
'Tis that my father may not see my death.”

Callias.—Oh, cruel kindness ! and I would
have closed

Thine eyes with such a fond and gentle pres-
sure ;

I would have smooth'd thy beautiful limbs
and laid

My head upon thy breast, and died with thee.

Olybius.—Good father ! Once I thought
to call thee so,

How do I envy thee this her last fondness ;
She had no dying thought of me.—Go on.

Officer.—With that the headsman wiped
from his swarth cheeks

A moisture like to tears. But she meanwhile,
On the cold block composed her head, and
cross'd

Her hands upon her bosom, that scarce heaved.

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She was so tranquil ; cautious, lest her garments

Should play the traitors to her modest care.
And as the cold wind touch'd her naked neck,
And fann'd away the few unbraided hairs,
Blushes o'erspread her face, and she look'd up
As softly to reproach his tardiness ;
And some fell down upon their knees, some
clasp'd

Their hands, enamor'd even to admiration
Of that half-smiling face and bending form.

Callias.—But he—but he—the savage executioner ?

Officer.— He trembled.

Callias.— Ha ! God's blessing on
his head !

And the axe slid from out his palsied hand ?

Officer.—He gave it to another.

Callias.— And—

Officer.— It fell.

Callias.— I see it—

I see it like the lightning flash—I see it,
And the blood bursts—my blood !—my
daughter's blood !

Off—let me loose !

Officer.— Where goest thou ?

Callias.— To the Christian,

To learn the faith in which my daughter died,
And follow her as quickly as I may.

The Martyr of Antioch.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he ?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou ?

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Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He ?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at His doom,
By yonder saints that burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord ! our suppliant knee we bow,
Son of God ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is He ?
By that last and bitter cry
The ghost given up in agony ;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead ;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;
Crucified ! we know Thee now ;
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He ?
By the prayer for them that slew,
" Lord ! they know not what they do ! "
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquests He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.—

MILNES, RICHARD MONCKTON (created Baron Houghton in 1863), an English poet, born in 1809; died in 1885. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, took his degree in 1831, and then travelled on the European Continent and in the East. In 1837 he entered the House of Commons, of which he remained a member until his elevation to the peerage in 1863. He put forth several volumes of poems, among which are: *Memorials of a Tour in Greece* (1834), *Memorials of a Residence on the Continent*, and *Historical Poems* (1838), *Poetry for the People* (1840), *Memorials of Many Scenes* (1843), *Palm Leaves, Poems Legendary and Historical*, and *Poems of Many Years* (1844), *Good-night and Good-morning* (1849), *Monographs Personal and Social* (1873), and *Poetical Works* (1876). In 1848 he published *The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats*, and in 1862 edited the *Poems of David Gray*, with a prefatory memoir. He was also the author of several political pamphlets.

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

Believe not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they go by:

For every man's weak self, alas !
Makes him to see them, while they pass,
As through a dim or tinted glass:

But if in earnest care you would
Metre out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent
That leave your spirit bound and bent
In sad unrest and ill-content:

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.—

And, more—though free from seeing harm
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from Pleasure's charm—

If then a painful sense come on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done—

Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, nor to be linked again
By all mere Memory can retain—

Upon your heart this truth may rise—
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices man's just destinies;

So should we live, that every Hour
May die as dies the natural flower—
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every Thought and every Deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need;

Esteeming Sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren Joy.

THE LONG-AGO.

On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high:
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years:
Death to those who trust in good
Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

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Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its heaven,
And the past its Long-ago.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see:
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work! Good-night! good-
night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head
Crying "Caw, caw," on their way to bed.
She said as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things! Good-night! good-
night!"

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed:
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the
road:
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl! Good-night! good-night!"

She did not say to the Sun, "Good-night,"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink fox-glove bowed his head—
The violets curtsied and went to bed:
And good little Lucy tied up her hair
And said on her knees her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay
They knew nothing more till it was day:
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning! Good-morning! our work is
begun."

JOHN MILTON.—

MILTON, JOHN, an English poet and prose-writer, born at London in 1608; died there in 1674. His father, likewise John Milton, acquired a competence as a "scrivener," or, as we should now say, "conveyancer." Of his parents and early life, Milton thus wrote in after years:—

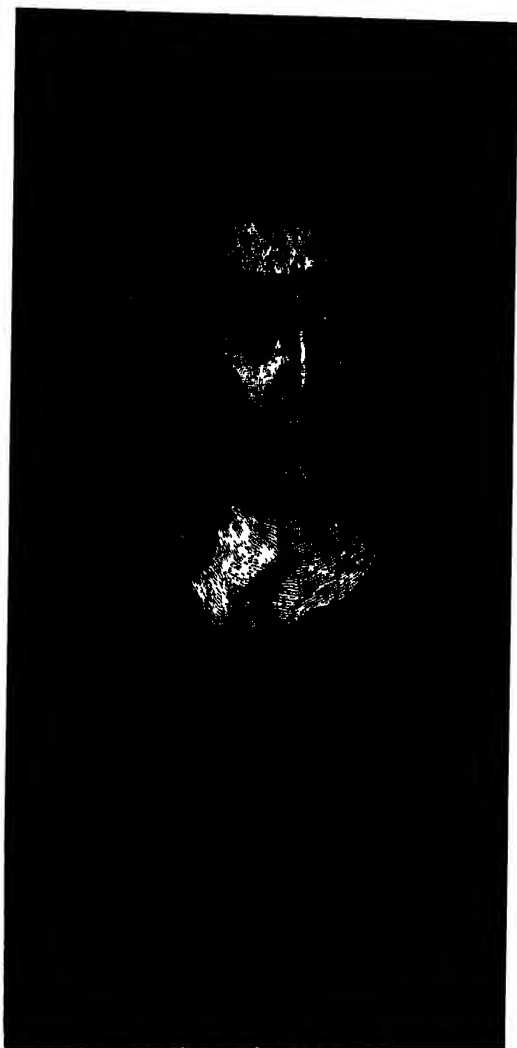
MILTON'S PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE.

I was born in London of an honest family. My father was distinguished by the undeviating integrity of his life; my mother by the esteem in which she was held, and by the alms which she bestowed. My father destined me from a child to the pursuits of humane letters. He had me daily instructed in the grammar-school and by other masters at home. After I had acquired a proficiency in various languages, and had made considerable progress in philosophy, he sent me to the University of Cambridge, where I passed seven years in the usual course of studies, with the approbation of the good, and without any stain upon my character, till I took the degree of Master of Arts.

Milton left the University at the age of twenty-four. His father had retired from active business to an estate which he had purchased at Horton, about seventeen miles from London. This was Milton's home for the ensuing five years. He thus describes his way of life there:

MILTON'S FIVE YEARS AT HORTON.

On my father's estate I enjoyed an interval of uninterrupted leisure, which I entirely devoted to the perusal of the Greek and Latin classics, though I occasionally visited the metropolis either for the sake of purchasing books or learning something new in mathematics or in music. In this manner I spent



JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON.—

five years until my mother's death. I then became anxious to visit foreign parts, and particularly Italy. My father gave his consent, and I left home with one servant.

Milton, in his *Second Defence*, written at forty-five, describes himself as he had been in early manhood, and as he then was:—

MILTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

My stature certainly is not tall; but it rather approaches the middle than the diminutive. Nor, though very thin was I ever deficient in courage or in strength; and I was wont constantly to exercise myself in the use of the broadsword as long as it comported with my habit and my years. Armed with this weapon, as I usually was, I should have thought myself quite a match for any one, though much stronger than myself. At this moment I have the same courage, the same strength, though not the same eyes. Yet so little do they betray any external appearance of injury, that they are as unclouded and bright as the eyes of those who most distinctly see. Though I am more than forty-five years old, there is scarcely any one to whom I do not appear ten years younger than I really am.

We know pretty well what Milton had written up to the time when at thirty he set out for Italy. There are several college exercises, mostly in Latin; the Odes on the *Nativity*, the *Circumcision*, and the *Passion*; the companion poems *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, and a few other short pieces. These were all that he had to show for his University life. In the fine sonnet *On being Arrived at the Age of Twenty-three* he takes himself somewhat to task for having as yet done so little.

JOHN MILTON.—

The fruits of his five years at Horton were the Masque of *Comus*, and the Elegy of *Lycidas*.

The history of *Comus* runs thus: In 1634 John Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater, had been made "President of Wales." It was resolved that this event should be appropriately celebrated at his seat, Ludlow Castle, not far from Horton. Among the attractions was to be a "Masque," or what we should style an "amateur musical entertainment," for which Milton's friend, tuneful Harry Lawes, was to compose the music, and he induced Milton to write the words. It so happened that not long before two young sons of the Earl, and their sister, the Lady Alice Egerton, had lost their way at night in the neighboring forest. This incident furnished the theme for the Masque. The human characters were represented by the Lady Alice and her two brothers. The supra human characters were the Attendant Spirit, represented by Harry Lawes, who did much of the singing; Comus, a magician, leader of a crew of half-human, half-bestial revellers, who were wont to hold nightly orgies in the forest, and Sabrina, the pure "Water Nymph of the Severn," whose aid had to be invoked to free the Lady from the spell which had been thrown over her by Comus. The Masque opens with a prologue, said or sung by the Attendant Spirit.

THE PROLOGUE TO COMUS.

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,

JOHN MILTON.—

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth ; and, with low-thoughted
care,
Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on the golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.
To such my errand is, and, but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapors of this sin-worn world.

And so on, for nearly a hundred lines.
Then, hearing the approach of Comus and
his crew, the spirit vanishes. The crew
have hardly begun their orgies, when their
leader hears the sound of footsteps. He
assumes the disguise of a homely shepherd.
Presently the lady appears, and breaks out
into song, in the hope that she may be
heard by her brothers. Comus draws
near, speaking first to himself and then to
the lady.

COMUS AND THE LADY.

Comus. Can any earthly mixture of earth's
mould

Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment ?
Sure something holy lodges in that heart,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down.
Of darkness till it smiled.—I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign
wonder !

Whom certain these rough shades did never
breed, [song
Dwell'st thou with Pan or Silvanus, by blest
Forbidding every bleak, unkindly fog

JOHN MILTON.—

To touch the prosperous growth of this tall
wood ?

Lady.—Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost
that praise

That is addressed to unattending ears.

Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift

How to regain my severed company,

Compelled me to awake the courteous echo

To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Comus.—What chance, good Lady, hath
bereft you thus ?

Lady.—Dim darkness, and this leafy laby-
rinth.

Comus.—Could that divide you from near
ushering guides ?

Lady.—They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Comus.—By falsehood or discourtesy, or
why ?

Lady.—To seek i' th' valley some cool,
friendly spring.

Comus.—And left your fair side all un-
guarded, Lady ?

Lady.—They were but twain, and promised
quick return.

Comus.—Perhaps forestalling night pre-
vented them.

Lady.—How easy my misfortune is to hit.

Comus.—Imports their loss besides the pres-
ent's need ?

Lady.—No less than if I should my broth-
ers lose.

Comus.—Were they of manly prime or
youthful bloom ?

Lady.—As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored
lips.

Comus tells the lady that he has not long before seen such a pair of youths, and can guide her to the place. If they are not there or thereabouts, he will take her to "a poor but loyal cottage," where she can rest in safety until morning, when the search can be resumed.

JOHN MILTON.—

The scene now shifts to another part of the forest; the two brothers are in search of their sister. To them enters the Attendant Spirit, who has assumed the form of Thyrsis, a trusted servitor of their father. He tells them that he has by chance learned that their sister has been entrapped by the vile wizard Comus; but he has come into possession of "a small unsightly root," which is a sure protection against all enchantments; and gives them instructions what to do.

The scene again changes into an enchanted palace, whither the lady has been beguiled by Comus, where a magnificent banquet is set out. The lady has unwittingly seated herself in an enchanted chair, from which she cannot rise. Comus plies her with seductive blandishments, which she indignantly repels. The brothers rush in, sword in hand, and put Comus and his crew to flight. But they have forgotten one part of their instruction: the spell which held the lady fast bound in the chain is unbroken. The Spirit, still wearing the guise of Thyrsis, now enters, and bethinks himself that there is yet one resource. This is to invoke the aid of Sabrina, the chaste Water Nymph of the Severn. She is invoked in song, and answers the summons. The last two scenes of the Masque are mainly musical; and for them we may be sure that "tuneful Harry" composed his best music, and sang his part in his best manner.

THE SPIRIT AND SABRINA.

Spirit.— Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band

JOHN MILTON.—

Of true virgin here distrest,
'Through the force and through the wile
Of unblest enchanter vile.

Sabrina.—Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity.
Brightest lady, look on me :
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure ;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy ruby lip.
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms, moist and cold
Now the spell has lost his hold,
And I must haste, ere morning's hour,
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

The Nymph vanishes, amidst a burst of music. Thyrsis conducts the lady and her brothers to their father's castle, where great rejoicings are going on. No one has dreamed of the perils through which the lady and her brothers have passed, for the whole action of the drama has taken place within the few hours after late nightfall and before early dawn. The Spirit now puts off the human shape of Thyrsis, and sings the Epilogue, which closes the Masque.

EPILOGUE, BY THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT.

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where Day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.

There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree.

Along the crisp'd shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;
The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours

JOHN MILTON.—

Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And the west winds, with musky wing,
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells;
Iris there, with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can show
And drenches with celestial dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true,)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft; and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian Queen;
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche, sweet entranced
After her wandering labors long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born—
Youth and Joy—so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is sweetly done,
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corner of the moon.—
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue :—she alone is free;
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the spherj chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Comus was written in Milton's twenty-sixth year. *Lycidas*, written three years later, is an elegy upon Edward King, a promising young man, who had been a college friend of Milton, and was drowned

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while voyaging across the Irish Sea. Several of his college friends united to get up a little memorial volume to him, to which Milton contributed the monody of *Lycidas*. Milton idealizes himself and his studious friend as shepherd youths, tending their flocks, and playing upon oaten flutes to dancing Satyrs and goat-heeled Fauns, and even the stolid college tutor is transformed into the old shepherd Damocetas. "In this monody," says Milton, "the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in 1637; and by occasion fortells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height."

A LAMENT FOR LYCIDAS.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries hargh and crude;
And with forced fingers rude,
Scatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead—dead ere his prime—
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier.
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear. . . .

For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of
night,
Off till the star, that rose at evening bright,
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his west-
ering wheel.

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Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven
heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damocetas loved to hear our song.
But oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone,
And never must return!

Lycidas.

TRUE FAME.

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
'To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
'Were it not better done, as others use
'To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth
raise.

(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.

"But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling
ears;

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies:
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

Lycidas.

A HIRELING CLERGY.

Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake.
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain.)
He shook his mitred locks, and thus bespake:

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How well could I have spared for thee, young
swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know
how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the
least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it then? What need they? They
are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy
songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched
straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind and the rank mist they
draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once and smite no more."
Lycidas.

Early in 1638, Milton, at the age of thirty set out upon his visit to Italy. In his *Second Defence* he gives a minute account of his doings there, and of the favorable reception which he met at Florence, Rome, Naples, and elsewhere, from learned men and good women. The narrative thus concludes :—

MILTON'S RETURN FROM ITALY TO ENGLAND.

When I was preparing to pass over into Sicily and Greece, the melancholy intelligence which I received of the civil commotions in England made me alter my purpose, for I

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thought it to be base to be travelling for amusement abroad while my fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home . . . I returned to my native country, after an absence of one year and about three months, at the time when Charles, having broken the peace, was renewing what is called the Bishop's war with the Scots.

Soon after Milton's return he hired a commodious house in London, where, as he writes, "I again with rapture renewed my literary pursuits, and where I calmly awaited the issue of the contest, which I trusted to the wise conduct of Providence and the courage of the people." Mr. Phillips, the husband of Milton's only sister, had died, leaving two young sons. He undertook the charge of their education ; and in time several sons of his friends were received into his house to share in his instructions. Upon this incident Johnson sneeringly remarks : "Let not our veneration for Milton forbid us to look with some merriment on great promises and small performances ; on the man who hastens home because his countrymen are contending for their liberty, and, when he reaches the scene of action, vapors away his patriotism in a private boarding-school."—Milton himself tells us what were the civic duties which he conceived to have devolved upon him :—

MILTON AS A POLEMIC.

I saw that a way was opening for the establishment of real liberty ; and as I had from my youth studied the distinctions between religious and civil rights, I perceived that if I ever wished to be of use, I ought at least not to be wanting to my Country and my Church, and to so many of my fellow-Christians in a crisis of so much danger. I therefore determined to relinquish the other pursuits in which I was engaged and to

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transfer the whole force of my talents and my industry to this one important object.

Of all Milton's prose writings the one most interesting to after times is *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty*; written in 1641; not indeed, on account of its polemics, but for the Introduction, in which he excuses himself for having—temporarily as he thought—abandoned poetry for polemics; and in which he foreshadows the nature of the poem which was yet to be. These two things he sets forth with a magnificence of diction altogether unequalled.

A COVENANT WITH THE READER.

The thing which I had to say, and those intentions which have lived within me ever since I could conceive myself anything worth to my country, I return to crave excuse that urgent reason hath plucked from me by an abortive and oredated discovery. And the accomplishment of them lies not but in a power above man's to promise; but that no man hath by more studious ways endeavored, and with more unwearied spirit none shall, that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and free leisure will extend; and that the land had once enfranchised herself from this impertinent yoke of Prelaty, under whose inquisitorious and tyrannical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish.

Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some few years yet I may go on, trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapors of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher-fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation

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of Dame Memory and her Siren daughters ; but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His seraphim, with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases.

To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs. Till which in some measure be compassed at mine own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them.—*Against the Prelaty.*

THE MISSION OF THE POET.

These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but to some in every age (though most abuse) in every nation ; and are of power beside the office of a pulpit to imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind and set the affections in right tune ; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in His Church ; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly, through faith, against the enemies of Christ ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship.

Lastly, whatever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave ; whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of what men call fortune from without or the wily subtleties and reflexes of man's thoughts from within :—all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness to paint out and describe ; teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue through all the instances of

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example, and with such delight to those especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon Truth herself unless they see her elegantly dressed; that whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult—though they be indeed easy and pleasant—they will then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed.—*Against the Prelaty.*

Late in the spring of 1643, when Milton was in his thirty-fifth year, he left London, without telling any one where he was going, or for what purpose. He came back in a month bringing with him a young wife, just half his age. She was Mary, the daughter of Richard Powell, a Royalist gentleman whose seat was near Oxford. In a few weeks she asked to pay a short visit to her parents. A few days after Milton received a message saying that she would never return to his house. The only plausible reason assigned for this desertion was that the "Cavaliers" seemed to be getting the upper hand, and Sir Richard wished to cut loose from his Puritan son-in-law. This separation lasted a couple of years, when a turn took place in the aspect of public affairs. The "Roundheads" got the upper hand and the crushing defeat of the Royalists at Naseby (June 14, 1645,) established the Parliamentary supremacy. The foolish young wife sought to be reconciled with her husband, and came back to his house, and with her came her father's whole family. This renewed married life of Milton, which seemed not to have been an unhappy one, lasted for seven years, until it was ended, in 1653, by the death of his wife, who left him three

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daughters, the oldest being only seven years old. Of these daughters a few words will be said hereafter. Milton was afterwards twice married, in 1655 to Elizabeth Woodcock, who fifteen months later died in childbed, and to whose memory he addressed a touching sonnet; and in 1664 when he was fifty-six years old, to Elizabeth Minshull, who was thirty years his junior, and who survived him more than half a century.

One early tractate by Milton, the *Areopagitica*, a *Plea for Unlicensed Printing*, published in 1644, deserves special mention for the sake of one of the noblest passages in his prose writings:—

A BOOK NOT A DEAD THING.

I deny not but that it is of the greatest concealment in the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors. For books are not absolutely dead things, but do not contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are. Nay, they do preserve, as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself—kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true no age can restore a

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life whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss ; and revolutions of ages, do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse.

We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books, since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed—sometimes a martyrdom ; and if it extend to a whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal essence the breath of reason itself—slays an immortality rather than a life.—*Areopagitica*.

Events ran their course. King Charles I was overthrown, made prisoner, brought to public trial, and beheaded in the face of all the world. The great deed was hardly done, when Milton came out with a tractate, the long title of which sets forth its scope and purport :

RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE AGAINST RULERS.

The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates :

Proving that it is lawful and hath been held so through all ages, for any person who hath the power, to call to account a tyrant or wicked king, and, after due conviction, put him to death, if the ordinary magistrate hath neglected to do it.

This tractate goes on to argue at length that kings are accountable to law ; that the right to change their rules rests in the people ; and the right of tyrannicide belongs to them, to be exercised when occasion demands. These principles are set forth at greater length in Milton's *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio*, written a few years later in reply to Salmasius. But

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this once famous work was written in Latin, and lacks something of the magnificent sweep of diction which characterizes Milton's style when writing in his native English.

By the deposition and execution of Charles I. England for a while ceased to be a kingdom, and came to be a commonwealth. The new government saw that John Milton—schoolmaster and pamphleteer,—was a man not to be dispensed with. A new office was created for him—that of Latin secretary to the “Council of State,” which assumed the administrative functions of the commonwealth. The salary affixed to this office was £288 a year—equivalent to something more than \$5,000, expressed in money of our time and country.* He had also an official residence assigned to him; and as he had, moreover, a good private income derived from his father, he may fairly be considered a wealthy man. Indeed, at no period of his life can he be called a poor man. His official income ceased at the Restoration in 1660; he lived from his own property during the last fourteen years of his life, eating gradually into his capital; but at his death he left about £1,000 (\$17,500) to his widow.

Milton's eyesight began to fail perceptibly as early as 1641—first in one eye and then in the other—and in 1655, shortly after the completion of his *Defence of the English People*, he became totally blind. Two of his most touching sonnets relate to

* We adopt, here and hereafter, the estimate of Mr. Masson, that the purchasing power of coin in Milton's time was three-and-a-half times greater than at present; so that the pound sterling was equivalent to seventeen-and-a-half of our dollars.

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his blindness, which is also several times spoken of in *Paradise Lost*.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more
bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide ;
Doth God exact day-labor, light denied ?
I fondly ask: But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts ; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his
state

Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

Oliver Cromwell, King of England in all but name, died in September, 1658, leaving the protectorate to his feeble son, Richard, whose nominal sovereignty lasted about a year ; but practically there was no government. Somehow a "Convention Parliament" was got together, which resolved to restore the old order of things, by recalling Charles II. to the throne. Milton made some earnest efforts against this project, notably in a tractate entitled *The Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth, and the Inconveniencies and Dangers of re-admitting Kingship into this Nation*. From this tractate, practically the last of Milton's political writings, we give one passage :—

ON HEREDITARY KINGSHIP.

It may well be wondered that any nation, styling themselves free, can suffer any man to pretend hereditary right to rule over them as

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their lord, whereas, by acknowledging that right, they conclude themselves his servants and vassals, and so renounce their own freedom. . . . That a nation should be so valorous and courageous as to win their liberty on the field, and when they have won it should be so heartless and unwise in their counsels as not to know how to use it, what to do with it or with themselves, will be an ignominy—if it befall us—that never yet befell any nation possessed of their liberty; worthy indeed, whatsoever they may be, to be forever slaves.

The Ready and Easy Way.

When the Restoration came, it would have been safe to assume that there was not in all England a man whose head stood less securely upon his shoulders than did that of John Milton. He had been an accomplice, before and after the fact, in the execution of Charles I.; in his *Eikonoclastes* he had fallen tooth and nail upon Gauden's *Eikon Basilike*, which was supposed to be the production of the "Royal Martyr" himself. In the original draft of the Bill of Indemnity he was expressly excluded from those who were to enjoy its benefits; and he found it advisable to go into hiding. But when, in August, 1660, the Bill was finally proclaimed, his name did not appear in the not very long list of those who were excluded. He could now emerge from his hiding. But for some three or four years he was in a sort a marked man, and saw "evil days." Of these he speaks in that part of *Paradise Lost* which was composed about this time.

EVIL DAYS AND SLANDEROUS TONGUES.

Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice unchanged,
Unchanged to hoarse or mute, though fallen
on evil days,

JOHN MILTON.—

On evil days though fallen, and slanderous
tongues,
In darkness, and with dangers compassed
round,
And solitude ; yet not alone while thou
Visitest my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east. Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.

Paradise Lost. Book VII.

The composition of *Paradise Lost* was begun as early as 1658, but the work at first proceeded slowly, and was not finished until seven years later. It was written down piecemeal from his dictation by one person and another. It is possible, though by no means certain, that one or two of his daughters acted occasionally as his amanuenses. These daughters were by no means a comfort to him, nor he to them. Their education was very imperfect, though he had taught them to read to him the words of Latin and Greek authors, without at all understanding their meaning—a task which could not but have been ungrateful to the young women, and which they performed with no good grace. Milton, when near his end speaks of them as his “undutiful daughters ;” and by his nuncupative will, dictated to his brother, he bequeathed nothing to them, but left all to his wife. They were not, however, wholly unprovided for, for a sum of about £1,000 (\$17,500) had been settled upon their mother. This had not been touched by him, but remained in the hands of her kinsmen, the Powells, who were now abundantly able to pay it over—and presumably did so. Suit was brought in the name of the daughters against the widow, and she was adjudged to pay £100 (\$1,750) to each of them.



THE BLIND MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTERS.
Painting by Michael Munkacsy.

JOHN MILTON.—

The detached scraps of *Paradise Lost* were revised, and probably copied out, by Edward Phillips, a nephew of Milton, who had some literary pretensions; and to his care is doubtless owing the remarkably correct manner in which the first edition was printed in 1667. Of this great poem we need not speak at length. Its finest passages are known by heart wherever the English language is spoken. The weakest part, in our judgment, is the Sixth Book, wherein the “affable angel” Gabriel narrates to Adam the celestial colloquies between the Father and the Son, and the conflicts between Michael and his angel, and Satan and his angels. But herein also is the magnificent passage describing the triumph of the Messiah.

THE TRIUMPH OF MESSIAH.

Forth rushed with whirlwind sound
The chariot of paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel
undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoyed
By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the
wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colors of the showery arch.

He, in celestial panoply all armed
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand Victory
Sate, eagle-winged; beside him hung his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored,
And from about him fierce effusion rolled
Of smoke and bickering flame, and sparkles dire.
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints

JOHN MILTON.—

He onward came; far off his coming shone.

So spake the Son, and into terror changed
His countenance, too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot rolled, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night. Under his burning wheels
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arrived, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infixed
Plagues. They astonished all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropped.
O'er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
That wished the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.

Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows from the fourfold-visaged Four,
Distinct with eyes; and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitudes of eyes.

One spirit in them ruled, and every eye
Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious
fire

Among the accursed, that withered all their
strength,

And of their wonted vigor left them drained,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but
checked

His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven.
The overthrown he raised, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together thronged,
Drove them before him, thunder-struck, pur-
sued

With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of Heaven, which opening wide
Rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
Into the wasteful deep. The monstrous sight

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Struck them with horror backwards, but far
worse

Urged them behind ; headlong themselves they
threw

Down from the verge of heaven ; eternal wrath
Burned after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard the unsufferable noise ; hell saw
Heaven ruining Heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted ; but strict fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell. Confounded chaos roared,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy ; so huge a rout
Incumbered him with ruin. Hell at last
Yawning, received them whole, and on them
closed ;

Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburdened heaven rejoiced, and soon repaired
Her mural breach, returning whence it rolled.

Sole victor from the expulsion of his foes
Messiah his triumphal chariot turned :
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanced ; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order
bright

Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign. He, celebrated, rode,
Triumphant through mid Heaven, into the
courts

And temple of his mighty Father throned
On high ; who into glory him received,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Paradise Lost. Book VI.

Another noble passage is the closing
one of the poems where our first parents,
after sad but yet hopeful discourse—for
promise has been given them that the
Paradise now lost shall yet be regained—
take their last look at Eden.

JOHN MILTON.—

THE DEPARTURE FROM EDEN.

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard,
Well pleased, but answered not; for now too
nigh

The Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fixed station all in bright array
The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as the evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the laborer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced
The brandished sword of God before them
blazed

Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapor as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime. Where-
at

In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.

They, looking back, all the eastern side
beheld

Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped
them soon:

The world was all before them, where to
choose

Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and
slow,

Through Eden took their solitary way.

Paradise Lost. Book XII.

Paradise Regained, composed shortly after the completion of *Paradise Lost*, at the suggestion of Milton's young Quaker friend, Thomas Elwood (so he tells us), though not to be compared as a whole, with *Paradise Lost*, is yet a noble poem, and contains a few passages—such as the

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pictures of the Assyrian Monarchy, of Greece, and Rome, shown by the Tempter, to our Saviour—worthy to stand side by side with all but the best passages in *Paradise Lost*. It is to be noted that in Milton's view the work of redemption was accomplished not by the death of Jesus—which was in a manner involuntary—but by his voluntary obedience to the divine law in resisting the temptations of the Arch-Enemy of God and man ; that as Paradise was lost through the disobedience of one man, so it was regained by the obedience of "one greater Man."

Samson Agonistes, the last considerable poetical work of Milton, is a drama constructed upon the Greek model, with only four or five speaking characters and a chorus. In perhaps the finest passage of the drama he puts into the mouth of the blinded Samson words which he must now and then have murmured of his own blindness.

SAMSON'S LAMENT OVER HIS BLINDNESS.

But chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !
Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annulled, which might in part my grief have
eased ;
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm, the vilest here excel me.
They creep, yet see ; I, dark in light, exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors or without, still as a fool
In power of others, never in my own ;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark ; total eclipse
Without all hope of day !

JOHN MILTON.—

O first created beam, and thou great Word,
“Let there be light, and light was over all,”
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
Samson Agonistes.

Of Milton in the later years of his life we have quite full accounts from various sources. These are thus condensed in Vaughan's Biographical Sketch:—

MILTON IN HIS LATER YEARS.

An aged clergyman who had seen him in his later years describes him as seated in a small chamber hung with rusty green, in an elbow-chair, dressed in black; pale, but not cadaverous; his hands and feet gouty, and with chalk-stones. He used also to sit in a gray, warm cloth coat at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields in warm sunny weather to enjoy the fresh air. And so, as well as in his room, he received the visits of distinguished poets as well as quality. He took little wine, and was very simple in his diet. In early life he injured his sight and his general health by night study, subsequently he learned to get a fair night's rest, going to bed at nine, and rising in the summer at four, in the winter at five. Should he not be disposed to rise at that hour, some one commonly read to him. After rising he listened to the reading of a chapter from the Hebrew Bible. He then followed his studies till mid-day. After a brief out-door exercise he dined, then played on the organ or sang, or requested his wife, who had a good voice, to sing to him. He then resumed his mental occupations until six. From six to eight he received visitors. Between eight and nine he took a supper of olives and some light food, smoked his pipe of tobacco, drank his glass of water, and retired to rest.

Milton died somewhat suddenly, of what is called “Gout struck in,” lacking one month of having completed his sixty-sixth year. He was buried beside his father in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

WILLIAM MINTO.—

MINTO, WILLIAM (1845–1893), a Scottish author. At Aberdeen he won high honors in the classics, philosophy, and mathematics. He then studied for a year at Oxford, after which he was for several years the assistant of Professor Bain at Aberdeen. In 1872 he published *A Manual of English Prose Literature*; and in 1874 *Characteristics of English Poets from Chaucer to Shirley*. In the latter year he became editor of the *Examiner*, and held the position for four years, afterwards being on the editorial staff of the *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In 1880 he was appointed Professor of Logic in Aberdeen University. Besides his previously mentioned works he has published *Daniel Defoe* in the series of *English Men of Letters* (1879), *The Crack of Doom*, a novel (1885), *Logic Inductive and Deductive* (1893), *Literature of the Georgian Era*, posthumously (1895), and has contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* biographical sketches of *Chaucer*, *Spenser*, *Dryden*, *Pope*, *Dickens*, and other literary men.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the vitality of *Robinson Crusoe* is a happy accident, and that others of Defoe's tales have as much claim in point of merit to permanence. *Robinson Crusoe* has lived longest because it lives most, because it was detached as it were from its own time and organized for separate existence. It is the only one of Defoe's tales that shows what he could do as an artist.

We might have seen from the others that he had the genius of a great artist; here we have the possibility realised, the convincing proof of accomplished work. *Moll Flanders* is in some respects superior as a novel. Moll is a much more complicated character than the simple, open-minded, manly mariner of, York; a

WILLIAM MINTO.—

strangely mixed compound of craft and impulse, selfishness and generosity, in short, a thoroughly bad woman, made bad by circumstances. In tracing the vigilant resolution with which she plays upon human weakness, the spasms of compunction which shoot across her wily designs, the selfish after thoughts which paralyze her generous impulses, her fits of dare-devil courage and uncontrollable panic, and the steady current of good-humored satisfaction with herself which makes her chuckle equally over mishaps and successes, Defoe has gone much more deeply into the springs of action, and sketched a much richer page in the natural history of his species than in *Robinson Crusoe*. True, it is a more repulsive page, but that is not the only reason why it has fallen into comparative oblivion, and exists as a parasite upon the more popular work.

It is not equally well constructed for the struggle of existence among books. No book can live for ever which is not firmly organized round some central principle of life, and that principle in itself imperishable. It must have a heart and members; the members must be soundly compacted and the heart superior to decay. In *Robinson Crusoe* we have real growth from a vigorous germ. The central idea round which the tale is organized, the position of a man cast ashore on a desert island, abandoned to his own resources, suddenly shot beyond help or counsel from his fellow creatures, is one that must live as long as the uncertainty of human life.

The germ of *Robinson Crusoe*, the actual experience of Alexander Selkirk, went floating about for several years, and more than one artist dallied with it, till it finally settled and took root in the mind of one man of his generation most capable of giving it a home and working out its artistic possibilities. Defoe was the only man of letters in his time who might have been thrown on a desert island without finding himself at a loss what to do.

WILLIAM MINTO.—

The art required for developing the position in imagination was not of a complicated kind, and yet it was one of the rarest of gifts. Something more was wanted than simply conceiving what a man in such a situation would probably feel and probably do. Above all, it was necessary that his perplexities should be unexpected; and his expedients for meeting them unexpected yet both perplexities and expedients so real and life-like that, when we were told them, we should wonder we had not thought of them, before. One gift was indispensable for this however many might be accessory, the genius of circumstantial invention—not a very exalted order of genius, perhaps, but quite as rare as any other intellectual prodigy. . . .

Looking at Defoe's private life it is not difficult to understand the peculiar fascination which such a problem as he solved in *Robinson Crusoe* must have had for him. It was not merely that he had passed a life of uncertainty, often on the verge of precipices, and often saved from ruin by a buoyant energy which seems almost miraculous; not merely that, as he said of himself in one of his diplomatic appeals for commiseration,

“No man hath tasted differing fortunes more,
For thirteen times have I been rich and poor.”

But when he wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, it was one of the actual chances of his life, and by no means a remote one, that he might be cast all alone on an uninhabited island. We see from his letters to Dela Faye how fearful he was of having “mistakes” laid to his charge by the Government in the course of his secret services. His former changes of party had exposed him, as he well knew, to suspicion. A false step, a misunderstood paragraph, might have had ruinous consequences for him. If the Government had prosecuted him for writing anything offensive to them, refusing to believe that it was put in to amuse the Tories, transportation might very easily have been the penalty. He had made so many enemies in the press

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that he might have been transported without a voice being raised in his favor, and the mob would not have interfered to save a Government spy from the plantations. . . . But whatever it was that made the germ idea of *Robinson Crusoe* take root in Defoe's mind, he worked it out as an artist.

Artists of a more emotional type might have drawn much more elaborate and affecting word-pictures of the mariner's feelings in various trying situations, gone much deeper into his changing moods, and shaken our souls with pity and terror over the solitary castaway's alarms and fits of despair. Defoe's aims lay another way. This *Crusoe* is not a man given to the luxury of grieving. If he had begun to pity himself, he would have been undone. Perhaps Defoe's imaginative force was not of a kind that could have done justice to the agonies of a shipwrecked sentimentalist; he has left no proof that it was; but if he had represented *Crusoe* bemoaning his misfortunes, brooding over his fears, or sighing with Ossianic sorrow over his lost companions and friends, he would have spoiled the consistency of the character. The lonely man had his moments of panic and his days of dejection, but they did not dwell in his memory. Defoe no doubt followed his own natural bent, but he also showed true art in confining *Crusoe's* recollections as closely as he does to his efforts to extricate himself from difficulties that would have overwhelmed a man of softer temperament. The subject had fascinated him, and he found enough in it to engross his powers without travelling beyond its limits for diverting episodes, as he does more or less in all the rest of his tales. The diverting episodes in *Robinson Crusoe* all help the verisimilitude of the story.—*Daniel Defoe.*

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MISTRAL, FRÉDÉRIC, a French poet, born at Maillane, near Saint Rémy, in 1830. His father, a wealthy farmer, sent him to college at Avignon and Montpellier. He then studied law at Aix, and having taken his diploma, went home, and soon became a member of a small society of young men styling themselves *felibres*, all of whom, as pupils in early life of Joseph Roumanille, a Provençal schoolmaster, had become imbued with an enthusiastic admiration for the southern speech. Their object was the revival and popularization in literature of the Provençal dialect. Mistral conceived the idea of employing it in sustained poetic narrative, and in 1859 produced *Miréio*, a tale of love and sorrow, filled with charming pictures of nature and of unsophisticated life. It was published with a parallel French version, and was enthusiastically received. In 1867 he published another poem, *Calendau*, in 1875 another entitled *Lis Isclo d'Or* (*The Golden Shoes*). *Tresor d'ou Felibrige* (2 vols. 1878-86), a dictionary of the dialects of Provence. *Nerto* (1884), a Provençal romance, *La Rèmo Jano* (1890), a tragedy. *Miréio* has been translated into English prose by H. C. Grant, and into English verse by H. Crichton and Harriet Waters Preston, the last of whom has given in her volume on *Troubadours and Trouvères* several beautiful passages from *Calendau*.

THE FLIGHT OF MIRÉIO.

Miréio lay upon her little bed,
Clasping in both her hands her burning head.
Dim was the chamber; for the stars alone
Saw the maid weep, and heard her piteous moan,
"Help, Mother Mary, in my sore distress!
Oh, cruel Fate! Oh, Father pitiless,
"I would the wealthy lands that make me weep
Were hid for evermore in the great deep!
Ah, had I in a serpent's hole been born,

FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL.—

Of some poor vagrant, I were less forlorn !
For then if any lad, my Vincen even,
Had asked my hand, mayhap it had been given."

So on her pallet the sweet maid lay sobbing,
Fire in her heart and every vein a-throbbing,
And all the happy time remembering—
Oh, calm and happy !—of her love's fair spring,
Until a word in Vincen's very tone
Comes to her memory. "'Twas you, my own,—

"'Twas you," she cried, "Came one day to the
farm,
And said, ' If ever thou dost come to harm,—
If any lizard, wolf, or poisonous snake
Even should wound thee with its fang—betake
Thyself forthwith to the most holy Saints,
Who cure all ills, and hearken all complaints.'

"And sure I am in trouble now," she said :
"Therefore we 'll go, and come back comforted."
Then lightly from her white cot glided she,
And straightway opened with a shining key,
The wardrobe where her own possessions lay :
It was of walnut good, and carven gay.

Here were her childhood's little treasures all
Here sacredly she kept the coronal
Worn at her first communion, and anear
There lay a withered sprig of lavender ;
And a wax taper almost burned, as well,
Once blessed, the distant thunder to dispel.

A smart red petticoat she first prepares,
Which she herself had quilted into squares,—
Of needle work a very masterpiece ;
And round her slender waist she fastens this ;
And over it another, finer one
She draws ; and next doth a black bodice don,

And fastens firmly with a pin of gold.
On her white shoulders, her long hair unrolled,
Curling, and loose like a dark garment, lay,
Which, gathering up, she swiftly coils away

FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL.—

Under a cap of fine, transparent lace;
Then decks the veiled tresses with all grace,

Thrice with a ribbon blue encircling them—
The fair young brow's Arlesian diadem.
Lastly, she adds an apron to the rest,
And folds a muslin kerchief o'er her breast.
In her dire haste, alone, the child forgot
The shallow-crowned, broad-brimmed Provençal hat,

That might have screened her from the mortal
heat.

But, so arrayed, crept forth on soundless feet
Adown the wooden staircase, in her hand
Her shoes, undid the heavy door-bar, and
Her soul unto the watchful saints commended,
As away like a wind of night she wended.

It was the hour when constellations keep
Their friendly watch o'er followers of the deep.
The eye of St. John's eagle flashed afar
As it alighted on a burning star,
One of the three where the evangelist
Hath his alternate dwelling. Cloud nor mist

Defaced the dark serene of star-lit sky;
But the great chariot of souls went by
On winged wheels along the heavenly road,
Bearing away from earth its blessed load.
Far up the shining steeps of Paradise,
The circling hills behold it as it flies.

Miréio, Transl. of Harriet Waters Preston.

A PROVENÇAL BALLAD.

At Arles, in the Carlovingian days,
By the swift Rhône water,
A hundred thousand on either side,
Christian and Saracen fought till the tide
Ran red with the slaughter.

May God forefend such another flood
Of direful war!
The Count of Orange, on that black morn,

FREDÉRIC MISTRAL.—

By seven great kings was overborne,
And fled afar,

When as he would avenge the death
Of his nephew slain.
Now are the kings upon his trail ;
He slays as he flies ; like fiery hail
His sword-strokes rain.

He hies him into the Aliscamp,
No shelter there !
A Moorish hive in the house of the dead ;
And hard he spurs his goodly steed
In his despair.

Over the mountain and over the wood,
Flies Count Guillaume ;
By sun and by moon he ever sees
The coming cloud of his enemies ;
Thus gains his home,

Halts, and lifts at the castle gate
A mighty cry,
Calling his haughty wife by name :
“Guibour, Guibour, my gentle dame,
Open ! ’Tis I !

“Open the gate to thy Guillaume,
Fa’en is the city
By thirty thousand Saracen,
Lo ! they are hunting me to my den.
Guibour, have pity !”

But the countess from the rampart cried :
“Nay, chevalier,
I will not open my gates to thee ;
For, save the women and babes,” said she,
“Whom I shelter here,

“And the priest who keeps the lamps alight,
Alone am I.
My brave Guillaume and his barons all
Are fighting the Moor by the Aliscamp wall,
And scorn to fly !”

FREDÉRIC MISTRAL.—

“Guibour, Guibour, it is I myself !
And those men of mine
(God rest their souls !) they are dead,” he cried
“Or rowing with slaves on the salt sea-tide.
I have seen the shine

“Of Arles on fire in the dying day
I have heard one shriek
Go up from all the arenas where
The nuns disfigure their bodies fair,
Lest the Marron wreak

“His brutal will, Avignon’s self
Will fall to-day !
Sweetheart, I faint ; oh, let me in
Before the savaga Mograbin
Fall on his prey !”

“I swear thou liest,” cried Guibour,
“Thou base deceiver !
Thou art perchance thyself a Moor
Who whinest thus outside my door,—
My Guillaume, never !

“Guillaume to look on burning towns,
And fired by—*thee* !
Guillaume to see his comrades die,
Or borne to sore captivity,
And then to *flee* !

“He knows not flight ! He is a tower
Where others fly !
The heathen spoiler’s doom is sure,
The virgin’s honor aye secure,
When he is by !”

Guillaume leapt up, his bridle set
Between his teeth,
While tears of love, and tears of shame,
Under his burning eyelids came,
And hard drew breath,

And seized his sword, and plunged his spurs
Right deep, and so
A storm, a demon, did descend

FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL.—

To roar and smite, to rout and rend,
The Moorish foe.

As when one shakes an almond-tree,
The heathen slain
Upon the tender grass fall thick,
Until the flying remnant seek
Their ships again.

Four kings with his own hand he slew,
And when once more
He turned him homeward from the fight,
Upon the drawbridge long in sight
Stood brave Guibour.

“ By the great gateway enter in,
My Lord ! ” she cried,
And might no further welcome speak,
But loosed his helm, and kissed his cheek
With tears of pride.

Calendau, Transl. of Harriet W. Preston.

THE FISHER-FOLK.

I would you once had seen the goodly sight,
The Cassis men under the evening light !
And in the cool, when they put out to sea,
Hundreds of fishing craft go silently
And lightly forth, like a great flock of plover,
And spread abroad the heaving billows over.

And the wives linger in the lone doorways,
Watching, with what a long and serious gaze !
For the last glimmer of the swelling sail.
And if the sea but freshen, they turn pale ;
For well they know how treacherous he is,
That cruel deep,—for all his flatteries. . . .

But when the salt sea thunders with the
shocks
Of rude assault from the great equinox,
And bits of foundered craft bestrew the shores,
Then can we naught but close our cottage doors
And young and old about the warm fireside
Wait the returning of the summer-tide.

FREDÉRIC MISTRAL.—

Ah! those were evenings,—when the autumn
gales
Blew loud, and mother mended the rent sails
With homespun thread; ay, and we youngsters
too
Were set to drive the needle through and
through
The gaping nets, and tie the meshes all
There where they hung suspended on the wall.

And in his tall chair by the ingle nook
My father sat, with aye some antique book
Laid reverently open on his knee.
And “Listen, and forget the rain,” quoth he,
Blew back his mark, and read some tale divine
Of old Provençal days, by the fire-shine.

Calendau. Transl. of Harriet Waters Preston.

A PICTURE.

Afar over the sage-fields hummed the bees,
Fluttered the birds about the sumac-trees.
How lucid was the air of that sweet day!
How fair upon the slopes the shadows lay!
The ranged and pillared rocks seemed to upbear
Levels of green land, like some altar stair.

O'er the sheer verge the golden pumpkin hung
His heavy head, the rock-born aloes flung
Its flowery rays abroad like God's own luster.
Deep in the dells, full many a coral cluster
The barberry ripened. The pomegranate red
Reared like an Indian cock its crested head.—

Calendau. Transl. of Harriet Waters Preston.

ORMSBY MACKNIGHT MITCHEL.—

MITCHEL, ORMSBY MACKNIGHT, an American astronomer and soldier, born at Morganfield, Kentucky, July 28, 1809; died at Beaufort, S. C., October 30, 1862. He graduated at the Military Academy, at West Point in 1829. He was assistant professor of mathematics at West Point for two years; joined his company at St. Augustine, Florida, in 1831, and resigned his commission in September, 1832. He had read law while teaching at West Point, and opened a law office at Cincinnati. In 1836 he was chosen professor of mathematics and civil engineering in Cincinnati College. Among the subjects upon which he lectured was astronomy, in which he soon became especially interested. He was invited to lecture upon astronomy outside the college. These lectures excited so much attention that he resolved to establish an observatory at Cincinnati. By his exertions funds were raised sufficient for the purchase of a fine telescope, and in 1842 he went to Europe in order to make the purchase, and to study the manner of working in the great English observatories. Upon his return after six months, the erection of an observatory building was begun under his supervision, the corner-stone being laid by John Quincy Adams, November 9, 1843. Mitchel agreed to conduct the observatory for ten years without salary, he depending for support upon his salary as professor in the college. The observatory building was not quite finished when the college was burned to the ground, and Mitchel's professorship came to an end. He resolved to lecture upon astronomy in order to raise funds. His lectures met with marked success throughout the country, and the purpose for which they were undertaken was

ORMSBY MACKNIGHT MITCHEL.—

accomplished. These lectures, ten in number, were published in a volume in 1848, under the title, *The Planetary and Stellar Worlds*. In 1858 Professor Mitchel accepted the office of superintendent of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, N. Y., although he retained the nominal superintendency of the Cincinnati Observatory, the duties being performed by an assistant.

Upon the breaking out of the civil war Mitchel offered his services to the Government. Of his brief military career it need here be said that it gave evidence of military capacity of the highest order. He died of malarial fever on the 30th of October, 1862. Besides the *Planetary and Stellar Worlds*, he wrote *Popular Astronomy* (1860), and a fragment on *The Astronomy of the Bible*, published after his death (1863.) His *Life* has been written by his son, F. A. Mitchel (1887).

THE THEOSOPHY OF ASTRONOMY.

If there be anything which can lead the mind upward to the Omnipotent Ruler of the universe, and give to it an approximate knowledge of His incomprehensible attributes, it is to be found in the grandeur and beauty of His works.

If you would know His glory, examine the interminable range of suns and systems which crowd the Milky Way. Multiply the hundred millions of stars which belong to our own "island universe" by the thousands of those astral systems that exist in space, within the range of human vision, and then you may form some idea of the infinitude of His kingdom: for, lo! these are but a part of His ways. Examine the scale on which the universe is built; comprehend, if you can, the vast dimensions of our sun; Stretch outward through his system, from planet to planet, and circumscribe the whole within the immense circumference of Neptune's orbit. This is but a single unit out of the myriads of

ORMSBY MACKNIGHT MITCHEL.—

similar systems. Take the wings of light, and flash with impetuous speed, day and night, and month and year, till youth shall wear away, and middle age is gone, and the extremest limit of human life has been attained. Count every pulse, and at each speed on your way one hundred thousand miles, and when a hundred years have rolled by, look out and behold ! The thronging millions of blazing suns are still around you, each separated from the other by such a distance that in this journey of a century you have only left half a score behind you.

Would you gather some idea of the Eternity past of God's existence, go to the astronomer, and bid him lead you with him in one of his walks through space ; and as he sweeps outward from object to object, from universe to universe, remember that the light from those filmy stains on the deep pure blue of heaven, now falling on your eye, has been traversing space for a million years.

Would you gather some knowledge of the Omnipotence of God, weigh the earth on which we dwell ; then count the millions of its inhabitants that have come and gone for the last six thousand years. Unite their strength into one arm, and test its power to move the earth. It could not stir it a single foot in a thousand years. And yet under the omnipotent hand of God not a minute passes that it does not fly for more than a thousand miles. But this is a mere atom—the most insignificant point among His innumerable worlds. At his bidding every planet and satellite and comet and the sun himself, fly onward in their appointed courses. His single arm guides the millions of sweeping suns, and around His throne circles the great constellation of unnumbered universes.

Would you comprehend the idea of the omniscience of God, remember that the highest pinnacle of knowledge reached by the whole human race, by the combined efforts of its brightest intellects, has enabled the astronomer to compute approximately the perturbations of the planetary worlds. He has predicted roughly the

returns of half a score of comets. But God has computed the mutual perturbations of millions of suns and planets and comets and worlds without number, through the ages that are passed and throughout the ages that are yet to come—not approximately, but with perfect and absolute precision. The universe is in motion—system rising above system, cluster above cluster, nebula above nebula—all majestically sweeping around under the providence of God, who alone knows the end from the beginning, and before whose glory and power all intelligent beings, whether in heaven or on earth, should bow with humility and awe.

Would you gain some idea of the wisdom of God, look to the admirable adjustments of the magnificent retinue of planets which sweep around the sun. Every globe has been weighed and poised, every orbit has been measured and bent to its beautiful form. All is changing; but the laws fixed by the wisdom of God, though they permit the rocking to and fro of the system, never introduce disorder or lead to destruction. All is perfect and harmonious; and the music of the spheres that buzz and roll round our sun is echoed by that of ten millions of moving worlds that sing and shine around the bright suns that reign above.

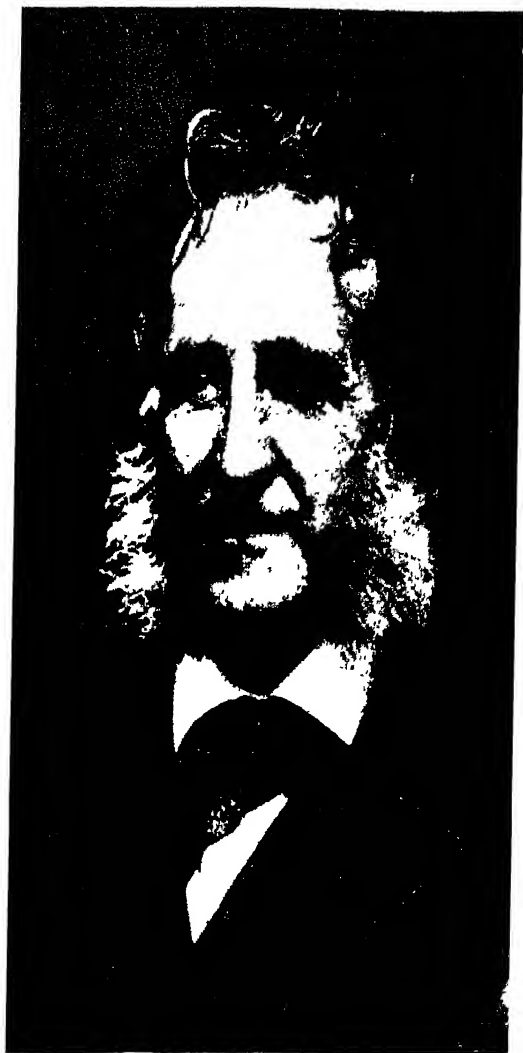
If overwhelmed with the grandeur and majesty of the universe of God, we are led to exclaim with the Hebrew poet-king, “when I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?” If fearful that the eye of God may overlook us in the immensity of His kingdom, we have only to call to mind that other passage—“Yet Thou hast made him but a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over all the works of Thy hand; Thou hast put all things under his feet.” Such are the teachings of the Word, and such are the lessons of the works of God.—*The Planetary and Stellar Worlds.*

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL.—

MITCHELL, DONALD GRANT, an American author, born at Norwich, Conn., in 1822. He graduated at Yale in 1841; after which he worked for three years on a farm belonging to his grandfather. In 1844 he went to Europe, where he spent two years, and collected materials for his first book, *Fresh Gleanings; or, A New Sheaf from the Old Field of Continental Europe* (1847). This and several of his later works, appeared under the pseudonym of "Ike Marvel." In 1848 he again went to Europe, and was at Paris at the time of the outbreak in June of that year; scenes of which are narrated in his *Battle Summer* (1849.) In 1853 he was appointed U. S. consul at Venice; but soon resigned the position. In 1855 he bought a farm of two hundred acres near New Haven, Conn., which has since been his residence. He has been a frequent contributor to periodicals, and a selection from these contributions has been collected into a volume entitled *Bound Together*. Besides the books already mentioned, he has published: *The Lorgnette; or, Studies of the Town*, which first appeared in weekly numbers (1849); *Reveries of a Bachelor* (1850); *Dream Life* (1851); *My Farm of Edgewood* (1863); *Seven Stories, with a Basement and an Attic* (1864); *Wet Days at Edgewood* (1865); *Dr. Johns*, a novel (1866); *Pictures of Edgewood* (1869); *About Old Story-Tellers* (1877); *Daniel Tyler: a Memorial Volume* (1883); *English Lands and Letters* (1889-90).

REVERIES AND REALITIES.

This book is neither more nor less than it pretends to be. It is a collection of those



DONALD GRANT MITCHELL (AKA MARVEL).

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL.—

floating reveries which have from time to time drifted across my brain. I never yet met with a bachelor who had not had his share of just such floating visions ; and the only difference between us lies in the fact that I have tossed them from me in the shape of a rock. If they had been worked over with more unity of design, I dare say I might have made a respectable novel. As it is, I have chosen the honestest way of setting them down as they came seething from my thought, with all their crudities and contrasts uncovered. As for the truth that lies in them, the world may believe what it likes ; for, having written them to humor the world, it would be hard if I should curtail any of its privileges of judgment. I should think there was as much truth in them as in most reveries. . . .

As for the style of the book, I have nothing to say for it, except to refer to my title—*Reveries of a Bachelor : or, A Book of the Heart*. These are not Sermons nor Essays, nor Criticisms ; they are only reveries ; and if the reader should stumble upon occasional magniloquence, or be worried with a little too much sentiment, pray let him remember that I am dreaming. But while I say this in the hope of nicking off the wiry edge of my reader's judgment, I shall yet stand up boldly for the general tone and character of the book. If there is bad feeling in it, or insincerity, or shallow sentiment, or any foolish depth of affection displayed, I am responsible, and the critics may expose it to their hearts' content.

Reveries of a Bachelor.

Dream-Life was dedicated to Washington Irving. To a new edition shortly after the death of Irving, a chapter was prefixed relating to him.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

In the summer of 1852 Mr. Irving made a stay of a few weeks at Saratoga ; and, by good

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL.—

fortune, I chanced to occupy a room upon the same corridor of the hotel, within a few doors of his, and shared many of his early morning walks to the "Spring." What at once struck me very forcibly in the course of these walks was the rare alertness and minutness of his observation. Not a fair young face could dash past us in its drapery of muslin, but the eye of the old gentleman—he was then almost seventy—drank in all its freshness and beauty, with the keen appetite and the graceful admiration of a boy; not a dowager brushed past us, bedizened with finery, but he fastened the apparition in his memory with some piquant remark, as the pin of an entomologist fastens a gaudy fly. No rheumatic old hero-invalid, battered in long wars with the doctors, no droll marplot of a boy, could appear within range, but I could see in the changeful expression of my companion, the admeasurements and quiet adjustment of the appeal which either made upon his sympathy or his humor. A flower, a tree, a burst of music, a country market man hoist upon his wagon of cabbage—all these by turns caught and engaged his attention, however little they might interrupt the flow of his talk.

He was utterly incapable of being "lionized." Time and again, under the trees in the court of the hotel, did I hear him enter upon some pleasant story, lighted up with that rare turn of his eye and by his deft expressions; when, as chance acquaintances grouped around him, as is the way of watering places, and eager listeners multiplied, his hilarity and spirit took a chill from the increasing auditory, and drawing abruptly to a close, he would sidle away with a friend, and be gone. . . .

I saw Mr. Irving afterwards repeatedly in New York, and passed two delightful days at Sunnyside. I can never forget a drive with him on a crisp autumn morning through Sleepy Hollow and all the notable localities of his neighborhood, in the course of which he called my attention, in the most unaffected and

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incidental way, to those which had been specially illustrated by his pen, and with a rare humor recounted to me some of his boyish adventures among the old Dutch farmers of that region.

Most of all it is impossible for me to forget the rare kindness of his manner, his friendly suggestions, and the beaming expression of his eye. I met it last at the little stile from which I strolled away to the railway station. When I saw the kind face again, it was in the coffin at the little church where he attended services. But the eyes were closed, and the wonderful radiance of expression gone. It seemed to me that death never took away more from a living face. It was but a cold shadow lying there of the man who had taught a nation to love him.—*Dream-Life*.

THE INVENTION OF EDGEWOOD.

I have a recollection of making my way through the hedging lilacs, and ringing with nervous haste at the door-bell; and as I turned, the view from the slope seemed to me even wider and more enchanting than from the carriage. I have a fancy that a middle-aged man, with iron-gray whiskers, answered my summons in his shirt-sleeves, and proposed joining me directly under some trees which stood a little way to the north. I recollect dimly a little country coquetry of his about unwillingness to sell, or to name a price; and yet how he kindly pointed out to me the farm-lands which lay below upon the flat, and the valley where his cows were feeding just southward, and how the hills rolled up grandly westward, and were hemmed into the north by a heavy belt of timber. I think we are all hypocrites at a bargain. I suspect that I threw out casual objections to the house, and the distance, and the roughness; and yet have an uneasy recollection of thanking a certain friend of mine for having brought to my notice the most charming spot for a home which I had yet seen in my searches,

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and one which met my wishes in nearly every particular.

It seems to me that my ride back to town must have been very short, and my dinner a hasty one. I know I have a clear recollection of wandering afoot over those hills and that plateau of farmland that very afternoon. I can recall distinctly the aspect of house and hills, as they came into view on my second drive from town; how a great stretch of forest, which lay in common, flanked the whole, so that the farm could be best and most intelligibly described as lying on the edge of the wood; and it seemed to me that, if it should be mine, it should wear the name of "Edgewood." It is the name it bears now. I will not detail the means by which the coyness of my iron-gray-haired friend was won over to a sale. It is enough to tell, that within six weeks from the day on which I had first sighted the view—and brushed through the lilac-hedge at the door, the place, from having been the home of another, had become a home of mine, and a new stock of *Lares* was blooming in the *atrium*.

My Farm of Edgewood.

A PICTURE OF RAIN.

Will any of our artists ever give us on canvas a good, rattling, saucy shower? There is room in it for a rare handling of the brush:—the vague, indescribable line of hills—as I see them to-day—the wild scud of gray, with fine gray lines, slanted by the wind and trending eagerly downward; the swift, petulant dash into the little pools of the highway, making fairy bubbles that break as soon as they form; the land smoking with an excess of moisture; and the pelted leaves all wincing and shining and adrip?

I know no painter who has so well succeeded in putting a wet sky into his pictures as Turner; and in this I judge him by the literal *chiaroscuro* of engraving. In proof of it, I

take down from my shelf his *Rivers of France*—a book over which I have spent a great many pleasant hours; and idle ones, too, if it be idle to travel leagues at the turning of a page, and to see hillsides spotty with vineyards, and great bridges wallowing through the Loire, and to watch the fishermen of Honfleur putting to sea. There are skies in some of these pictures which make a man instinctively think of his umbrella, or of his distance from home. No actual rain drifts stretching from them, but such unmistakable promise of a rainy afternoon, in their little parallel wisps of dark-bottomed clouds, as would make a provident farmer order every scythe out of the field.

In "The Chair of Gargantua," on which my eye falls, as I turn over the pages, an actual thunderstorm is breaking. The scene is somewhere upon the Lower Seine. From the middle of the left of the picture the lofty river-bank stretches far across, forming all the background; its extreme distance hidden by a bold thrust of the right bank, which juts into the picture just far enough to shelter a white village, which lies gleaming upon the edge of the water. On all the foreground lies the river, broad as a bay. The storm is coming down the stream. Over the left spur of the bank, and over the meeting of the banks, it broods black as night. Through a little rift there is a glimpse of serene sky, from which a mellowed light streams down upon the edges and angles of a few cliffs upon the farther shore. All the rest is heavily shadowed. The edges of the coming tempest are tortuous and convulsed, and you know that a fierce wind is driving the black billows on; yet all the water under the lee of the shore is as tranquil as a dream. A white sail, near the white village, hangs slouchingly to the mast; but in the foreground the tempest has already caught the water. A tall lugger is scudding and careening under it as if mad. The crews of three fishermen's boats that toss on the vexed water are making a confused rush to shorten sail, and you may almost fancy

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that you hear their outcries sweeping down the wind. In the middle scene a little steamer is floating tranquilly on water which is yet calm, and a column of smoke piling up from its tall chimney rises for a space, placidly enough, until the wind catches and whirls it before the storm. I would wager ten to one, upon the mere proof in the picture, that the fishermen and the washerwomen in the foreground will be drenched within an hour.

Wet Days at Edgewood.

CLOSE OF A CONSULSHIP.

Keeping the office in business trim, and sitting upon the office-stool, I received one day a very large packet, under seal of the Department. I had not heard from Washington in a long time and it was a pleasant surprise to me. Possibly it be some new and valuable commission; possibly it might bring the details of the proposed change in the consular system. Who knew? In such an event I wondered what the probable salary would be at my post:—something handsome, no doubt. I glanced at the “arms” of my country with pride, and—there being no American ship in port—broke open the packet.

It contained two circulars embracing a series of questions, ninety in number, in regard to ship-building, ship-timber, rigging, hemp, steamships, fuel, provisioning of vessels, light-house dues, expenses of harbor, depth of ditto, good anchorages, currents, winds, cutting of channels, buoys, rates of wages, apprentices, stowage facilities, leakages, wear and tear, languages, pilots, book-publication, etc, etc., on all which the circulars requested full information, as soon as practicable, in a tabular form, with a list of such works as were published on kindred subjects, together with all government orders in regard to any or all of the suggested subjects, which were in pamphlet form; and, if in a foreign language, the same to be accurately translated into American. The accom-

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panying letter stated that it was proposed to allow no remuneration for the work; but added, "faithful acquittal of the proposed task will be favorably viewed."

I reflected:—A respectable reply even to the questions suggested would, supposing every facility was thrown in my way by port-officers and others, involve the labor of at least six weeks, and the writing over of at least ninety large pages of foolscap paper—upon which it was requested that the report should be made.

I reflected further:—that the port-officer would, upon presentation of even the first inquiries as to the depth of the harbor, send me to the guard-house as a suspicious person; or, recognizing my capacity, would report the question, as a diplomatic one, to the governor; who would report it back to the Central Cabinet; who would report it back to the Maritime Commander in an adjoining city; who would communicate on the subject with the Police of the Port; who would communicate back with the Marine Intendant; who would report accordingly to the Central Government, who would in due time acquaint the Chargé at the capital with their conclusions.

I reflected:—That I had already expended on behalf of the Government more of time and of money than I should probably (there being no American ship in port) ever receive again at their hands: that life was, so to speak, limited; and in case I should determine to give it up to gratuitous work for my country—or, indeed, for any party whatever—I should prefer that the object of my charity should be a needy object:—that I had given bonds in the sum of two thousand dollars (with sound bondsmen) for the stool, the blank passports, the pewter and brass seals, the small-sized flag, and the "arms"—and I examined them with attention:—that while these things were in a capital state of preservation, and my health still unimpaired, I had better withdraw from office. I therefore sent in my resignation.

Seven Stories.

S. WEIR MITCHELL.—

MITCHELL, S. WEIR, an American physician and author, born in 1829; the son of Dr. J. K. Mitchell, from whom he inherited a predilection for medical science and for literature. He graduated at Jefferson Medical College in 1850. He first gained distinction by his investigations of the venom of serpents, the outcome of which were contributions on this subject to the Smithsonian papers and to the memoirs of the American Philosophical Society. He has published several valuable professional works, among them:—*Wear and Tear*, *Rest in the Treatment of Nervous Diseases*, and *Doctor and Patient*, the last of which appeared in 1888. A volume containing three stories, *Hephzibah Guinness*, *Thee and You*, and *A Draft on the Bank of Spain*, was published in 1883. Dr. Mitchell has since put forth three novels, *In War Time* (1884), *Roland Blake* (1886), and *Far in the Forest* (1889); a volume of charming fairy-tales, entitled *Prince Little Boy* (1887), and the volumes of poems, *The Hill of Stones* (1882), *The Masque*, and *other Poems* (1888), and *The Cup of Youth*, and *other Poems* (1889).

LONG AGO IN A QUIET CITY.

On the fifteenth day of October, in the year 1807, a young man about the age of twenty walked slowly down Front Street in the quiet city of Philadelphia. The place was strange to him, and with the careless curiosity of youth he glanced about and enjoyed alike the freshness of the evening hour and the novelty of the scene.

To the lad—for he was hardly more—the air was delicious, because only the day before he had first set foot on shore after a wearisome ocean voyage. All the afternoon a torrent of rain had fallen, but as he paused and looked west-

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ward at the corner of Cedar Street, the lessening rain, of which he had taken little heed, ceased of a sudden, and below the dun masses of swiftly changing clouds the western sky became all aglow with yellow light which set a rainbow over the broad Delaware and touched with gold the large drops of the ceasing shower.

The young man stood a moment gazing at the changeful sky, and then, with a pleasant sense of sober contrast, let his eyes wander over the broken roof-lines and broad gables of Front Street, noting how sombre the wetted brick houses became, and how black the shingled roofs with their patches of tufted green moss and smoother lichen. Then as he looked he saw, a few paces down the street, two superb buttonwoods from which the leaves were flitting fast, and his quick eye caught the mottled loveliness of their white and gray and green boles. Drawn by the unusual tints of these stately trunks, he turned southward, and walking towards them, stopped abruptly before the quaint house above which they spread their broad and gnarled branches.

The dwelling, of red and black glazed bricks, set corner to corner, was what we still call a double house, having two windows on either side of a door, over which projected a peaked pent-house nearly hidden by scarlet masses of Virginia creeper, which also clung about the windows and the roof, and almost hid the chimneys. The house stood back from the street, and in front of it were two square grass-plots set round with low box borders. A paling fence, freshly white-washed, bounded the little garden, and all about the house and its surroundings was an air of tranquil, easy comfort and well-bred dignity.

Along the whole line of Front Street—which was then the fashionable place of residence—the house-fronts were broken by white doorways with Doric pillars of wood, such as you may see to-day in certain city streets as you turn aside from the busy Strand in London.

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There were also many low Dutch stoops or porches, some roofed over and some uncovered, but few mansions as large and important as the house we have described.

As the rain ceased old men with long pipes came out on the porches, and women's heads peeped from open windows to exchange bits of gossip, while up and down the pavements, as if this evening chat were an every-day thing, men of all classes wandered to take the air so soon as the fierce afternoon storm had spent its force.

As the young stranger moved along among sparse groups of gentlemen and others he was struck with the variety of costume. The middle-aged and old adhered to the knee-breeches and buckles, the younger wore pantaloons of tight-fitting stocking-net, with shoes and silk stockings, or sometimes high boots with polished tops, adorned with silk tassels. It was a pretty, picturesque street scene, with its variety of puce-colored or dark velvet coats and ample cravats under scroll-brimmed hats.

Hephzibah Guinness.

HERNDON.

Ay, shout and rave, thou cruel sea,
In triumph o'er that fated deck,
Grown holy by another grave—
Thou hast the captain of the wreck.

No prayer was said, no lesson read,
O'er him, the soldier of the sea ;
And yet for him, through all the land,
A thousand thoughts to-night shall be.

And many an eye shall dim with tears,
And many a cheek be flushed with pride ;
And men shall say, There died a man,
And boys shall learn how well he died.

Ay, weep for him, whose noble soul
Is with the God who made it great ;
But weep not for so proud a death,—
We could not spare so grand a fate.

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Nor could Humanity resign
That hour which bade her heart beat high,
And blazoned Duty's stainless shield,
And set a star in Honor's sky.

O dreary night! O grave of hope!
O sea, and dark, unpitying sky!
Full many a wreck these waves shall claim
Ere such another heart shall die.

Alas, how can we help but mourn
When hero bosoms yield their breath!
A century itself may bear
But once the flowers of such a death;

So full of manliness, so sweet
With utmost duty nobly done;
So thronged with deeds, so filled with life,
As though with death that life begun.

It has begun, true gentleman!
No better life we ask for thee:
Thy Viking soul and woman heart
Forever shall a beacon be,—

A starry thought to veering souls,
To teach it is not best to live;
To show that life has naught to match
Such knighthood as the grave can give.
The Hill of Stones, and other Poems.

EVENING STORM—NIPIGON.

Upon the beach, with low, quick, mournful sob,
The weary waters shudder to our feet;
And far beyond the sunset's golden light,
Forever brighter in its lessening span,
Shares not the sadness of yon grim wood-wall,
Whose dark and noiseless deeps of shadow rest
In sullen gloom 'twixt golden lake and sky.
Shine out, fair light, in yellow glory shine!
Fast fades the lessening day, and far beneath
The tamarack shivers and the cedar's cone
Uneasy sways, while fitful tremors stir
The tattered livery of the ragged birch;
And over all the arch of heaven is wild

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With tumbling clouds, where fast the light-
ning's lance
Gleams ruby red, and thunder-echoes roll;
Whilst yet below—sweet as the dream of hope
What time despair is nearest—lies the lake.
Fast comes the storm: spiked black with pat-
tering rain,
The darkened water gleams with bells of foam.
Fast comes the storm, till over lake and sky,
Cruel and cold, the gray storm-twilights rest;
And so the day before its time is dead.

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THE NORTH WIND.

The lusty north wind all night long
His carols sang above my head,
And shook the roof, and roused the fire,
And with the cold red morning fled.

Yet, ere he left, upon my panes
He drew, with bold and easy hand,
Pine and fir, and icy bergs,
And frost ferns of his northern land;

And southward, like the Northmen old
Whose ships he drove across the seas,
Has gone to fade where roses grow,
And die among the orange-trees.

The Hill of Stones and other Poems.

ON A PICTURE BY ALBERT CUYP.

A sunset silence holds the patient land;
Against the sun the stolid cattle stand
Framed hazy, in the gold that slips
Between the sails of lazy ships,
And floods with level yellow light
The broad green meadow grasses bright.

The Hill of Stones, and other Poems.

His most recent works include: *A Psalm of Deaths*, and other poems (1890), *Francis Drake, a Tragedy of the Sea* (1892), *The Mother, and Other Poems* (1892), *Characteristics* (1893), *When all the Woods are Green* (1894), *Philip Vernon* (1895).

WALTER MITCHELL.—

MITCHELL, WALTER, an American clergyman, born at Nantucket in 1826. He graduated at Harvard in 1846, entered the Episcopal ministry, and was rector first at Stamford, Conn., and subsequently at Rutland, Vermont. He has written *Bryan Maurice*, a novel, and several poems, among which is one delivered in 1875 before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard. *Two Strings to his Bow* (1894) is an elaboration of a story that appeared under the same title in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

TACKLING SHIP OFF SHORE.

The weather-leech of the topsail shivers,
The bow lines strain and the lee-shrouds
 slacken,
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
And the waves with the coming squall-cloud
 blacken.

Open one point on the weather bow
In the lighthouse tall on Fire Island head ;
There's a shade of doubt on the Captain's brow,
And the Pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "*Full and by !*"
Is suddenly changed to "*Full for stays !*"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays ;
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
As the Pilot calls, "*Stand by for stays !*"

It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered coils in his hardened
 hand,

By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island head draws near,
As, trumpet-winged, the Pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
With the welcome call of "*Ready about !*"

No time to spare ! it is touch and go,
And the Captain growls, "*Down helm !*
 Hard down !"

WALTER MITCHELL.—

As my weight on the whirling spoke I throw,
While the heaven grows black with the
storm-cloud's frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea ;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer, "*Ay-ay, Sir ! H-a-a-r-d a-lee !*"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed,
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headland white we have left behind.

The top-sails flutter, the jibs collapse,
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats ;
The spanker slats, and the main-sail flaps,
And thunders the order, "*Tacks and
sheets !*"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the
crew,

Hisses the rain of the rushing squall ;
The sails are aback from clew to clew,
And now is the moment for "*Main-sail, haul !*"

And the heavy yards like a baby's toy

By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung ;
She holds her way and I look with joy

For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks
flung.

"*Let go and haul !*" 'Tis the last command,
And the head-sails fill to the blast once
more ;

Astern and to leeward lies the land,
With its breakers white on the shingly shore.
What matters the reef, or the rain, or the
squall ?

I steady the helm for the open sea ;
The First Mate clamors, "*Belay there all !*"
And the Captain's breath once more comes
free.

And so off the shore let the good ship fly ;
Little care I how the gusts may blow.
In my fo'castle bunk, in a jacket dry ;—
Eight bells have struck, and my watch is
below.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.—

MITFORD, MARY RUSSELL, an English author, born in 1786 ; died in 1855. Her father, Dr. George Mitford, had spent his own considerable estate when he married Mary Russell, an heiress, who left her large fortune at her husband's disposal, with the exception of about £3000, which had been reserved for the benefit of her children. Dr. Mitford soon made away with his wife's fortune, and the family were reduced to great straits. But a lottery-ticket which had been purchased for little Mary, his only daughter, drew the capital prize of £20,000. The father took possession of this, and began life anew upon a lavish scale. The daughter was placed at a boarding-school, where she remained until she was fifteen. Her earliest published works were a volume of *Miscellaneous Poems* (1810), *Christine*, a narrative poem (1811), and *Blanche*, (1812). Dr. Mitford had been outliving his means, and was obliged to retire to a small cottage near Reading, which his daughter describes as "a series of closets, the largest of which may be about eight feet square, which they call parlors and kitchen and pantries. Behind is a garden about the size of a good drawing-room." Mary Russell Mitford, who had now reached the age of nearly forty, betook herself to authorship as a means of support for her parents, of whom she was the only stay. She first tried the drama, with very decided success, producing *Julian* (1823), *The Foscari* (1825), *Rienzi*, (1828), *Dramatic Scenes* (1827), and *Charles the First* (1828). In the meanwhile she had begun that series of domestic sketches by which she is best remembered. These are

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Our Village, of which several series were issued (1824–1832), and *Belford Regis* (1835). In 1838 she received a pension, sufficient to enable her to provide comfortably for herself and her father, who survived until 1842. Her later works are, *Recollections of a Literary Life* (1853), and *Atherton and other Sketches* (1854). The *Life of Mary Russell Mitford*, by A. G. L'Estrange, was published in 1870.

THE TALKING LADY.

Ben Jonson has a play called *The Silent Woman*, who turns out, as might be expected, to be no woman at all—nothing, as Master Slender said, but “a great lubberly boy”; thereby, as I apprehend, discourteously presuming that a silent woman is a nonentity. If the learned dramatist, thus happily prepared and predisposed, had happened to fall in with such a specimen of female loquacity as I have just parted with, he might perhaps, have given us a pendant to his picture in the *Talking Lady*. Pity but he had! He would have done her justice, which I could not at any time, least of all now: I am too much stunned; too much like one escaped from a belfry on a coronation day. I am just resting from the fatigue of four days’ hard listening;—four snowy, sleety, rainy days—days of every variety of falling weather, all of them too bad to admit the possibility that any petticoated thing, were she as hardy as a Scotch fir, should stir out; four days chained by “sad civility” to that fireside, once so quiet; and again—cheering thought!—again I trust to be so, when the echo of that visitor’s incessant tongue shall have died away.

The visitor in question is a very excellent and respectable elderly lady, upright in mind and body, with a figure that does honor to her dancing-master, a face exceedingly well preserved, wrinkled and freckled, but still fair,

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and an air of gentility over her whole person, which is not the least affected by her out-of-fashion garb. She could never be taken for anything but a woman of family, and perhaps she could as little pass for any other than an old maid.

She took us in on her way from London to the west of England; and being, as she wrote, "not quite well, not equal to much company, prayed that no other guest might be admitted, so that she might have the pleasure of our conversation all to herself,"—(*ours!* as if it were possible for any of us to slide in a word edgewise!)—"and especially enjoy the gratification of talking over old times with the master of the house, her countryman."

Such was the promise of her letter, and to the letter has it been kept. All the news and scandal of a large county forty years ago, and a hundred years before, and ever since, all the marriages, deaths, births, elopements, lawsuits, and casualties of her own times, her father's, grandfather's, great-grandfather's, nephew's and grand nephew's, has she detailed with a minuteness, an accuracy, a prodigality of learning, a profuseness of proper names, a pedantry of locality, which would excite the envy of a county historian, a king-at-arms, or even a Scotch novelist. Her knowledge is astonishing; but the most astonishing part of all is how she came by that knowledge. It should seem, to listen to her, as if, at some time of her life, she must have listened herself; and yet her countryman declares that, in the forty years he has known her, no such event has occurred; and she knows new news too! It must be intuition.

The manner of her speech has little remarkable. It is rather old-fashioned and provincial, but perfectly lady-like, low, and gentle, and not seeming so fast as it is. Like the great pedestrians, she clears her ground easily, and never seems to use any exertion; yet, "I would my horse had the speed of her tongue, and so

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good a continuer." She will talk you sixteen hours a day for twenty days together, and not deduct one poor five minutes for halts and baiting time.

Talking, sheer talking, is meat and drink and sleep to her. She likes nothing else. Eating is a sad interruption. For the tea-table she has some toleration; but dinner, with its clatter of plates and jingle of knives and forks, dinner is her abhorrence. Nor are the other common pursuits of life more in her favor. Walking exhausts the breath that might be better employed. Dancing is a noisy diversion, and singing is worse; she cannot endure any music, except the long, grand, dull concerts, which nobody thinks of listening to. Reading and chess she classes together assilent barbarism, unworthy of a social and civilized people. Cards, too, have their faults; there is a rivalry, a mute eloquence in those four aces, that leads away the attention; besides, partners will sometimes scold; so she never plays at cards; and upon the strength of this abstinence had very nearly passed for "serious" till it was discovered that she could not abide a long sermon. She always looks out for the shortest preacher, and never went to above one Bible Meeting in her life.—"Such speeches!" quoth she: "I thought the man never meant to have done. People have great need of patience." Plays, of course, she abhors, and operas, and mobs, and all things that will be heard, especially children; though for babies, particularly when asleep, for dogs and pictures, and such silent intelligences as serve to talk of and to talk to, she has a considerable partiality; and an agreeable and gracious flattery to the mammas and other owners of these pretty dumb things is a very usual introduction to her miscellaneous harangues.

The matter of these orations is inconceivably various. Perhaps the local and genealogical anecdotes, the sort of supplement to the history of Blankshire, may be her strongest point; but

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she shines almost as much in medicine and housewifery. These are certainly her favorite topics ; but any one will do. Allude to some anecdote of the neighborhood, and she forthwith treats you with as many parallel passages as are to be found in an air with variations. Take up a new publication, and she is equally at home there ; for though she knows little of books, she has in the course of an up-and-down life met with a good many authors, and teases and provokes you by telling of them precisely what you do not care to hear : the maiden names of their wives, and the Christian names of their daughters, and into what families their sisters and cousins married, and in what towns they have lived, what streets, and what numbers. Boswell himself never drew up the table of Dr. Johnson's Fleet-street courts with greater care than she made out to me the successive residences of P. P., Esq., author of a tract on the French Revolution, and a pamphlet on the Poor Laws. The very weather is not a safe subject. Her memory is a perpetual register of hard frosts and long droughts, and high winds and terrible storms, with all the evils that followed in their train, and all the personal events connected with them, so that if you happen to remark that clouds are coming up, and you fear it may rain, she replies, "Ay, it is just such a morning as three-and-thirty years ago, when my poor cousin Barbara—she married so and so, the son of so and so ;" and then comes the whole pedigree of the bridegroom ; the amount of the settlements, and the reading and signing them over-night ; a description of the wedding-dresses, in the style of Sir Charles Grandison, and how much the bride's gown cost per yard ; the names, residences, and a short subsequent history of the bridesmaids and bridesmen, the gentleman who gave the bride away, and the clergyman who performed the ceremony, with a learned antiquarian digression relative to the church ; then the setting out in procession ; the marriage ;

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the kissing; the crying; the breakfasting; the drawing the cake through the ring; and, finally, the bridal excursion, which brings us back at an hour's end to the starting-post, the weather, and the whole story of the sopping, the drying, the clothes-spoiling, the cold-catching, and all the small evils of a summer shower. By this time it rains, and she sits down to a pathetic see-saw of conjectures on the chance of Mrs. Smith's having set out for her daily walk, or the possibility that Dr. Brown may have ventured to visit his patients in his gig, and the certainty that Lady Green's new housemaid would come from London on the outside of the coach. . . .

I am just returned from escorting her to the coach, which is to convey her two hundred miles westward, and I have still the murmur of her *adieux* resounding in my ears, like the indistinct hum of the air on a frosty night. It was curious to see how, almost simultaneously, these mournful *adieux* shaded into cheerful salutations of her new comrades, the passengers in the mail. Poor souls! Little does the civil young lad who made way for her, or the fat lady, his mamma, who with pains and inconvenience made room for her, or the grumpy gentleman in the opposite corner, who, after some dispute, was at length won to admit her dressing-box—little do they suspect what is to befall them. Two hundred miles! and she never sleeps in a carriage! Well, patience be with them, and comfort and peace! A pleasant journey to them! And to her all happiness!—*Our Village.*

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ST. GEORGE MIVART.—

MIVART, ST. GEORGE, an English naturalist and author, born in London in 1827. He was educated at Harrow, at King's College, London, and at St. Mary's College, Oscott. He studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1851, appointed Lecturer of St. Mary's Hospital Medical School in 1862, was elected a fellow of the Royal Society in 1867, Professor of Biology at University College, Kensington, in 1874, and professor of the Philosophy of Natural History at the University of Louvain, Belgium, in 1890. As a member of the Royal, Linneæan, and Zoölogical Societies, he has contributed various papers to their publications. He has also contributed to the *Popular Science*, the *Quarterly*, and other scientific and literary reviews. His first book, *The Genesis of Species*, appeared in 1871. Among his later works are, *Man and Apes* (1873), *Lessons from Nature* (1876), *Contemporary Evolution* (1876), *The Cat* (1881), and *Nature and Thought* (1883), *Origin of Human Reason* (1889), *The Canidæ* (1890), *Types of Animal Life* (1893), *Elements of Science* (1894), *The Helpful Science* (1895).

RESULTS OF INTROSPECTION.

The slightest consideration of our own mental activity soon shows us that, in addition to our various feelings, we also "think" and "will." Thus when a kindness has been done us, besides pleasurable feelings and emotions, we can think of and recognize the kindness of the kind act—possibly, also, the self-denying goodness apparent in the performer of it—and we can will to return such kindness by some corresponding act on our own part. On the other hand, we may feel great annoyance at some hostile action; and as we think of the unpleasant consequences, one after another, which will probably result to us from it, and of the peculiar ingratitude and treachery of the doer, we may begin to determine upon some act of hostility in return. The idea may then occur to us that revenge is wrong, and

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we may wish to avoid our contemplated act of hostility, but the "malice" of the action may have been such, and our temperament may be so irascible, that the temptation to revenge is almost overpowering. We may then, with the deliberate intention of aiding the weakness of our goodwill, deliberately consider all the claims on our forbearance we can think of, . . . and we may reinforce these considerations by others drawn from religion. Finally, we may force ourselves to relinquish all hostile intention, and perhaps even to perform some beneficial action instead. Here we have feelings and emotions; but in addition, we have "thought" reflecting on such feelings and emotions, and "will" dictating our responsive action. These phenomena of our mind are facts of observation and experience, as immediately perceptible as any concerning our body.

On turning our mind inwards upon itself, we recognize our own enduring existence as a fact supremely certain. We *know* with absolute certainty that we are the same person we were an hour ago, a week ago, perhaps many years ago. If we are asked how we recognize our own existence, we reply we recognize it by our activity, by the actual exercise of our various powers—in this instance by the act of thinking, and thinking of ourselves. If we are further asked whether we can prove our own existence to ourselves, we reply that primary truths cannot be proved. Every process of truth, as we have already seen, must ultimately rest on truths directly known without proof, otherwise the process of reasoning must run back forever, and nothing could ever be proved. Our own existence, as a primary truth directly known to each of us, cannot be proved. Nevertheless, though we cannot *prove* our own existence, we can bring forward a truth to justify and reinforce our consciousness—namely, "Whatever thinks, exists," and since we know that we can and do think, it necessarily follows that we exist, and so reason reinforces the

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declaration of consciousness. Should any one object—"How do you know that such primary *dicta* are true? May not what you think is your existence be really the existence of somebody else, or your life the dream of some other being?" We reply, that in self-consciousness, and in the perception of such primary truths as that "What thinks, exists," we reach the limit which nature has placed, and that, should any man be so mad as to doubt the truth of such primary *dicta*, he must logically doubt of every other affirmation whatever, even that of his own doubt, which thus destroys itself. Absolute scepticism, and consequently utter intellectual paralysis, are the inevitable logical results of any real doubt in this matter of our own existence.

There is another point of which we should make sure in examining the activity of our own minds. To have a knowledge of anything is one thing; to know that we have that knowledge is another, and a very different thing. We cognize an object—*e. g.*, a crow flying—by one act; we cognize that cognition by a very different act. To judge that one mountain is higher than another is one mental act; to recognize that mental act as a judgment is an act of a very different kind. Yet both these are judgments. To feel—to have a sensation, then, is indeed a different thing from recognizing such sensation as ours, or as being one of a particular class of sensations.

Our knowledge of ourselves as being the same person now as in the past, implies the trustworthiness of memory—one of the most wonderful of our many wonderful faculties. Now, by a little further introspection, we may easily see that memory is of two kinds—(1) Involuntary, passive, unconscious, sensitive memory—to our present possession of which we do not advert; and (2) Voluntary, active, conscious, intellectual memory, which we recognize ourselves as actually possessing, or as having possessed in the past, or as likely to

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possess in the future. Either of these may exist without the other. That the passive memory may so exist is obvious, but that the second may be alone present is proved by that most remarkable fact that we may search our minds for something which we know we have fully remembered, and which we think we shall probably fully remember again; which at present we cannot imagine, but which we intellectually remember, and immediately recognize as the object of our intellectual pursuit as soon as its image presents itself in our imagination.

Bearing in mind the lessons as to self-consciousness, reason, memory, will, and language, gathered from introspection and observation in the earlier chapters, it seems undeniable that we severally possess the following powers:—

1. A power of directly perceiving and reflecting upon our continued personal activity and existence—sensations and perceptions being reflected on by thought and recognized as our own, and we ourselves being recognized as affected and perceiving—*self-consciousness*.

2. A power of actively recalling passed thoughts or experiences—*intellectual memory*.

3. A power of reflecting upon our sensations and perceptions, and asking what they are and why they are; of apprehending abstract ideas; of perceiving truth directly or by ratiocination and also goodness—*reason*.

4. A power of, on certain occasions, deliberately electing to act either with, or in opposition to, the apparent resultant of involuntary attractions and repulsions—*will*.

5. A power of giving expression by signs to general conceptions and abstract ideas; a power of enunciating deliberate judgments by articulate sounds—*language*.

These powers result in actions which are deliberate operations implying the use of a self-conscious, reflective, representative faculty.

Lessons from Nature.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.—

MOIR, DAVID MACBETH, a Scottish author, born in 1798; died in 1851. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a physician. His apprenticeship over, he completed his course at Edinburgh, receiving his diploma in 1816. He then began practice in Musselburgh, his native town, devoting his leisure to literary study and composition, and contributing to *Blackwood's* and other magazines. Before the completion of his college course he had published anonymously a volume entitled *The Bombardment of Algiers and other Poems*. In 1824 he put forth *The Legend of Genevieve and other Tales and Poems*, and in 1828 a novel, *The Autobiography of Mansie Wauch*, which had previously appeared in *Blackwood's*. His other publications are: *Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine* (1829), *Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera*, and *Proof of the Contagion of Malignant Cholera* (1832), *Domestic Verses* (1843), and *Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Last Half Century* (1851). His *Poetical Works* were edited by Thomas Aird, and were published in 1852. The subjoined poem has for a title the self-bestowed pet name of a dead child.

CASA WAPPY.

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy,—
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;
Even by its bliss, we mete our dearth,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.—

Tears of our anguish may not tell
 When thou didst die ;
Words may not paint our grief for thee ;
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
 Of our unfathomed agony ;
 Casa Wappy !

Thou wert a vision of delight
 To bless us given ;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
 A type of heaven !
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self, than a part
Of mine and of thy mother's heart,
 Casa Wappy !

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline,
 'Twas cloudless joy ;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
 Beloved boy !
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay ;
That found thee prostrate in decay ;
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
 Casa Wappy !

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
 Earth's undefiled.
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
 Our dear, sweet child !
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree ;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
 Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
 Casa Wappy !

We mourn for thee when blind, blank night
 The chamber fills ;
We pine for thee when morn's first light
 Reddens the hills :
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All to the wallflower and wild pea—
Are changed ; we saw the world through thee,
 Casa Wappy !

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
 Of casual mirth,

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.—

It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
 An inward birth ;
We miss thy small step on the stair ;
We miss thee at thy evening prayer ;
All day we miss thee,—everywhere,—
 Casa Wappy !

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
 In life's spring-bloom,
Down to the appointed house below,—
 The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo, and "the busy bee,"
Return,—but with them bring not thee,
 Casa Wappy !

'Tis so ; but can it be—while flowers
 Revive again—
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
 For aye remain ?
O, can it be, that o'er the grave
The grass renewed should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save ?
 Casa Wappy !

It cannot be ; for, were it so,
 Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery, thought were woe,
 And truth a lie ;
Heaven were a coinage of the brain ;
 Religion frenzy, virtue vain,
And all our hopes to meet again,
 Casa Wappy !

Then be to us, O dear, lost child !
 With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
 Smiling above !
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
 Casa Wappy !

Yet 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
 And faintest hope

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.—

That heaven is God's, and thou art there,
With Him in joy ;
There past are death and all its woes ;
There beauty's stream forever flows ;
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy !

Farewell, then,—for a while, farewell,—
Pride of my heart !
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee ;
And dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy !

MOONLIGHT.

Behold the mountain peaks how sharply lined
Against the cloudless orient ! while, serene,
The silver Moon, majestic as a queen,
Walks 'mid their stars, whose lustre has declined.
There is no breath of wind abroad : the trees
Sleep in their stilly leaflessness ; while, lost
In the pale, sparkling labyrinths of frost,
The wide world seems to slumber, and to freeze.
'Tis like enchanted fairyland ! A chill
Steals o'er the heart, as, gazing thus on night,
Life from our lower world seems passed away ;
And, in the witchery of the faint moonlight,
Silence comes down to hold perpetual sway ;—
So breathless is the scene—so hush'd—so still.

MARY LOUISE STEWART MOLESWORTH.—

MOLESWORTH, MARY LOUISE (STEWART), an English author, born in 1842. She is of Scotch descent, and was educated on the Continent. At an early age she contributed stories to magazines, and wrote under the pen-name of "Ennis Graham." Among her books are : *Lover and Husband* (1870), *Not Without Thorns* (1873), *Cicely, a Story of Three Years* (1874), *Carrots, just a Little Boy* (1876), *The Cuckoo Clock* (1877), *Hathercourt* (1878), *The Tapestry Room* (1879), *Miss Bouverie* (1880), *Hoodie* (1881), *The Adventures of Herr Baby* (1881), *Summer Stories for Boys and Girls* (1882), *The Boys and I* (1883), *That Girl in Black, Us, an Old Fashioned Story*, and *Marrying and Giving in Marriage* (1887), *Peggy* (1887), *Four Ghost Stories* (1889), *Mother Bunch, Story of a Spring Moving, Family Troubles, An Enchanted Garden* (1892), *Blanche, Hollow Tree House* (1894), *Sheila's Mystery, White Turrets, The Carved Lions* (1895).

THAT GIRL IN BLACK.

Time passes quickly, we are told, when we are hard at work. And doubtless this is true, while the time in question is the present. But to look back upon time of which every day and every hour have been fully occupied, gives somewhat the feeling of a closely printed volume when one has finished reading it. It seems even longer than anticipation. To Despard Norreys, when at the end of two busy years he found himself again in England, it appeared as if he had been absent five or six times as long as was really the case.

One evening, after dining at the house of the friend whose influence had obtained for him the appointment which had just expired, he accompanied the ladies of the family to an evening-party in the neighborhood. He had never been in the house before; the faces about him were unfamiliar. Feeling a little "out of it," he strolled into a small room where a select quartette was absorbed at whist, and seated

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himself in a corner somewhat out of the glare of light, which, since his illness, rather painfully affected his eyes.

Suddenly the thought of Maisie Fforde as he had last seen her seemed to rise before him as in a vision.

"I wonder if she is married," he said to himself. "Sure to be so, I should think. Yet I should probably have heard of it." And even as the words formed themselves in his mind, a still familiar voice caught his ear.

"Thank you. Yes, this will do nicely. I will wait here till Mabel is ready to go." And a lady—a girl, he soon saw—came forward into the room towards the corner where he was sitting. He rose at once; she approached him quickly, then with a sudden, incoherent exclamation, made as if she would have drawn back. But it was too late; she could not, if she wished, have pretended she did not see him.

"Mr. Norreys," she began; "I had no idea—"

"That I was in England," he said. "No, I have only just returned. Pardon me for having startled you Miss Fforde—Lady Margaret, I mean. I on my side had no idea of meeting you here, or——"

"Or you would not have come," she in her turn interrupted him with. "Thank you; you are frank at all events," she added haughtily.

He turned away. There was, perhaps, some involuntary suggestion of reproach in his manner, for hers changed.

"No," she said, "I am very wrong. Please stay for two minutes, and listen to me. I have hoped and prayed that I might never meet you again, but at the same time I made a vow—a real vow," she went on girlishly, that if I did so, I would swallow my pride and— and ask you to forgive me. There now—I have said it. That is all. Will you, Mr. Norreys?"

He glanced round, the whist party was all unconscious of the rest of the word still——

"Will you not sit down for a moment, Lady

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Margaret ? ” he said, and as she did so, he, too, drew a chair nearer to hers.

“ It is disagreeable to be overheard,” he went on in a tone of half apology. “ You ask me what I cannot now do,” he added.

The girl reared her head, and the softness of her manner hardened at once.

“ Then,” she said, “ we are quits. It does just as well. My conscience is clear now.”

“ So is mine, as to *that* particular of—of what you call forgiving you,” he said, and his voice was a degree less calm. “ I cannot do so now, for—I forgave you long, long ago.”

Maisie looked up, the tears were still glimmering about her eyes and cheeks ; was it their soft glistening that made her face look so bright and almost radiant.

“ Oh, do say it again—don’t think me not nice, oh *don’t*,” she entreated. “ But why—oh, why, if you care for me, though I can scarcely believe it, why let my horrible money come between us ? I shall never care for anybody else—there now, I have said it ! ” And she tried to hide her face, but he would not let her.

“ Do you really mean it, dear ? ” he said. “ If you do, I—I will swallow *my* pride, too ; shall I ? ”

She looked up half laughing now. “ Quits, again you see. Oh, dear, how dreadfully happy I am ! And you know, as you are so fond of work now, you will have *lots* to do. All manner of things for poor people that I want to manage, and don’t know how—and all our own—I won’t say ‘ my ’ any more—tenants to look after—and—and—”

“ ‘ That girl in black ’ herself to take care of, and make as happy as all my love and strength and my life’s devotion can,” said Despard. “ Maisie, my darling, God grant that you may never regret your generosity and goodness.”

“ No, no,” she murmured, “ yours are far greater, far, far greater.”

MOLIÈRE.—

MOLIÈRE, the name assumed by JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN, a French dramatist, born at Paris in 1622; died there in 1673. His father, a prosperous tradesman, held also the position of valet-de-chambre in the royal household, and designed his son for a similar career; but, yielding to the boy's urgency, he sent him to the college of Orleans, where he studied five years, and was admitted as an advocate in 1645. Young Poquelin had become attracted towards the stage; he joined a troupe of actors, with whom, assuming the name of Molière, he made circuits through the provinces until 1658, when the company came to Paris under the patronage of the Duke of Orleans, and was called the "Troupe de Monsieur"; in 1665 it took the name of the "Troupe du Roi," and not long afterwards it united with another company and formed the "Théâtre Français."

Molière, besides being an admirable actor, had begun to write for the stage, producing at first adaptations from Italian pastorals. His first regular comedy *L'Etourdi*, was brought out at Lyons in 1653. During the last fifteen years of his life he produced more than thirty dramatic works, of which fully one half are reckoned among the masterpieces of the French stage. Among these are: *Les Précieuses Ridicules* (1659), *Sganarelle* (1660), *L'Ecole des Maris* (1661), *L'Ecole des Femmes* (1663), *Le Festin de Pierre* (1665), *Tartuffe* (1667), *Le Misanthrope* (1668), *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (1670), *Les Femmes Savantes* (1672), *Le Malade Imaginaire* (1673). Molière was enacting a part in the fourth representation of this last drama, when he stopped short in the

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middle of a speech. He was carried to his chamber, where he died within an hour. More than a century after his death the French Academy, which had in his lifetime refused to admit him as a member because of his profession of actor, voted that his bust should be placed in their chamber, with this inscription : “ For his glory there is nothing needed, he is needed for ours.”

The dramas of Molière have been translated into English by several persons. The best of these translations is that by Henri Van Laun (6 vols., 1876.) This translation is throughout in prose ; though in the original, several of the pieces, notably, *Don Juan*, *The Misanthrope*, and *Tartuffe*, are in verse. Voltaire and other French critics place *The Misanthrope* at the head of the dramas of Molière. Although the characters bear classical names, the scene is laid in Paris, and the plot and personages are thoroughly Parisian.

PHILENTE AND ALCESTE.

Phil.—When we are of the world we must conform to the outward civilities which custom demands.

Alc.—I deny it. We ought to punish pitilessly that shameful pretence of friendly intercourse. I like a man to be a man, and to show on all occasions the bottom of his heart in his discourse. Let that be the thing to speak, and never let our feelings be hidden beneath our compliments.

Phil.—There are many cases in which plain speaking would be ridiculous and could hardly be tolerated. And, with all allowance for your unbending honesty, it is as well to conceal our feelings sometimes. Would it be right or decent to tell thousands of people what we think of them ? And when we meet with

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some one whom we hate, or who displeases us, must we tell him so openly ?

Alc.—Yes.

Phil.—What ! Would you tell old Emilia that it ill becomes her to set up for a beauty at her age ; and that the paints she uses disgust every one ?

Alc.—Undoubtedly.

Phil.—Or Doulos that he is a bore, and that there is no one at Court who is not sick of hearing him boast of his courage and the lustre of his house ?

Alc.—Decidedly so.

Phil.—You are jesting.

Alc.—I am not jesting at all ; and I would not spare any one in that respect. It offends my eyes too much ; and, whether at Court or in town, I behold nothing but what provokes my spleen. I become quite melancholy, and deeply grieved to see men behave to each other as they do. Everywhere I find nothing but base flattery, injustice, self-interest, deceit, roguery. I cannot bear it any longer ; I am furious ; and my intention is to break with all mankind.

Phil.—This philosophical spleen is somewhat too savage. I cannot but laugh to see you in these gloomy fits, and fancy that I perceive in us two, brought up together, the two brothers in the *School for Husbands*, who—

Alc.—Good Heavens ! drop your insipid comparisons.

Phil.—Nay, seriously, leave off these vagaries. This world will not alter for all your meddling. And as plain speaking has such charms for you I shall tell you frankly that this complaint of yours is as good as a play wherever you go, and that all these invectives against the manners of the age make you a laughing-stock to many people.

Alc.—So much the better ! Zounds ! So much the better ! That is just what I want. It is a very good sign, and I rejoice at it. All

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men are so odious to me that I should be sorry to appear rational in their eyes.

Phil.—But do you wish harm to all mankind?

Alc.—Yes; I have conceived a terrible hatred for them.

Phil.—Shall all poor mortals, without exception, be included in this aversion? There are some, even in the age in which we live—

Alc.—No; they are all alike; and I hate all men. Some, because they lend themselves to the wicked, and have not that healthy contempt with which vice ought to inspire all healthy minds. You cannot but see how unjustly and excessively complaisant people are to that bare-faced scoundrel with whom I am at law. You may plainly perceive the traitor through his mask; he is well known everywhere in his true colors; his rolling eyes and his honeyed tones impose only on those who do not know him. People are aware that this low-bred fellow, who deserves to be pilloried, has by the dirtiest jobs made his way in the world; and that the splendid position he has acquired makes merit repine and virtue blush. Yet, whatever dishonorable epithets may be launched against him everywhere, nobody defends his wretched honor. Call him a rogue, an infamous wretch, a confounded scoundrel, if you like; all the world will say "Yes," and no one contradicts you. But for all that, his bowing and scraping are welcome everywhere; he is received, smiled upon, and wriggles himself into all kinds of society; and if any appointment is to be secured by intriguing, he will carry the day over a man of the greatest worth. Zounds! these are mortal stabs to me—to see vice parleyed with, and sometimes I feel suddenly inclined to fly into a wilderness far from the approach of men.

Phil.—Great Heavens! let us torment ourselves a little less about the vices of an age, and be a little more lenient to human nature. Let us not scrutinize it with the utmost severity,

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but look with some indulgence at its failings. In society we need virtue to be a little more pliable. If we are too wise we may be equally to blame, good sense avoids all extremes, and requires us to be soberly rational. This unbending and virtuous stiffness of ancient times shocks too much the ordinary customs of our own; it requires too great perfection of us mortals; we must yield to the times, without being too stubborn; it is the height of folly to busy ourselves in correcting the world. I, as well as yourself, notice a hundred things every day which might be better managed, differently enacted; but whatever I may discover at any moment, people do not see me in a rage like you. I take men quietly, just as they are. I accustom my mind to bear with what they do; and I believe that at Court, as well as in the city, my phlegm is as philosophical as your bile.

Alc.—But this phlegm, good sir—you who reason so well—could it not be disturbed by anything? And if perchance a friend should betray you—if he forms a subtle plot to get hold of what is yours—if people should try to spread evil reports about you—would you tamely submit to all this without flying into a rage?

Phil.—Ay. I look upon all these faults of which you complain as vices inseparably connected with human nature. In short, my mind is no more shocked at seeing a man a rogue, unjust, or selfish, than at seeing vultures eager for prey, mischievous apes, or fury-lashed wolves.

Alc.—What! I should see myself deceived, torn to pieces, robbed, without losing—Zounds! I shall say no more about it; all this reasoning is full of impertinence!

Phil.—Upon my word, you would do well to keep silence. Rail a little less at your opponent, and attend a little more to your suit.

Alc.—That I shall not do; that is settled long ago.

Phil.—But whom, then, do you expect to solicit for you?

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Alc.—Whom? Reason—my just cause—equity.

Phil.—Shall you not pay a visit to any of the judges?

Alc.—No. Is my cause unjust or dubious?

Phil.—I am agreed on that. But you know what harm intrigues do; and—

Alc.—No. I am resolved not to stir a step. I am either right or wrong.

Phil.—Do not trust to that.

Alc.—I shall not budge an inch.

Phil.—Your opponent is powerful; and by his underhand work may induce—

Alc.—It does not matter.

Phil.—You will make a mistake.

Alc.—Be it so. I wish to see the end of it.

Phil.—But—

Alc.—I shall have the satisfaction of losing my suit.

Phil.—But after all—

Alc.—I shall see by this trial whether men have sufficient impudence, are wicked, villainous, and perverse enough to do me the injustice in the face of the whole world.

Phil.—What a strange fellow!

Alc.—I could wish, were it to cost me ever so much, that, for the fun of the thing, I might lose my case.

Phil.—But people will really laugh at you, Alceste, if they hear you go on in this fashion.

Alc.—So much the worse for those who will.—*The Misanthrope.*

Of all the dramas of Molière, *Tartuffe*, is perhaps the one of the widest scope and the most enduring interest. Impostors and their dupes have always been, and we suppose will always be, so long as the human being remain what it is and has always been. Besides several subordinate characters who help to carry on the action of the play the principal personages are: TARTUFFE, the sanctimonious reprobate,

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the most perfect representative of his class ever brought upon the stage ; ORGON, a wealthy citizen, ELMINE, his wife, DAMIS, his son, MARINE, his daughter. Tartuffe by his sanctimonious talk and his pretended medical skill, has obtained a complete ascendancy over Orgon, who wishes to marry him to his daughter, and enrich him at the expense of his son. Tartuffe, however, becomes enamoured of Elmine to whom he makes insulting approaches. The action of the drama hinges upon the vile schemes of Tartuffe, their temporary success, and ultimate discomfiture.

TARTUFFE, ELMINE, DAMIS, and ORGON.

Tar.—May Heaven, in its mighty goodness forever bestow upon you health, both of soul and body ; and bless your days as much as the humblest of its votaries desires.

Elm.—I am much obliged for this pious wish. But let us take a seat, to be more at ease.

Tar.—Are you quite recovered of your indisposition ?

Elm.—Quite ; that fever has now left me.

Tar.—My prayers are not deserving enough to have drawn this grace from above ; but not one of them ascended to Heaven that had not your recovery for its object.

Elm.—You are too anxious in your zeal for me.

Tar.—We cannot cherish your dear health too much ; and to re-establish yours I would have given mine.

Elm.—That is pushing Christian charity very far ; and I feel much indebted to you for all this kindness.

Tar.—I do much less for you than you deserve.

Elm.—I wished to speak to you in private about a certain matter, and I am glad that no one is here to observe us.

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Tar.—I am equally delighted ; and no doubt it is very pleasant, Madame, to find myself alone with you. I have often asked opportunity from Heaven, but till now in vain.

Elm.—What I wish is a few words upon a small matter, in which you must lay bare your heart, and conceal nothing from me.

[Damis, who had concealed himself in a closet, half-opens the door, and listens to the conversation, unknown to the speakers.]

Tar.—And I will also, in return for this rare favor, unbosom myself entirely to you ; but rather from a passionate zeal which carries me away, and out of a pure motive.

Elm.—That is how I take it. I think it is for my good that you trouble yourself so much.

[Tartuffe takes her hand, and presses her fingers.]

Elm.—Oh ! You squeeze me too hard !

Tar.—It is through excess of zeal. I never had any intention of hurting you ; and would sooner—

[He places his hand on her knee.]

Elm.—What does your hand there ?

Tar.—I am only feeling your dress ; the stuff is very soft.

Elm.—Oh ! please leave off. I am very ticklish.

[She pushes her chair back ; and he draws his up, and begins to handle her collar.]

Tar.—Bless me ! how wonderful is the workmanship of this lace ! They work in a miraculous manner now-a-days. Never was anything so beautifully made.

Elm.—It is true. But let us have some talk about our affair. I have been told that my husband wishes to retract his promise, and give you his daughter. Is it true ? Tell me.

Tar.—He has hinted something to me ; but, to tell you the truth, Madame, that is not the happiness for which I am sighing. I behold elsewhere the marvellous attractions of that bliss which forms the height of my wishes.

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Elm.—That is because you have no love for earthly things.

Tar.—My breast does not contain a heart of flint.

Elm.—I believe that all your sighs tend towards Heaven, and that nothing here below rouses your desires.

Tar.—The love which attaches us to eternal beauties does not stifle in us the love of earthly things; our senses may easily be charmed by the perfect works which heaven has created. Its reflected loveliness shines forth in such as you; but in you alone it displays its choicest wonders. It has diffused on your face such beauty that it dazzles the eyes and transports the heart; nor could I behold you, perfect creature, without admiring in you Nature's Author, and feeling my heart smitten with an ardent love for the most beautiful of portraits, wherein he has represented himself. At first I feared that this secret ardor might be nothing but a cunning snare of the foul fiend; and my heart even resolved to fly your presence, thinking you might be an obstacle to my salvation. But at last I found, O most lovely beauty, that my passion could not be blamable; that I could reconcile it with modesty; and this made me freely indulge it. It is, I confess, a great presumption in me to dare to offer you this heart; but I expect in my affections everything from your kindness, and nothing from the vain efforts of my own weakness. In you is my hope, my happiness, my peace; on you depends my torment or my bliss; and it is by your decision solely that I must be happy if you wish it, or miserable if it pleases you.

Elm.—The declaration is extremely gallant; but it is, to speak truly, rather a little surprising. Methinks you ought to arm your heart better, and to reflect a little upon such a design. A pious man like you, and who is everywhere spoken of—

Tar.—Ah! although I am a pious man, I am not the less a man; and when one beholds

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your heavenly charms, the heart surrenders,
and reasons no longer.

Elm.—But, sir—

Tar.—I know that such discourse from me, must appear strange. But after all, Madame I am not an angel; and if my confession be condemned by you, you must blame your own attractions for it. As soon as I beheld this more than human loveliness, you became the queen of my soul. The ineffable sweetness of your divine glances broke down the resistance of my obstinate heart; it overcame everything—fastings, prayers, tears—and led all my desires to your charms. My looks and my sighs have told you so a thousand times, and the better to explain myself I now make use of words. If you should graciously contemplate the tribulations of your unworthy slave; if your kindness would console me, and will condescend to my insignificant self, I shall ever entertain for you, O miracle of sweetness, an unexampled devotion. Your honor runs not the slightest risk with me, and need not fear the least disgrace on my account. All these court gallants, of whom women are so fond, are noisy in their doings, and vain in their talk; they are incessantly pluming themselves on their successes, and they receive no favors which they do not divulge. Their indiscreet tongues, in which people confide, desecrate the altar on which their hearts sacrifice. But men of our stamp love discreetly, and with them a secret is always kept. The care which we take of our own reputations is a sufficient guarantee for the object of our love; and it is only with us, when they accept our hearts, that they find love without scandal, and pleasure without fear.

Elm.—I have listened to what you say, and your rhetoric explains itself in sufficiently strong terms to me. But are you not afraid that the fancy may take me to tell my husband of this gallant ardor, and that the prompt knowledge of such an amour, might well change the friendship which he bears you?

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Tar.—I know that you are too gracious, and will pardon my boldness ; that you will excuse the violent transports of a passion which offends you ; and consider, by looking at yourself, that people are not blind, and men are made of flesh and blood.

Elm.—Others would perhaps take it in a different fashion ; but I shall show my discretion. I shall not tell the matter to my husband. But in return I require something of you : that is to forward honestly, and without quibbling—the union of Valère with Mariane ; renounce the unjust power which would enrich you with what belongs to another and—

[Damis comes out of the closet in which he had been concealed, and had listened to this conversation.]

Dam.—No, Madame, no ; this shall be made public. I was in there, where I overheard it all ; and Providence seems to have conducted me thither to abash the pride of a wretch who wrongs me ; to point out a way to take vengeance on his hypocrisy and insolence ; to undeceive my father, and to show him plainly the heart of a villain who talks to you of love.

Elm.—No, Damis. It suffices that he reforms, and endeavors to deserve my indulgence. Since I have promised him, do not make me break my word. I have no wish to provoke a scandal. A woman laughs at such follies, and never troubles her husband's ears with them.

Dam.—You have your reason for acting in that way. I have mine for behaving differently. It's a farce to wish to spare him ; and the insolent pride of his bigotry has already trampled too much over my just anger, and caused too much disorder amongst us. The scoundrel has governed my father too long, and plotted against my affections as well as Valère's. My father must be undeceived about this perfidious wretch ; and Heaven offers me an easy means. I am indebted to it for this opportunity, and it is too favorable to be neglected. I should deserve

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to have it snatched away from me, did I not make use of it, now that I have it in hand.

Elm.—Damis—

Dam.—No ; by your leave, I will use my own judgment. I am highly delighted, and all you can say will be in vain to make me forego the pleasure of revenge. I shall settle this affair without delay ; and here is just the opportunity.

[*Enter Orgon, to whom Damis addresses himself.*]

Dam.—We will enliven your arrival, father, with an altogether fresh incident that will surprise you much. You are well repaid for all your caresses, and this gentleman rewards you handsomely. His great zeal for you has just shown itself. He aims at nothing less than dishonoring you ; and I have just surprised him making to your wife an insulting proposal of a guilty passion. Her sweet disposition and her too discreet feelings would by all means have kept the secret from you. But I cannot encourage such insolence, and I think that to have been silent about it would have been to do you an injury.

Elm.—Yes, I am of opinion that we ought never to trouble our husband's peace with all these silly stories ; that our honor does not depend upon that, and that it is enough for us to be able to defend ourselves. These are my sentiments ; and you would have said nothing, Damis, if I had possessed any influence with you.

Org.—What have I heard ! Oh, Heavens ! is it possible ?

Tar.—Yes, brother, I am a guilty, wretched sinner, full of iniquity : the greatest villain that ever existed. Each moment of my life is replete with pollutions : it is but a mass of crime and corruption ; and I see that Heaven, to chastise me, intends to mortify me on this occasion. Whatever great crime may be laid to my charge, I have neither the wish nor the pride to deny it. Believe what you are told ; arm your anger, and drive me like a criminal from your house.

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Whatever shame you may heap upon me, I deserve still more.

Org.—[*To his son.*—] What! wretch! dare you by this falsehood tarnish the purity of his virtue?

Dam.—What! shall the pretended gentleness of this hypocrite make you believe—

Org.—Peace, cursed plague!

Tar.—Ah! let him speak. You accuse him wrongly; and you had much better believe in his story. Why will you be so favorable to me, after hearing of such a fact? Are you after all aware of what I am capable? Why trust to my exterior, brother? and why, despite all that is seen, believe me to be better than I am? No, no, you allow yourself to be deceived by appearances; and I am, alas! nothing less than what they think me. Every one takes me to be a good man, but the real truth is that I am very worthless. [*To Damis.*] Yes, my dear child, say on; call me a perfidious, infamous, lost wretch, a thief, a murderer. Load me with still more detestable names; I shall not contradict you. I have deserved them, and am willing on my knees to suffer ignominy, as a disgrace due to the crimes of my life.

Org.—This is too much, brother. [*To his son.*] Does not your heart relent, wretch?

Dam.—What! shall his words deceive you so far as to—

Org.—Hold your tongue, you hangdog! [*To Tartuffe.*] Rise, brother, I beseech you. [*To his son.*] Infamous wretch!

Dam.—He cannot—

Org.—Hold your tongue!

Dam.—I am bursting with rage. What! am I looked upon as—

Org.—Say another word, and I will break your bones.

Tar.—In Heaven's name, brother, don't forget yourself! I would rather suffer the greatest torments than that he should receive the slightest hurt for my sake.

Org. [*To his son.*—] Ungrateful monster!

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Tar.—Leave him in peace. If I must on both knees beseech you to pardon him—

Org.—Alas! You are in jest. [*To his son.*] Behold his goodness, scoundrel!

Dam.—Thus—

Org.—Cease!

Dam.—What! I—

Org.—Peace, I tell you, I know too well the motives of your attack. You all hate him; and I now perceive wife, children, and servants all let loose against him. Every trick is impudently resorted to, to remove this pious person from my house; but the more efforts they put forth to banish him, the more shall I employ to keep him. And I shall hasten to give him my daughter, to abash the pride of my whole family.

Dam.—Do you mean to compel her to accept him?

Org.—Yes, wretch! And to enrage you—this very evening. I defy you all, and shall let you know that I am the master, and I will be obeyed. Come, retract; throw yourself at his feet immediately, you scoundrel, and beg his pardon.

Dam.—What! I at the feet of this rascal who, by his impostures—

Org.—What! you resist, you beggar! and insult him, besides! [*To Tartuffe.*] A cudgel! a cudgel! Do not hold me back! [*To his son.*] Out of my house this minute, and never dare to come back to it!

Dam.—Yes, I shall go; but—

Org.—Quick! leave the place! I disinherit you, you hang-dog, and give you my curse besides.

[*Damis leaves the apartment.*]

Org.—To offend a saintly person in that way!

Tar.—Forgive him, Oh, Heaven! the pang he causes me! Could you but know my grief at seeing myself blackened in my brother's sight—

Org.—Alas!

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Tar.—The very thought of his ingratitude tortures my soul to that extent. The horror I conceive of it. My heart is so oppressed that I cannot speak; and I believe it will be my death.

Org.—[*Rushing to the door by which his son had disappeared.*—Scoundrel! I am sorry my hand has spared you, and not knocked you down on the spot. [*To Tartuffe.*—Compose yourself, brother, and do not grieve.

Tar.—Let us put an end to these sad disputes. I perceive what troubles I cause in this house, and think it necessary, brother, that I should leave it.

Org.—What! You are jesting, surely.

Tar.—They hate me! and I find that they are trying to make you suspect my integrity.

Org.—What does it matter? Do you think that in my heart I listen to them?

Tar.—They will not fail to continue, you may be sure; and these selfsame stories which you now reject may perhaps be listened to at another time.

Org.—No, brother, never.

Tar.—Ah! brother, a wife may easily impose upon a husband.

Org.—No, no.

Tar.—Allow me, by removing myself promptly, to deprive them of all subject of attack.

Org.—No, you shall remain; my life depends upon it.

Tar.—Well! I must then mortify myself. If, however you would—

Org.—Ah!

Tar.—Be it so, let us say no more about it. But I know how to manage in this. Honor is a tender thing; and friendship enjoins me to prevent reports and causes for suspicion. I shall shun your wife, and you shall not see me—

Org.—No. In spite of all, you shall frequently be with her. To annoy the world is my greatest delight; and I wish you to be seen with her at all times. Nor is this all. I will

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have no other here but you ; and I am going forthwith to execute a formal deed of gift of all my property to you. A faithful and honest friend, whom I take for son-in-law, is dearer to me than son, wife, and kindred. Will you not accept what I propose ?

Tar.—The will of Heaven be done in all things !

Org.—Poor fellow ! Quick, let us get the deed drawn up ; and then let envy burst itself with spite.—*Tartuffe.*

SANCTIMONY.

Orgon, Cléante.

Clé.—Was ever such a whim heard of before ? Is it possible that you should be so infatuated with a man as to forget everything for him ? And, after having saved him from want, that you should come to——

Org.—Not a word more, brother, for you do not know the man you are speaking of.

Clé.—I do not know him, if you like, but in order to see what kind of a man he is——

Org.—Brother, you would be delighted with him if you knew him, and you would never get over your wonder. He is a man who ah ! a man in short, a man. Whoever carefully follows his precepts lives in most profound peace, and all the rest of the world is but dross to him. Yes, I am quite another man since I became acquainted with him. He teaches me to have no affection for anybody, he detaches my heart from all the ties of this world ; and I should see my brother, children, mother, and wife die, without caring about it.

Clé.—Humane feelings these, brother !

Org.—Ah ! if you had only seen him when I first met him, you would feel for him the same love that I have. He came every day to church, and with gentle looks knelt down straight before me on both his knees. He attracted the attention of the whole congrega-

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tion by the ardor with which, wrapped in saintly ecstasy, he sent up his prayer to Heaven. He sighed deeply, and every moment humbly kissed the ground. When I went out, he would steal quickly before me to offer me holy-water at the door. Having heard through his servant, who imitates him in everything, of his poverty and who he is, I made him small presents, but he, with the greatest modesty, always returned me part of it: "It is too much," he would say, "too much by half, I do not deserve your pity;" and when I refused to take it back again, he went, before my eyes, to distribute it to the poor. At last Heaven moved me to take him into my house, and since then everything has been prospering here. I see that he reproves everything, and, with regard to my wife, takes extreme care of my honor. He warns me of the people who cast loving eyes upon her, and is a dozen times more jealous of her than I am. You would never believe how far he carries his pious zeal. He accuses himself of sin for the smallest thing imaginable; a mere trifle is enough to shock him; so much so, that the other day he blamed himself for having caught a flea while at his prayers, and for having killed it with too much wrath.

Clé.—You are crazy, brother, I believe! Are you laughing at me with such stuff?

Tartuffe.

THEODOR MOMMSEN.—

MOMMSEN THEODOR, a German archæologist and historian, born in Schleswig in 1817. He studied at the University of Kiel; travelled from 1844 to 1847, and upon his return conducted the *Schleswig-Holstein Journal* for some years until he was made professor of law at Leipsic. He was dismissed from this position on account of the part which he took in political affairs, and was made titular Professor of law at Zurich in 1852, at Breslau in 1854, and at Berlin in 1858; and in 1875 was appointed professor of jurisprudence in the University of Leipsic. In 1882 he was tried at Berlin upon a charge of having slandered Prince Bismarck in an election speech, but was acquitted. An appeal was taken, and in the following year the Imperial High Court of Appeal finally decided that he was not guilty of the offence charged.

Prof. Mommsen has written several learned archæological works, among which are one on *Latin Inscriptions*, published by the Prussian Academy of Sciences, and one on *Roman Coins*. He has also written an account of *The Earliest Inhabitants of Italy*, which was, in 1858, translated into English by Robertson. His great historical work is the *History of Rome*, which as yet comes down only to the battle of Thapsus (B. C. 46) where Cæsar obtains a decisive victory over his opponents. His *History of Rome* has been translated, with the author's sanction, by William P. Dickson (1863-67.)

THE BATTLE OF PHARSALUS.

Cæsar lay to the south of Larissa in the plain which extends between the hill-country of Cynocephalæ and the chain of Orthrys, and

is intersected by the Enipeus (a tributary of the Peneus), on the left bank of the Enipeus, near the town of Pharsalus in Thessaly. Pompeius had pitched his camp opposite to Cæsar on the right bank of the Enipeus, along the slope of the heights of Cynocephalæ. The entire army of Pompeius was assembled. Cæsar, on the other hand, had expected the corps of nearly two legions formerly detached to Ætolia and Thessaly, now stationed in Greece, and the two legions which were sent after him by the land route from Italy, and had already arrived in Illyria. The army of Pompeius, numbering eleven legions, or about 47,000 men, and 7,000 horses, was more than double that of Cæsar in infantry, and seven times as numerous in cavalry. Fatigue and conflicts had so reduced Cæsar's troops that his eight legions did not number more than 22,000 men under arms, consequently not nearly half their normal amount. The victorious army of Pompeius, provided with a countless cavalry and good magazines, had provisions in abundance; while the troops of Cæsar had difficulty in keeping themselves alive, and only hoped for better supplies from the corn-harvest, not far distant.

The Pompeian soldiers, who had learned in the last campaign to know war and trust their leader, were in the best of humor. All the military reasons on the side of Pompeius favored the view that the decisive battle should not long be delayed, seeing that they now confronted Cæsar in Thessaly; and the emigrant impatience of the many noble officers, and others accompanying the army, doubtless had more weight than even such reasons in the council of war. Since the event of Dyrrhachium these nobles regarded the triumph of their party as an ascertained fact. When Pompeius hesitated as to his crossing the rivulet which separated the two armies—and which Cæsar, with his much weakened army, did not venture to pass—this excited great indignation. Pompeius, it was alleged, delayed the battle only in

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order to rule somewhat longer over so many consulars and prætorians, and to perpetrate the part of Agamemnon. Pompeius yielded; and Cæsar, who, under an impression that matters would not come to a battle, had just projected a mode of turning the enemy's army—and for that purpose was on the point of setting out towards Scotussa—likewise arranged his legions for battle, when he saw the Pompeians preparing to offer it to him on his bank.

Thus the battle of Pharsalus was fought on August 9, 706, A. U. C. (B. C. 48) almost on the same field where, a hundred and fifty years before, the Romans had laid the foundation of their dominion in the East.

Pompeius rested his right wing on the Enipeus. Cæsar, opposite to him, rested his left on the broken ground stretching in front of the Enipeus. The two other wings were stationed out in the plain, covered in each case by the cavalry and the light troops. The intention of Pompeius was to keep his infantry on the defensive, but with his cavalry to scatter the weak band of horsemen which, mixed after the German fashion with light infantry, confronted him, and then to take Cæsar's right wing in the rear. His infantry courageously sustained the first charge of that of the enemy, and the engagement there came to a stand. Labienus likewise dispersed the enemy's cavalry, after a brave but short resistance, and deployed his forces to the left, with the view of turning the infantry.

But Cæsar, foreseeing the defeat of his cavalry, had stationed behind it, on the threatened flank of his right wing, some 2,000 of his best legionaries. As the enemy's horsemen, driving those of Cæsar before them, galloped along the line, they suddenly came upon this select corps advancing intrepidly against them; and, rapidly thrown into confusion by the unexpected and unusual infantry attack, they galloped at full speed from the field of battle. The victorious legionaries cut to pieces the enemy's archers, now unprotected, then rushed at the left

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wing of the enemy, and began now on their part to turn it. At the same time Cæsar's third division—hitherto reserved—advanced along the whole line to the attack.

The unexpected defeat of the best arm of the Pompeian army, as it raised the courage of their opponents, broke that of the army; and, above all, that of the general. When Pompeius, who from the outset did not trust his infantry, saw the horsemen gallop off, he rode back at once from the field of battle to the camp without even awaiting the issue of the general attack ordered by Cæsar. His legions began to waver, and soon to return over the brook into the camp, which was not accomplished without serious loss.

The day was thus lost, and many an able soldier had fallen; but the army was substantially intact, and the situation of Pompeius was far less perilous than that of Cæsar after the battle of Dyrrhachium. But while Cæsar in the vicissitudes of his destiny had learned that Fortune loves to withdraw herself at certain moments even from her favorites, to be won back through their perseverance, Pompeius knew Fortune hitherto only as the constant goddess, and despaired of himself and of her when she withdrew herself. While in Cæsar's greater nature despair only developed still mightier energies, the feebler soul of Pompeius, under similar pressure, sunk into the infinite abyss of despondency. As once in the war with Sertorius he had been on the point of abandoning the office entrusted to him, in presence of his superior opponent, and of departing, so now, when he saw the legions retire over the stream, he threw from him the fatal general's staff, and rode off by the nearest route to the sea, to find means of embarking there.

His army, discouraged and leaderless (for Scipio, although recognized by Pompeius as colleague in supreme command, was yet general-in-chief only in name) hoped to find protection behind the camp-walls; but Cæsar allowed it

no rest. The obstinate resistance of the Roman and the Thracian guard of the camp was speedily overcome, and the mass was compelled to withdraw in disorder to the heights of Crannon and Scotussa, at the foot of which the camp was pitched. It attempted, by moving forward along those hills, to regain Larissa, but the troops of Cæsar—heeding neither booty nor fatigue, and advancing by better paths in the plain—intercepted the route of the fugitives. In fact, when late in the evening the Pompeians suspended their march, the pursuers were able even to draw an entrenched line which prevented the fugitives from access to the only rivulet to be found in the neighborhood.

So ended the day of Pharsalus. The army of Pompeius was not only defeated but annihilated. Of them 15,000 lay dead or wounded on the field of battle, while the Cæsarians missed only 200 men. The body which remained together, amounting still to nearly 20,000 men, laid down their arms on the morning after the battle. Only isolated troops—including, it is true, the officers of most note—sought refuge in the mountains. Of the eleven eagles of the enemy nine were handed over to Cæsar.

Cæsar, who on the very day of the battle had reminded the soldiers that they should not forget the fellow-citizen in the foe, did not treat the captives as Bibulus and Labienus had done; nevertheless he too found it necessary now to exercise some severity. The common soldiers were incorporated in the army, fines or confiscations of property were inflicted on the men of better rank; the senators and equites of note who were taken, with few exceptions, suffered death. The time for clemency was past; the longer the civil war lasted, the more remorseless and implacable it became.—*Transl. of WILLIAM P. DICKSON.*

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH.—

MONMOUTH, GEOFFREY of, an English Chronicler, born at Monmouth, England, in the 12th century ; died at Landaff, Wales, in 1152. According to his contemporary and friend, the chronicler, Caradoc of Lancarwan, he was the nephew and foster-son of Uchtryd, Archbishop of Landaff, was educated at a Benedictine Monastery in Monmouth, became Archdeacon of a church in Monmouth, held a deanery in the church of Tielo in Landaff, and was consecrated Bishop of St. Asaph, but died before entering his office. Three works have been attributed to him: the *Chronicon sive Historia Britonum*, a metrical *Life and Prophecies of Merlin*, and the *Compendium Galfridi de Corpore Christi et Sacramento Eucharistiæ*. The first, which is the earliest History of Britain, was dedicated to Robert of Gloucester. It appeared in 1147, and created a sensation. It was professedly a translation of an ancient history of Britain, written in the Cymric tongue, and offered to Geoffrey by Walter Calenius. It is a work of genius and imagination, and it was received with delight by the people ; but the students, accustomed to dry compilation of facts, were indignant at its appearance. Many of the legends in it are taken from Virgil, others from local stories known by tradition in England. While the great cycle of Arthurian romance was not created by him, Geoffrey of Monmouth gave it its place in literature. His name is so associated with the stories of King Arthur that he has been often called *Galfridus Arturus*.

This history was abridged by Alfred of Beverly in 1150, and translated into Anglo-Norman verse by Geoffrey Gaimar in 1154,

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and by Robert Wace in 1180. The influence of this book proved its value by its successors which rapidly followed. The chief of these were Layamon's *Brut*, published in the 13th century; the rhymed *Chronicle of England*, by Robert of Gloucester in 1278, and the modifications and additions to the Arthurian legends, which became the common property of the trouvères of France and the minnesingers of Germany, and which were recorded by Gaimar, Wace, Mapes, Robert de Borron, Luces de Gast, Hélié de Borron, and by Sir Thomas Malory in the *Morte d'Arthur* (1461), which was printed by Caxton in 1485. Of the three works attributed to Geoffrey, only the *History* is authentic. Internal evidence is fatal to the metrical *Life of Merlin* and the *Compendium* is known to have been written by Geoffrey of Auxerre. Geoffrey of Monmouth was the founder of a new literary form, which is exemplified by the style of the romances and novels of a later period. Chaucer gives him a place in his *House of Fame*. Several of his MSS. were placed in the old Royal Library of the British Museum. The *History* was translated into English by Aaron Thompson, in 1718. The translation was revised by Dr. Giles, in 1842. It is included in the *Six Old English Chronicles*, in Bohn's Antiquarian Library.

ALBION DIVIDED BETWEEN BRUTUS AND CORINEUS.

The island was then called Albion, and was inhabited by none but a few giants. Notwithstanding this, the pleasant situation of the places, the plenty of rivers abounding with fish, and the engaging prospect of its woods, made Brutus and his company very desirous to fix

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their habitation in it. They therefore passed through all the provinces, forced the giants to fly into the caves of the mountains, and divided the country among them according to the directions of their commander. After this they began to till the ground and build houses, so that in a little time the country looked like a place that had been long inhabited. At last Brutus called the island after his own name Britain, and his companions Britons; for by these means he desired to perpetuate the memory of his name. From whence afterwards the language of the nation, which at first bore the name of Trojan, or rough Greek, was called British. But Corineus, in imitation of his leader, called that part of the island which fell to his share, Corinea, and his people Corineans, after his name; and though he had his choice of the provinces before all the rest, yet he preferred this country, which is now called in Latin Cornubia, either from its being in the shape of a horn (in Latin Cornu), or from the corruption of the said name. For it was a diversion to him to encounter the said giants, which were in greater numbers there than in all the other provinces that fell to the share of his companions. Among the rest was one detestable monster, Goëmagot, in stature twelve cubits, and of such prodigious strength that at one shake he pulled up an oak as if it had been a hazel wand. On a certain day, when Brutus was holding a solemn festival to the gods, in the port where they had first landed, this giant with twenty more of his companions came in upon the Britons, among whom he made a dreadful slaughter. But the Britons at last, assembling together in a body, put them to the rout, and killed them every one but Goëmagot. Brutus had given orders to have him preserved alive, out of a desire to see a combat between him and Corineus, who took a great pleasure in such encounters. Corineus, overjoyed at this, prepared himself, and throwing aside his arms, challenged him to wrestle with him. At

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the beginning of the encounter, Corineus and the giant, standing, front to front, held each other strongly in their arms, and panted aloud for breath; but Goëmagot presently grasping Corineus with all his might, broke three of his ribs, two on his right side and one on his left. At which Corineus, highly enraged, roused up his whole strength, and snatching him upon his shoulders, ran with him, as fast as the weight would allow him, to the next shore, and there getting upon the top of a high rock, hurled down the savage monster into the sea; where falling on the sides of craggy rocks, he was torn to pieces, and colored the waves with his blood. The place where he fell, taking its name from the giant's fall, is called Lam Goëmagot, that is, Goëmagot's Leap, to this day. *British History.*

DESCRIPTION OF BRITAIN.

Britain, the best of islands, is situated in the Western Ocean between France and Ireland, being eight hundred miles long, and two hundred broad. It produces every thing that is useful to man, with a plenty that never fails. It abounds with all kinds of metal, and has plains of large extent, and hills fit for the finest tillage, the richness of whose soil affords variety of fruits in their proper seasons. It has also forests well stored with all kinds of wild beasts; in its lawns cattle find good change of pasture, and bees variety of flowers for honey. Under its lofty mountains lie green meadows pleasantly situated, in which the gentle murmurs of crystal springs gliding along clear channels, give those that pass an agreeable invitation to lie down on their banks and slumber. It is likewise well watered with lakes and rivers abounding with fish; and besides the narrow sea which is on the southern coast towards France, there are three noble rivers, stretching out like three arms, namely, the Thames, the Severn, and the Humber.—*British History.*

HARRIET MONROE.—

MONROE, HARRIET, poet, was born in Chicago, about 1860. She was educated in the schools of that city, which has always been her home, and at the Visitation Convent, at Georgetown, D. C. In 1889 she was invited to write the text of a cantata for the opening of the Chicago Auditorium, and in 1891 the Committee on Ceremonies of the Columbian Exposition invited her to write an ode to be given at the dedication of the Exposition. The cantata and ode were written, Miss Monroe herself reading the ode at the dedicatory ceremonies in the building for Manufactures and Liberal Arts, October 21, 1892. Besides her *Commemoration Ode*, she has published *Valeria and Other Poems* (1892), and *Memoirs of John Wellborn Root* (1896).

Spain, in the broidered robes of chivalry,
Comes with slow foot and inward-brooding
eyes.

Bow to her banner ! 'twas the first to rise
Out of the dark for thee.

And England, royal mother, whose right hand
Molds nations, whose white feet the ocean
tread,

Lays down her sword on thy beloved strand,
To bless thy wreathèd head ;

Hearing in thine her voice, bidding thy soul
Fulfil her dream, the foremost at the goal.

And France, who once thy fainting form up-
bore,

Brings beauty now where strength she
brought of yore.

France, the swift-footed, who with thee
Gazed in the eyes of Liberty,
And loved the dark no more.

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Around the peopled world
Bright banners are unfurled.
The long procession winds from shore to
shore.
The Norseman sails
Through icy gales
To the green Vineland of his long-ago.
Russia rides down from realms of sun and
snow.
Germany casts afar
Her iron robes of war,
And strikes her harp with thy triumphal song.
Italy opens wide her epic scroll,
In bright hues blazoned, with great deeds
writ long,
And bids thee win the kingdom of the soul.
And the calm Orient, wise with many days,
From hoary Palestine to sweet Japan
Salutes thy conquering youth ;
Bidding thee hush while all the nations
praise,
Know, though the world endure but for a span,
Deathless is truth.
Lo ! unto these the ever-living Past
Ushers a mighty pageant, bids arise
Dead centuries, freighted with visions vast,
Blowing dim mists into the Future's eyes.
Their song is all of thee,
Daughter of mystery.

—*Commemoration Ode.*

Over the wide unknown,
Far to the shores of Ind,
On through the dark alone,
Like a feather blown by the wind ;
Into the west away,
Sped by the breath of God,
Seeking the clearer day,
Where only his feet have trod :
From the past to the future we sail ;
We slip from the leash of kings.
Hail, spirit of freedom—hail !
Unfurl thine impalpable wings !

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Receive us, protect us, and bless
Thy knights who brave all for thee.
Though death be thy soft caress,
By that touch shall our souls be free.
Onward and ever on,
Till the voice of despair is stilled,
Till the haven of peace is won,
And the purpose of God fulfilled !
— *Commemoration Ode.*

Columbia ! Men beheld thee rise
A goddess from the misty sea.
Lady of joy, sent from the skies,
The nations worshipped thee.
Thy brows were flushed with dawn's first
light ;
By foamy waves with stars bedight
Thy blue robe floated free.

.
Lady of beauty ! thou shalt win
Glory and power and length of days.
The sun and moon shall be thy kin,
The stars shall sing thy praise.
All hail ! we bring thee vows most sweet
To strew before thy wingèd feet.
Now onward be thy ways !
— *Commemoration Ode.*

JAMES MONROE.—

MONROE, JAMES, fifth President of the United States, born in Westmoreland County, Va., in 1758 ; died at New York in 1831. In 1776, when he was a student at William and Mary College, he entered the revolutionary army as a cadet, was present at several battles in the North, and rose to the rank of major. After the close of the war he was about to commence the study of law with Thomas Jefferson, but was called into public service, which was commenced in 1782 by his election to the Assembly of Virginia : and to Congress in the following year. Of his distinguished civil career it is not necessary to speak at length. It commenced in his twenty-third year, and continued without interruption until 1825, when, at the age of sixty-seven, he retired from the presidency, having served for two terms. With the exception of Washington he is the only President who has been elected by anything like a unanimous vote of the presidential electors. During this whole period he was in the continuous service of his own state or of the nation. He was twice Governor of Virginia, twice envoy to France, Secretary of State and of War, and twice President. After his retirement from the presidency he continued to take an honorable part in political affairs. In his later years he fell into pecuniary embarrassment, and his wife having died in 1830, he took up his residence with his son-in-law, in New York, where he died the next year, like Adams and Jefferson, on the anniversary of our National Independence. In 1858 his remains were exhumed and buried with great pomp at Richmond, Va.

Few men of such marked literary capacity as was Monroe, have written so little for

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publication. Except his official reports and messages, and a caustic pamphlet censuring the national administration for its conduct in regard to our relations with France, nothing of his was published during his lifetime. During his later years he employed himself much in writing, and his manuscripts were purchased by order of Congress, but no further disposition was made of them. He left a small work entitled *The People the Sovereigns*, which remained in manuscript until 1867, when it was published, with a brief *Memoir*, by his grandson, Samuel L. Gouverneur.

SOVEREIGNTY AND GOVERNMENT.

The terms sovereignty and government have generally been considered as synonymous. Most writers on the subject have used them in that sense. To us, however, they convey very different ideas. The powers may be separated and placed in different hands; and it is the faculty of making that separation, which is enjoyed by one class of governments alone, which secures to it many of the advantages which it holds over all others. This separation may take place in the class in which the sovereign power is vested in the people. It cannot in that in which it is vested in an individual, or a few; nor can it in that which is mixed, or compounded of the two principles.

The sovereign power, wherever vested, is the highest in the state, and must always remain so. If vested in an individual, or a few, there is no other order in the state. The same may be said of those governments which are founded on the opposite principle. If the people possess the sovereignty, the king and nobility are no more. A king without power is an absurdity. Dethroned kings generally leave the country, as do their descendants. Whatever the sovereign power may perform at one time, it may modify or revoke at another.

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There is no check in the government to prevent it. In those instances in which it is vested in an individual or a few, the government and the sovereignty are the same. They are both held by the same person or persons. The sovereign constitutes the government, and it is impossible to separate it from him without a revolution. Create a body in such a government with competent authority to make laws, treaties, etc., without reference to the party from whom it was derived, and the government is changed. Such agents must be the instruments of those who appoint them, and their acts be obligatory only after they are seen and approved by their masters, or the government is no more.

In mixed governments, in which there are two or more orders, each participating in the sovereignty, the principle is the same. Neither can the king nor the nobility in such governments create a power, with competent authority, to rule distinct with themselves. In these governments the sovereignty is divided between the orders, and each must take care of its own rights, which the privileged orders cannot do if their powers should be transferred from them. The government is divided between the orders in like manner, each holding the station belonging to it, and performing its appropriate duties. They therefore constitute the government. It follows as a necessary consequence that sovereign power and government even in the governments of this class are the same, and that they cannot be separated from each other.

It is only in governments in which the people possess the sovereignty that the two powers can be placed in distinct bodies; nor can they in them otherwise than by the institution of a government by compact to which all the people are parties, and in which those who fill its various departments and offices are made their representatives and servants. In those instances the sovereignty is distinct from the government, because the people who hold the one, are distinct from their representatives,

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who hold and perform the duties of the other. One is the power which creates; the other is the subject which is created. One is always the same; the other may be modified at the will of those who made it. Thus the Constitution becomes the paramount law, and every act of the government, and of every department in it, repugnant thereto, is void.

ORIGIN OF GOVERNMENT.

The origin of government has been traced by different writers to four sources: divine right, paternal authority, election and force. I trace it to two only—election and force; and believe that it has originated sometimes in the one and sometimes in the other, according to the state of society at the time, and the number of which it was composed. I think that this proposition admits of a clear and satisfactory demonstration. Before, however, I attempt it, it will be useful to take a brief notice of the other sources; especially as it is to them that the advocates of despotism and hereditary right have traced it. . . .

Divine and paternal right appear to me to rest on the same basis, although they have not been so understood by the writers who have traced governments to these sources. If divine, the claimant or pretender must prove his title by some miracle or other incontestable evidence, or it must commence with the parent; and, beginning with him, be subject to all the views applicable to that title. They must either accord, or be in opposition to each other. No advocate of either places them in opposition; and, if they accord, it must be by meaning the same thing under different names. So absurd are both pretensions that I should not even notice them, if they had not gained such weight as to form an important feature in the works of distinguished and able writers on the subject of government; and if I did not wish also, in this elementary sketch to simplify the subject by getting rid of all such absurd doctrines. . . .

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In tracing regal power to the paternal source, we trace it to a single pair, from whom the whole community must have descended; for otherwise the origin could not have been paternal. If this be the source of power, it must have commenced with the human race; and, admitting the authority of the Mosaic account, with our first parents, and to preserve the succession, have descended in the right line to the oldest son, from generation to generation, to the present day. If the right ever existed, it must have commenced at that epoch and still exist, without limitation as to time, generation, population, or its dispersion over the earth. A limitation of the right in either of these respects, would be subversive of it. To what term confine it? Through how many generations must it pass? To what number of persons, or extent of territory, carry it? How dispose of it after those conditions, should have been fulfilled? The mere admission that such limitations were prescribed, would be to admit that the right never existed. And, if not limited, it would follow that one man would now be the sovereign or lord of all the inhabited globe: than which nothing can be more absurd. . . .

Do any of the sovereigns of the present day trace their titles to Adam, or to any other first parent? or would they be willing to rest it on that ground? We know that they would not; and if they did that it would fail, since the commencement of all the existing dynasties may be traced to other sources; to causes such as operated at the moment of their derivation, and varied in different countries. Does any community, in Europe or elsewhere, trace its origin to a single pair, unless it be to our first parents, and which is common to the human race? We know that except in their instance, and at the creation of mankind, societies have never commenced in that form; and that such have been the revolutions in every part of the globe, that no existing race or community can trace its con-

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nection, in a direct line, with Adam, Noah, or others of that early epoch. In the infant state of every society individuals seek each other for safety and comfort. Those who are born together, no matter from whence their parents came, live together, and thus increase and multiply, until the means of subsistence become scanty. A portion then withdraws to some other quarter where the means can be procured, and thus new societies have been formed, and the human race spread over the earth, through all its habitable regions.

From every view that can be taken of the subject, the doctrine of the Divine or paternal right as the foundation of a claim in any one to the sovereign power of the state, or to any portion of it, is absurd. It belonged to the dark ages, and was characteristic of the superstition and idolatry which prevailed in them. All men are by nature equally free. Their Creator made them so ; and the inequalities which have grown up among them, and the governments which have been established over them, founded on other principles, have proceeded from other causes, by which their natural rights have been subverted. We must trace governments, then, to other sources ; and, in doing this should view things as they are, and not indulge in superstitious, visionary, and fanciful speculations.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.—

MONTAGU, LADY MARY WORTLEY, an English author, born in 1690; died in 1762. She was a daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston, received an unusually thorough education, and was noted for her beauty and vivacity. In 1712 she was married to Edward Wortley Montagu, who in 1716 was sent as Minister to the Ottoman Porte. While in Turkey she noticed the practice of inoculation for the small-pox; tried it upon her infant son, and introduced it into England after her return in 1718. She resided in England until 1729, when she went to Italy where she remained twenty years. Her husband remained in England, and they never saw each other again, though a friendly correspondence was kept up until his death in 1761, after which she returned to England.

Lady Mary was a voluminous letter-writer all through her life. Many of her letters were surreptitiously published soon after her death. A carefully edited edition by her great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe, was published in 1837. The larger portion of the letters were written during her residence in Italy. About 1752 she began to amuse herself by writing a history of her own times, but burned each sheet as soon as it was written. A few pages of this history somehow escaped the flames, and were published by Lord Wharncliffe. They contain a clever account of the English Court at the accession of George I. in 1714.

GEORGE I. OF ENGLAND.

The king's character may be characterized in very few words. In private life he would have been called an honest blockhead; and fortune, that made him a king, added nothing

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to his happiness, only prejudiced his honesty, and shortened his days. No man was ever more free from ambition. He loved money, but he loved to keep his own, without being rapacious of other men's. He would have grown rich by saving, but was incapable of laying schemes for getting. He was more properly dull than lazy; and would have been so well contented to remain in his little town of Hanover that if the ambition of those about him had not been greater than his own, we should never have seen him in England; and the natural honesty of his temper, joined with the narrow notions of a low education made him look upon his acceptance of the crown as an act of usurpation, which was always uneasy to him. But he was carried by the stream of people about him in that as in every action of his life. He could speak no English, and was past the age of learning it. Our customs and laws were all mysteries to him, which he neither tried to understand, nor was capable of understanding if he had endeavored it. He was passively good-natured, and wished all mankind enjoyed quiet, if they would let him do so.

The mistress that followed him hither was so much of his temper that I do not wonder at the engagement between them. She was duller than himself, and consequently did not find out that he was so; and had lived in that figure in Hanover almost forty years (for she came hither at three-score), without meddling in any of the affairs of the Electorate, content with the small pension he allowed her, and the honor of his visit when he had nothing else to do—which happened very often. She even refused coming hither at first, fearing that the people of England—who she thought were accustomed to use their kings barbarously—might chop off his head in the first fortnight, and had not love or gratitude enough to venture being involved in his ruin. And the poor man was in peril of coming hither without

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knowing where to spend his evenings; which he was accustomed to do in the apartments of women free from business.

But Madame Kilmansegge saved him from this misfortune. She was told that Mademoiselle Schulenberg scrupled this terrible journey; and took the opportunity of offering her service to his Majesty, who willingly accepted of it; though he did not offer to facilitate it to her by the payment of her debts, which made it very difficult for her to leave Hanover without the permission of her creditors. But she was a woman of wit and spirit, and knew very well of what importance this step was to her fortune. She got out of the town in disguise, and made the best of her way in a post-chaise to Holland, from whence she embarked with the king, and arrived at the same time with him in England; which was enough to make her be called his mistress, or at least so great a favorite that the whole court began to pay her uncommon respect.

SMALL-POX INOCULATION.

Apropos of distemper, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here at [Adrianople]. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn in the month of September when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has the mind to have the small-pox. They make parties for this purpose; and when they are met—commonly fifteen or sixteen together—the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox and asks what veins you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle—which gives you no more pain than a common scratch—and puts into the vein as much matter as

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can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell, and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast to mark the sign of the cross. But this has a very ill effect, all of these wounds leaving little scars; and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed.

The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty breakings out in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well-satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable part of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it.

Letter, April 17 1717.

MICHEL MONTAIGNE.—

MONTAIGNE, MICHEL, a French author, born at the ancestral château of Montaigne, in Perigord, in 1533; died there in 1592. In his infancy he was placed under a German tutor, who could not speak French, and was ordered to converse with him only in Latin, which language the boy spoke fluently at the age of six. He was sent to a school at Bordeaux where he completed his academical course at the age of thirteen, about as ill-educated a lad as can be conceived. He was wholly uninstructed in the usual accomplishments of young men of his class. He could not swim, fence, saddle a horse, or make a pen. He never opened a book unless he was tired out with doing nothing. He himself says that the only solid writers to whom he could ever devote himself, were Plutarch and Seneca. At twenty-one he became a councillor in the Parliament of Bordeaux, resigning the post after holding it until 1570. For some years after he lived much at the French court, and was a favorite with several successive monarchs. In 1571, at the age of thirty-eight, he retired to his château, and began the composition of his *Essays*, the only work by which he is at all known. These were first printed in 1580, and several times subsequently during his life. Of this edition he left two copies full of corrections and additions, which are incorporated in all subsequent editions. "He was," we are told, "a kind of imperfect Socrates, the cross-examiner of his generation, taking nothing on trust, and hating pretence, yet too careless and selfish, and not pure and simple enough to give his ideas effect." His *Essays*, however, have been a favorite with not a few thinkers, notable among

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whom is Ralph Waldo Emerson. A copy of Florio's translation, the only book known to have been owned by Shakespeare, is in the British Museum. A monument to him was inaugurated at Bordeaux in 1858.

Montaigne's Preface to the first edition of the *Essays* is as characteristic as any other part of them.

MONTAIGNE UPON HIMSELF.

This, Reader, is altogether without guile. It tells thee at the entrance of it that I had no view in publishing it but what was domestic and private. I have had no regard in it either to thy service or my own glory; my abilities are not equal to the execution of such a design. I have devoted it to the peculiar benefit of my kindred and friends, to the end, that when they have lost me—which they will do very soon—they may see there what are some of my qualities and humors, and consequently that their remembrance of me may be preserved more lively and entire. Had I been to court the favor of the public, I should have adorned myself with borrowed beauties; but I am desirous to appear in my plain, natural, ordinary dress, without study or artifice, for it is my own dear self that I paint. My faults will appear to the life, together with my imperfections, and my native form, as far as a respect to the public has permitted me. And if I had dwelt in those nations which are said to live still under the sweet liberty of the primitive laws of nature, I assure thee I should gladly have drawn my own portrait at full-length, and quite naked. Thus, Reader, I am myself the subject of my own Book: a subject too vain and frivolous to take up even thy spare time. — Adieu, therefore. — *Preface to Essays.*

ON LIARS.

There is not a man whom it would so ill-be-

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come to boast of memory as myself ; for I own that I have scarce any, and I do not think that in the world there is another that is so defective as mine. My other faculties are all mean and common ; but in this respect I think myself so singular and rare as to deserve a more than ordinary character.

Besides the inconvenience I naturally suffer from this defect of memory (for, in truth, the necessary use of it considered, Plato might well call it a great and powerful goddess), in my country when they would signify that a man is void of sense, they say that he has no memory ; and when I complain of the defect of mine they reprove me, and do not think I am in earnest in accusing myself for a fool ; for they do not discern the difference betwixt memory and understanding, in which they make me worse than I really am. . . .

It is not without reason said that he who has not a good memory should never offer to tell lies. I know very well that the grammarians distinguish between an "untruth" and a "lie." They say that to tell an untruth is to tell a thing that is false, which we ourselves, however, believe to be true ; and that the Latin *mentire* (that is, *contra mentem ire*) means to go and act against the conscience ; and that, therefore, this only touches those who speak contrary to what they know. Now these do either wholly invent a story out of their own heads, or else mar and disguise one that has a real foundation. When they disguise and alter, by often telling the same story, they can scarce avoid contradicting themselves, by reason that the real fact having first taken possession in the memory, and being there imprinted by the way of knowledge and science, it will ever be ready to present itself to the imagination, and to destroy falsehood, which cannot have so sure and settled a footing there as certainty ; and because the circumstances which they first heard, evermore running in their minds, make them forget those that are forged or foisted in.—*Essay on Liars.* —

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OF THE INCONVENIENCE OF GREATNESS.

I disrelish all dominion, whether active or passive. . . . The most painful and difficult employment in the world, in my opinion, is worthily to discharge the office of a king. I excuse more of their mistakes than men commonly do, in consideration of the intolerable weight of their function, which does astonish me. . . . 'Tis a pity a man should be so potent that all things must give way to him. Fortune therein sets you too remote from society, and places you in too great a solitude. The easiness and mean facility of making all things bow under you is an enemy to all sorts of pleasure. This is to slide, not to go; this is to sleep, and not to live. Conceive man accompanied with omnipotency, you throw him into an abyss: he must beg disturbance and opposition as an alms. His being and his good is indigence. Their good qualities are dead and lost; for they are not to be perceived, but by comparison, and we put them out of it: they have little knowledge of the true praise, having their ears deafened with so continual and uniform an approbation. Have they to do with the meanest of all their subjects? They have no means to take any advantage of him; if he say, 'tis because he is my king, he thinks he has said enough to express that he therefore suffered himself to be overcome. This quality stifles and consumes the other true and essential qualities. They are involved in the royalty, and leave them nothing to recommend themselves withal, but actions that directly concern themselves, and that merely respect the function of their place. 'Tis so much to be a king, that he only is so by being so; the strange lustre that environs him conceals and shrouds him from us: our sight is there repelled and dissipated, being stopped and filled by this prevailing light. The senate awarded the prize of eloquence to Tiberius: he refused it, supposing that, though it had been just, he could derive no advantage from a judgment so

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partial, and that was so little free to judge. As we give them all advantages of honor, so do we soothe and authorize all their vices and defects, not only by approbation but by imitation also. Everyone of Alexander's followers carried their heads on one side, as he did, and the flatterers of Dionysius run against one another in his presence, stumbled at, and overturned whatever was under foot to show that they were as purblind as he. Natural imperfections have sometimes also served to recommend a man to favor. I have seen deafness affected: and, because the master hated his wife, Plutarch has seen his courtiers repudiate theirs, whom they loved; and, which is yet more, uncleanness and all manner of dissoluteness has been in fashion; as also disloyalty, blasphemies, cruelty, heresy, superstition, irreligion, effeminacy, and worse if worse there be. And by an example yet more dangerous than that of Mithridates' flatterers, who, by how much their master pretended to the honor of a good physician, came to him to have incision and cauteries made in their limbs; for these others suffered the soul, a more delicate and noble part to be cauterized.

But to end where I began: the Emperor Adrian, disputing with the philosopher Favorinus about the interpretation of some word, Favorinus soon yielded him the victory; for which his friends rebuking him,—“You talk simply,” said he; “would you not have him wiser than I, who commands thirty legions?” Augustus wrote verses against Asinius Pollio, “and I,” said Pollio, “say nothing, for it is not prudence to write in contest with him who has power to proscribe” and he had reason: for Dionysius, because he could not equal Philoxenus in poesy, and Plato in discourse, condemned one to the Quarries, and sent the other to be sold for a slave into the island of *Ægina*.

CHARLES FORBES MONTALEMBERT.—

MONTALEMBERT, CHARLES FORBES DE, a French orator and author, born in London in 1810 ; died in Paris in 1870. He was of mingled Scottish and French descent. His father, an *émigré*, fought under Condé, and afterwards served in the British army. On his return to France after the downfall of Napoleon, he was created a peer, and was made Ambassador to Sweden in 1826. Montalembert completed his education at the University of Paris, and on his father's death succeeded to his title. He was not yet old enough to take his seat in the Chamber of Peers, and his first appearance before that body was when, having joined Lacordaire, De Lammenais and others in their efforts to establish a school independent of State and University, he defended himself with eloquence against the charge of unlicensed teaching. He submitted to the papal disapproval of their efforts, and applied himself to complete his *Life of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary*, which appeared in 1836. Faithful to the Roman Church, Montalembert was, for many years, a leader in the struggle against governmental monopoly in education, and wrote numerous pamphlets in furtherance of his views. On the downfall of Louis Philippe, he became a member of the Assembly, and strove to harmonize his loyalty to the Church with his adherence to the Republic. He accepted the Empire as well, but could not refrain from assailing the repressive policy of Louis Napoleon, and exposed himself to repeated prosecutions by his pamphlets. His parliamentary career ended in 1857, and in him the Assembly lost one of its most brilliant orators.

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Montalembert's activity was not all expended upon pamphlets and contributions to reviews. He was the author of several works, the greatest of which, after his *Life of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary*, is *The Monks of the West, from St. Benoît to St. Bernard* (1860–1867). *The Political Future of England* (1855) is an enthusiastic eulogy of the institutions of that country. Among his other works are: *A Nation in Mourning: Poland in 1861*, and *A Free Church in a Free State* (1863).

COLUMBA ON IONA.

A voluntary exile, at the age of forty-two, from his native island, Columba embarked with his twelve companions in one of those great barks of osier covered with hide which the Celtic nations employed for their navigation. He landed upon a desert island situated on the north of the opening of that series of gulfs and lakes which, extending from the south-west to the north-east, cuts the Caledonian peninsula in two, and which at that period separated the still heathen Picts from the district occupied by the Irish Scots, who were partially Christianized. This isle, which he has made immortal, took from him the name of I-Colm-Kill (the island of Columb-Kill), but is better known under that of Iona

Nothing could be more sullen and sad than the aspect of this celebrated isle, where not a single tree has been able to resist either the blighting wind or the destroying hand of man. Only three miles in length by two in breadth, flat and low, bordered by gray rocks which scarcely rise above the level of the sea, and overshadowed by the high and sombre peaks of the great island of Mull, it has not even the wild beauty which is conferred upon the neighboring isles and shores by their basalt cliffs, which are often of prodigious height—or which belongs to the hills, often green and rounded at

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the summit, whose perpendicular sides are beaten incessantly by those Atlantic waves, which bury themselves in resounding caverns hollowed by the everlasting labors of the tumultuous sea. Upon the narrow surface of the island white stretches of sand alternate with scanty pastures, a few poor crops, and the turf-moors where the inhabitants find their fuel. Poor as the culture is, it seems everywhere resisted and disputed by the gneiss rocks, which continually crop out, and in some places form an almost inextricable labyrinth. The only attraction possessed by this sombre dwelling-place is the view of the sea, and of the mountains of Mull and the other islands, to the number of twenty or thirty, which may be distinguished from the top of the northern hill of Iona. Among these is Staffa, celebrated for the grotto of Fingal, which has been known only for about a century, and which, in the time of Columba, moaned and murmured in its solitary and unknown majesty, in the midst of that Hebridean archipelago which is at present haunted by so many curious admirers of the Highland shores and ruined feudal castles, which the great bard of our century has enshrined in the glory of his verse.*

The bay where Columba landed is still called the *bay of the osier bark*, *Port a Churraich*; and a long mound is pointed out to strangers as representing the exact size of his boat, which was sixty feet long. The emigrant did not remain in this bay, which is situated in the middle of the isle; he went higher up, and, to find a little shelter from the great sea winds, chose for his habitation the eastern shore, opposite the large island of Mull, which is separated from Iona only by a narrow channel of a mile in breadth, and whose highest mountains, situated more to the east, approach and almost identify themselves with the mountain-tops of Morven, which are continually veiled

* Scott, in the *Lord of the Isles*.

CHARLES FORBES MONTALEMBERT.—

with clouds. It was there that the emigrants built their huts of branches, for the island was not then, as now, destitute of wood. When Columba had made up his mind to construct for himself and his people a settled establishment, the buildings of the new-born monastery were of the greatest simplicity. As in all Celtic constructions, walls of withes or branches, supported upon long wooden props, formed the principal element in their architecture. Climbing plants, especially ivy, interlacing itself in the interstices of the branches, at once ornamented and consolidated the modest shelter of the missionaries. The Irish built scarcely any churches of stone, and retained, up to the twelfth century, as St. Bernard testifies, the habit of building their churches of wood. But it was not for some years after their first establishment that the monks of Iona permitted themselves the luxury of a wooden church; and when they did so, great oaks, such as the sterile and wind-beaten soil of their islet could not produce, had to be brought for its construction from the neighboring shore. Thus the monastic capital of Scotland, and the centre of Christian civilization in the north of Great Britain, came into being thirteen centuries ago

Far from having any prevision of the glory of Iona, his soul was still swayed by a sentiment which never abandoned him—regret for his lost country. All his life he retained for Ireland the passionate tenderness of an exile, a love which displayed itself in the songs which have been preserved to us, and which date perhaps from the first moments of his exile. It is possible that their authenticity is not altogether beyond dispute; and that, like the poetic lamentations given forth by Fortunatus in the name of St. Radegund, they were composed by his disciples and contemporaries. But they have been too long repeated as his, and depict too well what must have passed in his heart to permit us to neglect them. . . . In one of his elegies he laments that he can

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no longer sail on the lakes and bays of his native island, nor hear the song of the swans with his friend Comgall. He laments above all to have been driven from Erin by his own fault, and because of the blood shed in his battles. He envies his friend Cormac, who can go back to his dear monastery at Durrow, and hear the wind sigh among the oaks, and the song of the blackbird and cuckoo. . . .

But it was not only in these elegies, repeated and perhaps retouched by Irish bards and monks, but at each instant of his life, in season and out of season, that this love and passionate longing for his native country burst forth in words and in musings; the narrative of his most trustworthy biographers are full of it. The most severe penance which he could imagine for the guiltiest sinners who came to confess to him was to impose upon them the same fate which he had voluntarily inflicted upon himself—never to set foot again upon Irish soil. But when, instead of forbidding to sinners all access to that beloved isle, he had to smother his envy of those who had the right and happiness to go there at their pleasure, he dared scarcely trust himself to name its name; and when speaking to his guests, or to the monks who were to return to Ireland, he could only say to them, "You will return to the country that you love."—*The Monks of the West.*

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MONTESQUIEU.

CHARLES DE MONTESQUIEU.—

MONTESQUIEU, CHARLES DE SECON-DAT DE, a French philosopher, born near Bordeaux in 1689; died at Paris in 1755. He was noted during his youth for diligent studies in literature, philosophy and jurisprudence. At the age of twenty he wrote a treatise maintaining that the paganism of the ancient philosophers did not merit eternal damnation. At twenty-five he was admitted to the Parliament of Bordeaux, of which he became president two years after, succeeding his uncle. He performed his magisterial duties with diligence, though devoting himself assiduously to literary studies. In 1721 he published the *Lettres Persanes*, purporting to have been written by a Persian travelling in France, the aim being to assail the then prevalent principles predominating in Church and State. In 1726 he resigned his magisterial position, and soon after began to travel in Europe, for the purpose of collecting materials for an elaborate work on politics and jurisprudence. The first result of these extended studies was *Considerations sur les Causes de la Grandeur et de la Décadence des Romains* (1734.) His great work, *De l'Esprit des Loix*, published in 1748, was the result of the labor of twenty years. Twenty-two editions of it were issued in eighteen months, and it was speedily translated into most European languages. Among his minor works are: *Dialogue de Sylla et d'Eucrate*; the *Temple de Gnide*, a romance of classical antiquity; and an *Essai sur le Gout*, written for the *Encyclopédie*. The best edition of his complete *Works* is that of Lequieu (8 vols., 1827.)

THE THREE GREAT FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

I. *Of a Republic*.—It is natural for a Re-

public to have only a small territory ; otherwise it cannot long subsist. In an extensive Republic there are men of large fortunes, and, consequently, of less moderation. There are trusts too considerable to be placed in any single subject ; he has interests of his own. He soon begins to think that he may be happy and glorious by oppressing his fellow-citizens, and that he may raise himself to grandeur on the ruins of his country. In an extensive Republic the public good is sacrificed to a thousand private views ; it is subordinate to exceptions, and depends on accidents. In a small one the interests of the public is more obvious, better understood, and more within the reach of every citizen ; abuses have less extent, and, of course, are less protected.

The long continuance of the Republic of Sparta was owing to her having continued in the same extent of territory after all her wars. It was the spirit of the Greek Republics to be as contented with their territories as with their laws. Athens was first fired with ambition, and gave it to Lacedæmon ; but it was an ambition rather of commanding a free people than of governing slaves ; rather of directing than of breaking the union. All was lost upon the starting up of a monarchy—a government whose spirit is more turned to increase of dominion.

II. *Of a Monarchy.*—A monarchical state ought to be of moderate extent. Were it small, it would form itself into a Republic ; were it very large, the nobility possessed of great estates, far from the eyes of the prince, with a private court of their own, and secure, moreover, from sudden executions by the laws and manners of the country—such a nobility, I say, might throw off their allegiance, having nothing to fear from the too slow and too distant a punishment. The sudden establishment of unlimited power is a remedy which in those cases may prevent a revolution. But how dreadful the remedy which, after the

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establishment of dominion, opens a new scene of misery. The rivers hasten to mingle their waters with the sea; and monarchies lose themselves in despotic power.

III. *Of a Despotism*.—A large empire supposes a despotic authority in the person who governs. It is necessary that the quickness of the prince's resolutions should make up for the distance of the places they are sent to; that fear should prevent the remissness of the distant government or magistrate; that the law should be derived from a single person, and should shift continually according to the accidents which incessantly multiply in a state in proportion to its extent.

General Conclusions.—If it be, therefore, the natural property of small states to be governed as a Republic, of middle ones to be subject to a monarch, and of large ones to be swayed by a despot—the conclusion is, that in order to preserve the principles of the established government, the state must be supported in the extent it has acquired, and that the spirit of this state will alter in proportion as it contracts or extends its limits.—*Transl. of* NUGENT.

FLORENCE SOPHIA MONTGOMERY.—

MONTGOMERY, FLORENCE SOPHIA, a British novelist, daughter of Admiral Sir Alexander Leslie Montgomery (1807–1888) of The Hall, county Donegal, Ireland; was born in 1847. She early displayed a taste for literature; and her first novel, *A Very Simple Story*, was published during her minority. This was followed in 1869 by *Misunderstood*, and in 1872, by *Thrown Together*. *Thwarted, or Duck's Eggs in a Hen's Nest*, appeared in 1874, and *Wild Mike and his Victim* in 1875. Her later works are *Seaforth* (1878); *Peggy and Other Tales* (1880); *The Blue Veil* (1883); *Transformed* (1886); *The Fisherman's Daughter* (1888); *Colonel Norton* (1895).

AN INTERVIEW.

On a sofa near the open window, in all the weakness of early convalescence, Gilbert Ramsay was lying.

He was quite alone.

He was lying there in his weakness and his depression, thinking over his position, and trying to realise it: thinking sadly of his strength sapped, and his work come to an end.

It required all his faith and all his submission to face and to bow to the prospect before him.

His health was, for the time, wrecked. He was thrown back months in his work: his income could not stand the strain which had been put upon it, and his home was uninhabitable.

He and his family, the doctor said, must remove. It was imperative that they should do so.

And he himself must have change, rest,

leisure, and other impossibilities, for many months.

All this had dawned upon him recently. He had been too ill to know much till now ; too weak to be allowed to worry himself with thought of any kind.

But convalescence had now thoroughly set in, and the future must, and *would*, be thought out.

There was nothing now to hinder the rush of sad and depressing thoughts which were sweeping over him.

For the moment they overpowered him.

It was just then that a maid entered softly, and said that Mr. Ramsay from the Manor-House was below, and wished to know if he would see him.

The sick man visibly shrank into himself.

He recoiled from the thought for a moment. He felt he could hardly bear it. A feeling of repugnance came over him, with which he felt powerless to contend.

"*I cannot*," he said to himself. He knew of course nothing that had passed all this time : not even that his brother had been living at the Manor-House. He knew his little boy to be with Mrs. Pryor, and he knew nothing further.

His brother meant to him only the John Ramsay of that painful and disappointing interview ; and later on the John Ramsay who had totally ignored his appeal for help in averting the calamity which had since overwhelmed him.

He had been willing for long to think the best of his brother, and to put the most charitable construction on his behaviour.

He had tried to give him credit for not having received, for having overlooked, or for not having taken in, the importance of his original communication. So after an interval he had written again, a more urgent letter than the first.

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But when that second appeal met with the same treatment at his brother's hands he could deceive himself no longer.

He was forced to realise, however unwillingly, that his only blood-relation cared no more for him and his children than if they had been utter strangers; and that he was what he had half suspected during their interview in London, a hard, cold, worldly, self-absorbed, miserly man.

There was no other conclusion to be drawn.

To a man like Gilbert Ramsay, who had lived so long *in* and *for* others: who had long ago dedicated his life to the service of his Master, which meant to the service of his fellow-men, this state of feeling was almost incomprehensible.

That state of insensibility to the affairs and feelings of others, in which it becomes at last an impossibility to detach yourself from yourself, and to throw yourself into other people, was to him unknown; he could not understand it. His brother and his brother's conduct were to him sealed books of an unfathomable mystery.

But he was a man of great toleration, and of unbiased judgment. He could always look on both sides of a question, and give each its due weight, even where it conflicted with his own view of the case.

He had, in the large manufacturing town in which he had spent half his life, come across every kind of character; and his knowledge of human nature was derived, not from books, but from the study of the living model itself.

He was always ready to make allowance for extenuating circumstances. It was not in his nature to condemn any one unheard.

It was only for a few moments, therefore, that these feelings of repugnance overcame him.

His brother might still be able to explain

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away his conduct. His higher nature prevailed, and he said, very quietly, "Bring Mr. Ramsay up."

There was a short interval, and then the door was opened, and John Ramsay advanced to his brother's side.

Both were shy and constrained. Gilbert held out his hand, and John took it in silence.

Then, in a few faltering words, John Ramsay said what he had long made up his mind to say: told his brother how bitterly he regretted his conduct, and asked his forgiveness. Clearly this was not what Gilbert had expected.

He looked up surprised, and the brothers' eyes met; they gazed at each other.

Something in the softened expression of the face he was looking at, struck the sick man, and he exclaimed: "Why John! you look a different man to when I saw you last!"

John Ramsay's lips were unlocked now.

"All the child," he said huskily; and then in answer to his brother's wondering, puzzled look of enquiry, in a voice which faltered at first, but grew stronger as he went on, he told his tale—told how the pure influence of a beautiful little life, lived out daily before him in all its simplicity, all its earnestness, all its guilelessness, all its love and charity, had humanised him, softened him, raised him. He painted vividly the state in which he had been previously living—heart, soul, and spirit, dead and buried—from which hideous incarceration the child had been the means of releasing him.

And he ended by begging his brother to show his forgiveness by allowing him to do anything and everything that was in his power for the future, both for himself and his family. And then he waited for his answer.

Gilbert Ramsay did not give it for some time.

He turned his head away to hide the tears that rose into his eyes.

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He was more moved than he could almost bear in his present state of physical weakness by the thought of his child, and of all that that child had been the instrument, in God's hands, of accomplishing.

For a few minutes he could think of nothing else.

But he controlled his thoughts with a strong effort, for that was not, for the moment, the point on which he wished them to dwell. He continued to gaze thoughtfully out of the window, but his face grew calmer, and the current of his thoughts flowed into another channel. He was accustomed, as we said just now, to put himself (metaphorically) into other people's places, and to try to see things from their point of view; knowing well that from that standpoint other people's difficulties look very different to what they do from your own.

He was doing this now. He was trying to put himself into his brother's place at the time when his conduct seemed so heartless, so incomprehensible.

What had so puzzled and saddened him began to be more comprehensible. There came upon him a vivid realisation of the state of utter desolation in which that brother had, according to his own showing, been living: the deeps and the darkness in which his heart and soul had been sunk.

He seemed to see it all with a flash. A man, who had quenched the Spirit, and was living with no hope, and without God in the world.

He had wondered much, but he wondered no longer. It all stood out clear.

He raised his eyes to his brother's face, and held out his hand, saying, "I see it all now: I understand." And, he added, in a lower tone, as he took his brother's hand in his own still feeble grasp, "*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner!*"—*Transformed.*

JAMES MONTGOMERY.—

MONTGOMERY, JAMES, an English poet, born at Irvine in Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1776; died at Sheffield in 1854. His parents were Moravians, went as missionaries to the West Indies, and there died. The boy was sent to a school at Fulneck, Yorkshire, at the age of five, and began to write verses before he was ten. In 1786 he was placed under a tradesman at Mirfield, Yorkshire; after a year he ran away to Wash, where he took a similar position. This he held for five years, excepting eight months as a bookseller's clerk in London. In 1792 he removed to Sheffield to assist Joseph Gates in conducting the *Register*, a liberal paper; this passed into his control two years later, and its name was changed to the *Iris*: he edited it till 1825. Under the oppressive laws of that era he was twice fined and imprisoned, in 1795 and 1796, the second time for an alleged seditious libel. His *Prison Amusements*, written in jail appeared 1797. It was followed by *The Wanderer of Switzerland* (1806), *The West Indies* (1809), *The World before the Flood* (1812), *Greenland* (1819), *The Pelican Island* (1827). These longer pieces are of no vast dimensions, and he wisely devoted most of his strength to lyrics, for which he had a graceful and effective talent. The amiability and purity of his character were reflected in his poems, which won great popularity, while he personally came to be greatly respected and beloved, especially in the religious world. Always a Moravian, he was closely associated alike with clergy of the English Church and with the Dissenting bodies, and his pen was at the service of every philanthropic and missionary move-

JAMES MONTGOMERY.—

ment. He is known most widely by his *Hymns*. He also published *Prose by a Poet, Lectures on Poetry and English Literature* (1830). In 1835 he was pensioned, and declined the chair of rhetoric in Edinburgh University.

THE COMMON LOT.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man :—and who was he ?
Mortal, howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown :
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone :—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast :
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear !
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirit's rise and fall,
We know that these were felt by him
For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er ;
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled ;
Had friends—his friends are now no more
And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb :
O, she was fair—but naught could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encountered all that troubles thee ;
He was—whatever thou hast been ;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw

JAMES MONTGOMERY.—

Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.
The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him affords no other trace
Than this—There lived a man !

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

Shall man of frail fruition boast ?
Shall life be counted dear,
Oft but a moment, and at most
A mementary year ?
There was a time—that time is past—
When, youth, I bloomed like thee :
A time will come—'tis coming fast—
When thou shalt fade like me :
Like me, through varying seasons range,
And past enjoyments mourn :
The fairest, sweetest spring shall change
To winter in its turn.
In infancy, my vernal prime,
When life itself was new,
Amusement plucked the wings of time.
Yet swifter still he flew.
Summer my youth succeeded soon,
My sun ascended high,
And pleasure held the reins till noon,
But grief drove down the sky.
Like autumn, rich in ripening corn,
Came manhood's sober reign ;
My harvest-moon scarce filled her hour,
When she began to wane.
Close followed age, infirm old age,
The winter of my year ;
When shall I fall before his rage,
To rise beyond the sphere ?
I long to cast the chains away
That hold my soul a slave,
To burst these dungeon-walls of clay,
Enfranchised from the grave.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.—

Life lies in embryo,—never free
Till Nature yields her breath ;
Till Time becomes Eternity,
And man is born in death.

NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest :
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams :
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems
Mix in fantastic strife :
Ah, visions, less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil :
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield,
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep :
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years ;
Hopes, that were angels at their birth,
But died when young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch :
O'er ocean's dark expanse
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the homesick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care :
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of Despair
Come to our lonely tent ;
Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,
Summoned to die by Cæsar's ghost.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.—

Night is the time to think :
When from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray :
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away ;
So will His follower do,
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for death :
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends : such death be mine !

FRIENDS.

Friend after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.
Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above
Where parting is unknown—
A whole eternity of love
Formed for the good alone ;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that happier sphere.
Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day ;
Nor sink those stars in empty night ;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.—

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT, an English poet and divine, born at Bath in 1807; died at Brighton in 1855. His original name was Gomery, and his father was a comedian. He was educated at Lincoln College, Oxford, graduating in 1833, was ordained 1835, held several charges, and won some note as a preacher in London. He published several ambitious and stilted epics. *The Omnipresence of the Deity* (1828), *Satan* (1829), and subsequently *Luther*, *The Messiah*, and *Oxford*. The scathing criticism which Macaulay administered to the first two of these in the *Edinburgh Review* did not for the time interfere with their sale. He afterwards published three volumes of *Devotional Lyrics*, which, though less pretentious and more meritorious than his epics, attracted much less notice.

THE WAY.

Lord, and whither shall we go?
Thou alone hast words of life.
In our stormy griefs below,
Who but Thou can heal the strife
Sin and sorrow round us bring,
In life's vale while wandering?

Blessed Christ! embodied Word!
Thou alone art Life and Light.
Saints who have Thy truth preferred
Walk in peace and worship right.
Thou alone to sin can say,
"I am Love, the Living Way."

Sun of grace, O ever shine
Round our paths, where'er they lead!
Midnight feels a ray divine
Breaking through the darkest need,
If we hear, when most dismayed.
"It is I: be not afraid."

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.—

Pardon, peace, and purity,
Gifts without, and grace within,
Love and light which set us free
From the curse and chain of sin—
These, Emmanuel, Thou canst give,
While upon Thy words we live.

Not a want thou can'st not fill;
Not a fear Thou wilt not tame;
If indeed repentance will
Rest upon Thy glorious Name,
High o'er every guilt and grave
Shall Redemption's banner wave.

Saviour, be our Polar Star,
Shaded by no sinful night;
Shed upon us from afar
Living beams of holy light.
When we reach our radiant home,
We shall know the Way we come.

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

Ye quenchless stars ! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
While half the world is lapped in downy dreams,
And round the lattice creep your midnight
beams,
How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,
In lambent beauty looking from the skies !
And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
At dead of night along some noiseless way,
How the heart mingles with the moonlit hour,
As if the starry heavens suffused a power !
Full in her dreamy light, the moon presides,
Shrined in a halo, mellowing as she rides ;
And far around, the forest and the stream
Bathe in the beauty of her emerald beam.

VINCENZO MONTI.—

MONTI, VINCENZO, an Italian poet, born near Ferrara, in Italy, in 1754; died at Milan, in 1826. His father, a small landholder, destined him to agriculture, but he early distinguished himself in poetry and was sent to the University of Ferrara. The Cardinal Legate Borghese took him to Rome, where he was elected a member of the Arcadia, and made secretary to Luigi Braschi, the nephew of the pope. In 1797 he went to Florence, and became secretary of the Directory of the Cisalpine Republic. The invasion of Suwarrow forced him to flee to France, where he was reduced to poverty. Returning to Italy after the battle of Marengo, he accepted a chair in the University of Pavia, which he held for three years. He was then called to Milan by Napoleon as assessor of the ministry of the interior, court poet, knight of the Iron Crown, member of the Legion of Honor, and historiographer of the kingdom. When Napoleon was crowned King of Italy, in 1805, he celebrated the event by a poem of merit entitled *Il Beneficio*. He lost his offices at Napoleon's downfall, but was given a pension in 1815, because he had written, at the request of Milan, a poem in honor of the Emperor Francis Augustus, whom he described as "the wise, the just, the best of kings," who was "in war a whirlwind and in peace a zephyr." The Austrian Emperor said that Monti's muse was "mercenary, and cringing favor." The poet's pension was cut off, and he was forced to live on the charity of wealthy patrons of literature. Monti's fame rests on the *Bassvilliana*, written on the model of Dante's *Divina Commedia* in four cantos, and in *terza rima*. It is founded on the

VINCENZO MONTI.—

murder of the French minister, Ugo Bassville, whose soul is supposed to wander over the French provinces and to behold the desolation caused by the Revolution, the death of Louis XVI., and the restoration of the Bourbons. The most admired episode is that of the ascent of Louis XVI. into heaven from the scaffold. This poem was translated into English by the Rev. Henry Boyd, in 1805. Monti wore a coat of many colors; for after having eulogized Louis XVI. in the *Bassvilliana*, he calls him a tyrant, and treats his memory with disrespect in his *Ode to Superstition*. His other works include: the poems, *Bardo delle Selva Nera* (1806), *Spada di Federico*, occasioned by the battle of Jena; *Palinogenesi*, on the occupation of Spain by the French; *Jerozamia*; *Api Panacridi*: an idyl on the Nuptials of Cadmus; an edition of Dante's *Convito*, a translation of the *Satires* of Juvenal, and Homer's *Iliad*, and many tragedies. A complete edition of his works was published in Milan (8 vols., 1825-7).

THE DEATH OF LOUIS XVI.

As when the sun uprears himself among
The lesser dazzling substances, and drives
His eager steed along the fervid curve,—
When in one only hue is painted all
The heavenly vault, and every other star
Is touched with pallor and doth veil its front,
So with sidereal splendor all aflame
Amid a thousand glad souls following,
High into heaven arose that beauteous soul.
Smiled, as he passed them, the majestic,
Tremulous daughters of the light, and shook
Their glowing and dewy tresses as they moved.
He among all with longing and with love
Beaming, ascended until he was come
Before the triune uncreated life.

VINCENZO MONTI.—

There his flight ceases, there the heart, become
Aim of the threefold gaze divine, is stilled
And all the urgency of desire is lost ;

There on his temples he receives the crown
Of living amaranth immortal, on
His cheek the kiss of everlasting peace.

And then we heard consonances and notes
Of an ineffable sweetness, and the orbs
Began again to move their starry wheels.

More swiftly yet the steeds that bore the day
Exulting flew, and with their mighty tread,
Did beat the circuit of their airy way. — *The
Bassvilliana. Transl. of W. D. HOWELLS.*

THE SOUL'S DOOM.

Hell had been vanquished in the battle fought ;
The spirit of the abyss in sullen mood
Withdrew, his frightful talons clutching
naught ;

He roared like lion famishing for food ;
The Eternal he blasphemed, and, as he fled,
Loud hissed around his brow the snaky brood.

Then timidly each opening pinion spread
The soul of Basseville, on new life to look,
Released from members with his heart's blood
red.

Then on the mortal prison, just forsook,
The soul turned sudden back to gaze awhile,
And, still mistrustful, still in terror shook.

But the blessed angel, with a heavenly smile,
Cheering the soul it had been his to win
In dreadful battle waged 'gainst demon vile,

Said, " Welcome, happy spirit to thy kin !
Welcome unto that company, fair and brave,
To whom in heaven remitted is each sin !

" Fear not ; thou are not doomed to sip the wave
Of black Avernus, which who tastes, resigned
All hope of change, becomes the demon's slave

VINCENZO MONTI.—

But Heaven's high justice, nor in mercy blind,
Nor in severity scrupulous to gauge
Each blot, each wrinkle of the human mind,

Has written on the adamantine page
That thou no joys of paradise may'st know,
Till punished be of France the guilty rage.

Meanwhile, the wounds, the immensity of woe
That thou hast helped to work, thou penitent,
Contemplating with tears o'er earth must go :

Thy sentence, that thine eyes be ceaseless bent
Upon flagitious France, of whose offence
The stench pollutes the very firmament.

The Bassvilliana, Transl. of HENRY BOYD.

JORDAN.

I see the paths of impious Palestine ;
I see old Jordan, as each shore he laves,
Turbid and slow, toward the sea decline.

Here passed the ark o' th' covenant, and
waves
Rolled backward reverent, and their secrets
bared,
Leaving their gulfs and their profoundest caves.

Here folded all the flock, whose faith re-
paired
To Him, that Shepherd whom the all-hoping one
'Midst woods and rocks to the deaf world de-
clared.

Him after labors long, the glorious Son,
The Lord of Nazareth, joined, and, quickly
known,

Closed what his great precursor had begun.

Then sudden through the serene air there
shone

A lamp, and, lo ! "This is my son beloved !"
From the bright cloud a voice was heard to own.

River divine ! which then electric moved
From out thy inmost bowers to kiss those feet,
Blessing thy waters with that sight approved :

Tell me, where did thy waves divided meet,
Enamoured—and, ah ! where upon thy shore

VINCENZO MONTI.—

Were marked the footsteps of my Jesus sweet ?

Tell me, where now the rose and lilies hoar,
Which, wheresoe'er the immortal footsteps trod,
Sprang fragrant from thy dewy emerald floor ?

Alas ! thou moanest loud, thy willows nod,
Thy gulfs in hollow murmurs seem to say
That all thy joy to grief is changed by God.

Such wert thou not, O Jordan, when the
 sway
Of David's line, along thy listening flood,
Portentous signs from heaven confirmed each
 day.

Then didst thou see how fierce the savage
 brood
Of haughty Midian and proud Moab's line,
Conquered and captive, on thy bridges stood.

Then Sion's warriors, listed round her
 shrine,
Gazed from their towers of strength, and viewed
 afar

The scattered hosts of the lost Philistine ;
 Whilst, terror of each giant conqueror,
Roared Judah's lion, leaping in his pride,
'Midst the wild pomp of their barbaric war.

But Salem's glory faded, as the tide
Of waves that ebb and flow, and naught re-
 mains

Save a scorned world for scoffers to deride.

The Bassvilliana, Transl. of HENRY BOYD.



DWIGHT L. MOODY.

DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY.—

MOODY, DWIGHT LYMAN, an American evangelist, was born at Northfield, Mass., in 1837. He worked as clerk in a shoe store in Boston; and in 1856 he went to Chicago, where he engaged in missionary work among the poor. During the war he went to the front as an evangelist; and was afterwards prominent in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association in Chicago. Here a church was built for him; which, with his house, was destroyed in the fire of 1871. With Ira D. Sankey, the singer, he preached to immense congregations in Great Britain in 1873-4, and in the United States in 1875; continuing his evangelistic work thereafter in both countries. He is the founder of two academies and a woman's training school at Northfield, and of a school for Bible study at Chicago. His published works include *Arrows and Anecdotes* (1877); *Heaven* (1880); *Secret Power* (1881); *The Way to God* (1884); *Bible Characters* (1888); *Sovereign Grace* (1891); *Sermons* (1894).

LOVE.

Since I became a father I have made this discovery—it took more love for God to give that Son to die than it did for that Son to die. Mothers, wouldn't you rather die than to see your own child die? I used to tell my mother, when I was a little boy, that I loved her most. And my little boy when he was about five years old would climb up on my knees and put his arms around my neck and say, "Papa, I love you the most." And the little fellow thought he did. But I tell you, since I have become a father I have found out that my love for my mother wasn't anything compared with my love

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for my children. Supposing your little boy should see you in your coffin. He would feel grieved at the time, but his grief would soon wear away and be forgotten. But supposing you see your little boy in the coffin. Would you ever forget it? Do you think this mother right down here would ever forget that little thing sitting in her lap? Never; as long as memory lasted, she would remember that child. I cannot tell you anything about the love of God. I heard a man once say that if we could borrow Jacob's ladder and ask Gabriel how much God loved, he would say, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Now, my friends, let the love of God into your heart. Don't lock your heart against it, but let the love of God come in just now, this very minute.

I see some children have come in. Let me tell them a story. When the gold fever broke out in 1846, there was a man in New England who had a wife and a little boy, and he wanted very much to go to California. The mother didn't want to have him go, but he promised that as soon as he got money he would send for her and the little boy. People then thought they were going to find gold and become suddenly very rich, but there were a great many that didn't get anything. This man wasn't so prosperous as he thought he was going to be, and when his letters came there was no check to take them to California. But one beautiful day the long-looked-for letter came, and they were to go to New York and take a beautiful Pacific steamer, and the man was to go down to meet them. After they had been out to sea a few days, all at once they heard on board that awful cry that is horrible to any one on water, "Fire! Fire!" They set the pumps to work and did everything they could, but the fire gained upon them, and at last the captain gave the ship up. He ordered the lifeboats lowered, but there were

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not enough to take them on board. Among others were this mother and her little boy. The last lifeboat was pushing away, and she knew it was her last chance, and she asked them to take her and her little boy. But they said, "No, if we take them in we will all lose our lives. We can only take one of them." So they shouted back they could only take one. What did the mother do? Did she leave her little boy and get into the lifeboat herself? Ah, no. No mother would do that. No, she just took her boy to her bosom and gave him a good hug and kiss and dropped him into the lifeboat. But just before the boat left, she said, "My boy, if you live to see your father, tell him I died for you." Now, I want to ask these children in this audience this question, What would you say if that boy when he grew to be a young man should speak contemptuously of that mother?

Christ made bare His arm and left the bosom of the Father and stooped from yonder throne to come down here to tell the world that He loved them, and all he wants in return is love. Make up your minds to-day that you are going to love Him because He loves you. Don't let any one think he cannot begin now. You can begin this very minute if you will. Let Him in this very hour.

MOORE, CLEMENT CLARKE, an American teacher and author, born in 1779; died in 1863. He was a graduate of Columbia College. In 1821 he became a professor in the New York General Theological Seminary (Episcopal), and retained his position for nearly twenty-five years, occupying the chair of Biblical Learning, — afterwards changed to that of Oriental and Greek Literature. In 1844 he published a volume of *Poems*, and in 1850, *George Castriot, surnamed Scandenburg, King of Albania*, condensed from a translation of Lavardin's biography of Castriot. He is best known as a writer by the poem quoted below.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all
through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with
care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there :
The children were nestled all snug in their
beds, [heads;
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their
And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's
nap,—
When out on the lawn there arose such a
clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the
matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below ;
When what to my wondering eyes should
appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

CLEMENT CLARKE MOORE.—

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them
by name:

“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer
and Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!”

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to
the sky,

So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas
too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a
bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his
foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes
and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his
pack,

His eyes how they twinkled; his dimples how
merry!

His cheeks were like roses his nose like a
cherry;

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a
bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white as the
snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a
wreath.

He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full
of jelly.

He was chubby and plump,—a right jolly old
elf;

CLEMENT CLARKE MOORE. —

And I laughed when I saw him in spite of my-
self.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know there was nothing to
dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his
work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with
a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a
whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a
thistle;
And I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of
sight,
“Happy Christmas to all” and to all a good
night.

FROM A FATHER TO HIS CHILDREN.

This semblance of your parent's time-worn face
Is but a sad bequest, my children dear;
Its youth and freshness gone, and in their place
The lines of care, the tracks of many a tear!
Let fond imagination's power supply
The void that baffles all the painter's art;
And when those mimic features meet your eye,
Then fancy that they speak a parent's heart.
Fancy those lips still utter sounds of praise
Or kind reproof that checks each wayward
will,
The warning voice, or precepts that may raise
Your thoughts above this treacherous world
of ill.
And thus shall Art attain her loftiest power;
To noblest purpose shall her efforts tend:
Not the companion of an idle hour,
But Virtue's handmaid and Religion's friend.

MOORE, JOHN, a Scottish physician and author, born at Stirling, Scotland, in 1729; died at Richmond, England, in 1802. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, and studied medicine under Dr. John Gordon. In 1747 he accompanied as surgeon the Duke of Argyle's regiment to Flanders, and his attention in the military hospitals at Maestricht, brought him the post of surgeon to the regiment, of the Earl of Albemarle, quartered at Flushing under command of Gen. Braddock. In 1748 he studied medicine in London, and went to Paris, where he became surgeon to the household of the Earl of Albemarle then British ambassador at Versailles. Subsequently he practised for many years in Glasgow as physician and surgeon. From 1772 till 1779 he was travelling companion to the Duke of Hamilton, and on his return to Great Britain he settled in London, where he began his literary career. His most important novel, *Zeluco* (1786), is the history of a Sicilian nobleman, who possesses every advantage of birth and fortune, but is rendered miserable through the selfishness and depravity of his nature. His character is a predecessor of Byron's *Childe Harold*, for in the preface to that poem, the author writes: "The outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon, perhaps a poetical *Zeluco*." *Life and Manners, chiefly in England* appeared in 1796, *The Works of Tobias Smollett, M. D., With a Memoir of his Life, to which is prefixed a View of the Commencement and Progress of Romance*, in 1797, and *Mordaunt: Sketches of Life, Character, and Manners in various countries*

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including the Memoirs of a French Lady of Quality, in 1800. An edition of Dr. Moore's works with a memoir was published by Dr. Robert Anderson in 1820. Among them are: *A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany* (1779), *A View of Society and Manners in Italy* (1781), *Medical Sketches, in Two Parts* (1785), *A Journal during a residence in France, from the beginning of August to the middle of December, 1792* (1793-4), *A View of the Causes and Progress of the French Revolution* (1795), and *Edward: Various Views of Human Nature taken from Life and Manners, chiefly in England* (1796).

AN UNQUIET HEART.

The following morning early, Bertram, understanding that Zeluco was awake, entered his room to inquire how he was. Being then pretty easy and refreshed by sleep, he begged that Bertram would sit by his bedside; and as the story of Antonio had made some impression on him, he began to make more inquiry concerning him: after a few questions he said to Bertram, "on the whole, I perceive that this Savoyard has put you to a considerable deal of expense as well as trouble."

"I have already been amply repaid," said Bertram, "but I still expect an additional recompense."

"I understand the fellow *had nothing*," said Zeluco.

"He has both a father and a mother," replied Bertram, "very honest people, as I have been told; they live at Chambéry, which is in my way home to Geneva; the poor, old couple have been miserable on account of their son's misfortune. I shall have the pleasure of restoring him to them,—only think, signor, what satisfaction I shall have; their old hearts will be ready to burst with joy. I often anticipate, in my imagination, the scene of their

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first meeting,—why, signor, a single scene of that kind is worth all the five acts of dull, selfish life.”

“You enter into these people’s happiness as if it were your own,” said Zeluco.

“A great part of it will be my own,” said Bertram, “I question if any of the three will be happier than myself. You must have often felt, signor, what a pleasing sensation being the author of happiness conveys to the heart.”

Zeluco seemed distressed, and made no reply.

“I fear your wound gives you pain,” said Bertram.

“Not at all,” said Zeluco. “And this is the only recompense you expect?”

“It is all I would accept from man” replied Bertram; “the consciousness of a good action is delightful when performed, and is also a source of pleasing recollection through life. Would to God I had more of them to boast of! Being conscious of but few makes me perhaps too vain of this.”

“You have reason to be vain, indeed,” said Zeluco.

“I am certain at least,” rejoined Bertram, “that I should have been lower in my eyes had I acted otherwise—yet I make no doubt but you, and many others would have done the same thing with less hesitation than I showed.”

Zeluco groaned.

“I am heartily sorry to see you in so much pain,” said Bertram, “shall I call the surgeon?”

“No, no,” cried Zeluco, “The surgeon cannot relieve me.”

“I fear talking does you harm; I’ll leave—”

“Pray stay,” said Zeluco, “I shall be worse when you go. Tell me, my friend, what fortune have you?”

Bertram named a very moderate sum. “And with this you are happy!” exclaimed Zeluco.

“With this I am contented,” replied Bertram, “and I am happy in many other particulars;—riches cannot give happiness.”

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"I'll be sworn they cannot," said Zeluco, "yet I am surprised that you, who have been abroad in the world, and have seen extensive scenes of life could be contented with so little."

"Perhaps," replied Bertram, "the circumstance you mention has contributed to it; for limited as my circumstances always were, I saw multitudes of my fellow-creatures in every country where I have been, much poorer than myself; but what had more influence than anything in keeping me from discontent, was the remembrance of a maxim often repeated to me by my excellent father."

"What is that maxim?" said Zeluco.

"'When you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquirements, Bertram,' said he, 'look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation. But when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down on those beneath you, that you may learn contentment.'"

"But even of the small pittance you mention," said Zeluco, "you allowed a considerable portion to your father."

"For that I can claim no merit," said Bertram, "it is only a proof that I am not a monster. Ingratitude to a parent is the height of profligacy, including almost every kind of wickedness."

Zeluco started as if he had been stung by a serpent; the recollection of his own behavior to his mother rushed on his mind with all the bitterness of remorse.

"I really am grieved, signor," said Bertram, in a sympathizing tone of voice, "to see you suffer so much."

"I do indeed suffer," said Zeluco, after a long and painful pause.

"I am sincerely sorry for it," resumed Bertram, "I wish I knew what would give you relief, but the medical people will be here soon—they perhaps—"

"No, no," interrupted Zeluco, "they cannot relieve me."

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"I hope, my good sir," continued Bertram, taking him by the hand, "that after the next dressing your wound will become easier."

"My wound *is* easier," said Zeluco, with a voice of anguish, "but I have deeper wounds which their skill cannot reach."

"Alas!" said Bertram, "some mental affliction, the loss of some dear friend, perhaps, cut off by a similar but more fatal accident than what has now befallen you. Have patience, my good sir," continued he, "reflection, and the soothing hand of time—"

"I tell you," interrupted Zeluco, in the accent of despair, "that I never had a friend; that time develops fresh sources of sorrow to me; and reflection drives me to madness."

Bertram, being greatly shocked, made no reply; and Zeluco, after a considerable interval, having recollected himself, said, with apparent composure, "I have been feverish and restless; I know not what I say; but the pain seems now to abate, and I feel myself drowsy. Pray, my good friend, leave me;—perhaps I may get a little sleep before the surgeon arrives." When Zeluco found himself alone—"Happy man!" said he, with a deep sigh, "who can look back with pleasure and self-approbation, and forward with tranquillity and hope."—*Zeluco.*

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THOMAS MOORE.—

MOORE, THOMAS, an Irish poet, born in Dublin in 1779; died at Sloperton, Wiltshire, in 1852. His father was a tradesman and a Roman Catholic. After studying at the Dublin University, he was entered at the Middle Temple, London, in 1799, and the next year began his literary career by publishing a brilliant but free translation of the *Odes of Anacreon*. The *Poetical Works of Thomas Little*, which followed in 1802, carried amatory license to its limit. In 1803 Moore went to Bermuda as Registrar to the Admiralty; this post he soon committed to a deputy, by whose misconduct he lost heavily. A tour through the United States and Canada gave material for several of his best poems, included in *Epistles, Odes, etc.*, 1806. In 1811 he married Miss Dyke, an actress of many attractions and high character. In 1817 and 1822 he spent some time in Paris, but his principal residence was in London. He was a brilliant talker and a good singer, and much sought in society. An ardent Irishman, he helped the Whig cause by many political squibs and satires, as: *Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post-bag* (1813), and *Fables for the Holy Alliance* (1823), *Odes on Cash, Corn, Catholics, etc.* (1829). *The Fudge Family in Paris* (1818), and *Rhymes on the Road* (1823), are equally light. His fame has a better foundation in *Irish Melodies*, which appeared in nine numbers, from 1807 to 1834; in *National Airs*, six numbers at different dates, *Sacred Songs* (1816-24), *Loves of the Angels* (1823), *Lalla Rookh* (1817), which was pronounced "more eastern than the East itself." As a song-writer Moore has never been surpassed. No one expects



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depth of thought or feeling from him ; but in the region of superficial sentiment, amatory elegance, and airy wit he is unequalled. His prose works also were of importance. *The Epicurean* (1827), is an exquisite classical romance, as poetical as his poems ; *Memories of Captain Rock* (1824), is a history of Ireland. Three serious biographies followed, the *Life of R. B. Sheridan* (1825), of *Lord Edward Fitzgerald* (1831), and of *Byron* (1831). *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion* (1833), and *History of Ireland* (1835), proved, what had been shown again and again, his patriotism. In allowing the destruction of Byron's autobiography, which had been entrusted to him, he yielded to pressure from that poet's friends, against his own judgment and interests. He had been paid 2000 guineas by Murray for the MS., and this sum he returned, refusing re-imbursement afterwards from Byron's family. *Alciphron* (1840), was his last publication. His later years witnessed a decay of his faculties.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh ! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove ;
When my dream of life from morn till night
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream :
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.
Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past ;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last ;
He'll never meet

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A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blushed to hear
The one loved name.

No—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced ;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odor fled
As soon as shed ;
'Twas morning's wingèd dream ;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream :
Oh ! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.
Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the Sprite
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
Oh ! winds could not outrun me.
And are those follies going ?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing ?

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No—vain, alas ! the endeavor
From bonds so sweet to sever ;
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was
 shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was de-
 clining,
 The bark was still there, but the waters were
 gone.
And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have
 known, [from us,
Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.
Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our
 night :—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness
 of Morning,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth Even-
 ing's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's re-
 turning, [his frame,
 When passion first waked a new life through
And his soul—like the wood that grows pre-
 cious in burning— [flame !
 Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
 meet ;
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must
 depart, [heart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my
 Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the
 scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;

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*'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite still.*

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom,
were near, [more dear,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment
And who felt how the best charms of Nature
improve, [we love.
When we see them reflected from looks that
Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love
best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold
world should cease, [peace.
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in

ILLUSION.

This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There's nothing true but heaven !
And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even ;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,—
There's nothing bright but heaven !
Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way,—
There's nothing calm but heaven !

RECOLLECTION.

Often, in the still night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me :
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !

THOMAS MOORE.—

Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall

Like leaves in wintry weather,

I feel like one

Who treads alone

Some banquet hall deserted,

Whose lights are fled,

Whose garlands dead,

And all but he departed!

Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

DEATH OF HINDA.

But see—what moves upon the height?
Some signal!—'tis a torch's light.

What bodes its solitary glare?

In gasping silence toward the shrine
All eyes are turned—thine, Hinda, thine,

Fix their last failing life-beams there.

'Twas but a moment—fierce and high
The death-pile blazed into the sky,
And far away o'er rock and flood

Its melancholy radiance sent;
While Hafed, like a vision, stood
Revealed before the burning pyre,
Tall, shadowy, like a spirit of fire

Shrined in its own grand element!

"'Tis he!" the shuddering maid exclaims.--

But while she speaks, he's seen no more;
High burst in air the funeral flames,

And Iran's hopes and hers are o'er!

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave—

Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,

Where still she fixed her dying gaze,

And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—

Deep, deep,—where never care or pain

Shall reach her innocent heart again.

THOMAS MOORE.—

THE SILENT GUEST.

The celebration of the annual Festival of Serapis happened to take place during my stay, and I was, more than once, induced to mingle with the gay multitudes that flocked to the shrine at Canopus on this occasion. Day and night, as long as this festival lasted, the great canal, which led from Alexandria to Canopus, was covered with boats full of pilgrims of both sexes, all hastening to avail themselves of this license, which lent the zest of a religious sanction to pleasure, and gave a holiday to the follies and passions of earth, in honor of Heaven.

I was returning, one lovely night, to Alexandria. The north wind, that welcome visitor, had cooled and freshened the air, while the banks on either side of the stream, sent forth, from groves of orange and henna, the most delicious odors. As I had left all the crowd behind me at Canopus, there was not a boat to be seen on the canal but my own; and I was just yielding to the thoughts which solitude at such an hour inspires, when my reveries were suddenly broken by the sound of some female voices, coming mingled with laughter and screams from the garden of a pavilion, that stood brilliantly illuminated upon the bank of the canal. On rowing nearer, I perceived that both the mirth and the alarm had been caused by the efforts of some playful girls to reach a hedge of jasmine which grew near the water, and in bending towards which, they had nearly fallen into the stream. Hastening to proffer my assistance, I soon recognized the voice of one of my fair Alexandrian friends; and, springing on the bank was surrounded by the whole group, who insisted on my joining their party in the pavilion; and, having flung around me, as fetters, the tendrils of jasmine, which they had just plucked, conducted me, no unwilling captive, to the banquet room.

I found here an assemblage of the very

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flower of Alexandrian society. . . . Among the company were some Greek women, who, according to the fashion of their country, wore veils; but, as usual, rather to set off than to conceal their beauty, some bright gleams of which were constantly escaping from under the cloud. There was, however, one female, who particularly attracted my attention, on whose head was a chaplet of dark-colored flowers, and who sat veiled and silent during the whole of the banquet. She took no share, I observed, in what was passing around; the viands and the wine went by her untouched, nor did a word that was spoken seem addressed to her ear.

This abstraction from a scene so sparkling with gaiety, though apparently unnoticed by any one but myself, struck me as mysterious and strange. I inquired of my fair neighbor the cause of it, but she looked grave and was silent.

In the meantime, the lyre and the cup went round; and a young maid from Athens, as if inspired by the presence of her countryman, took her lute, and sung to it some of the songs of Greece, with a warmth of feeling that bore me back to the banks of the Ilissus, and, even in the bosom of present pleasures, drew a sigh from my heart for that which had passed away. It was daybreak ere our delighted party rose, and most unwillingly re-embarked to return to the city.

We were scarce afloat, when it was discovered that the lute of the young Athenian had been left behind; and, with a heart still full of its sweet sounds, I most readily sprang on shore to seek it. I hastened at once to the banquet-room, which was now dim and solitary, except that—there to my utter astonishment, was still seated that silent figure, which had awakened so much my curiosity during the evening. A vague feeling of awe came over me, as I now slowly approached it. There was no motion, no sound of breathing in that

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form;—not a leaf of the dark chaplet upon its brow stirred. By the light of a dying lamp which stood on the table before the figure, I raised, with a hesitating hand, the veil; and saw—what my fancy had already anticipated—that the shape underneath was lifeless, was a skeleton! Startled and shocked, I hurried back with the lute to the boat, and was almost as silent as that shape itself during the remainder of the voyage.

This custom among the Egyptians of placing a mummy, or skeleton, at the banquet-table, had been for sometime disused, except at particular ceremonies; and, even on such occasions, it had been the practice of the luxurious Alexandrians to disguise this memorial of mortality in the manner just described. But to me, who was wholly unprepared for such a spectacle, it gave a shock from which my imagination did not speedily recover. This silent and ghastly witness of mirth seemed to embody, as it were, the shadow in my own heart. The features of the grave were thus stamped upon the idea that had so long haunted me, and this picture of what I was *to be* now associated itself constantly with the sunniest aspect of what I *was*.

The memory of the dream now recurred to me more lively than ever. The bright assuring smile of that venerable Spirit, and his words, "Go to the shores of the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seekest," were forever present to my mind. But as yet, alas, I had done nothing towards realizing the proud promise. Alexandria was not Egypt;—the very soil on which it now stood was not in existence, when already Thebes and Memphis had numbered ages of glory.—*The Epicurean.*

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HANNAH MORE.—

MORE, HANNAH, an English author, born in 1745; died in 1833. She was the fourth among five daughters of Mr. More, a schoolmaster of Stapleton, near Bristol. The eldest, who attended a French school in Bristol, spending every Saturday and Sunday at home, taught her sisters what she had learned from week to week. At the age of twenty-one, Mary, the eldest sister, established a young ladies' school in Bristol, with one sister as assistant, another as housekeeper, and the youngest two, Hannah and Martha, as pupils. The school flourished year after year, and at seventeen Hannah wrote a play, *The Search after Happiness*, which was enacted by the pupils of the school, and also in many another similar institution. Five years afterwards came a love-episode in the life of the serene Hannah. She became engaged to marry a middle-aged gentleman of good fortune. The marriage-day was fixed, the wedding clothes bought, when the groom expectant drew off, for reasons not fully explained. He, however, without her knowledge, settled an annuity upon her, and upon his death left her a comfortable legacy. Hannah henceforth declined all offers of marriage and devoted herself to authorship. At London she became a great favorite in the best literary society, which numbered such men as Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and Garrick. She afterwards devoted herself to the cause of female education, and wrote many books relating more or less directly to this subject. By her writings she earned some £30,000, one third of which she bequeathed to charitable purposes. Her principal writings are: *The Search after Happiness*

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(1773), *The Inflexible Captive* (1774), *Sir Eldred of the Bower*, and *The Bleeding Rock*, two legendary poems (1775), *Percy A Tragedy* (1777), *The Fatal Falsehood* (1779), *Sacred Dramas* (1782), *Florio, A Satirical Tale* (1786), *Thoughts on the Manners of the Great* (1788), *Religion of the Fashionable World* (1791). In 1795 she set up at Bath a monthly periodical entitled the *Cheap Repository*, consisting mainly of moral tales, in prose and verse, written by herself, among which is the well-known *Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*. Her later works are: *Hints Toward Forming the Character of a Young Princess*, a kind of manual for the training of the Princess Charlotte (1805), *Cælebs in Search of a Wife* (1809), *Practical Piety* (1811), *Christian Morals* (1812), *Essay on the Character of St. Paul* (1815), *Modern Sketches* (1819), *The Spirit of Prayer* (1824), *The Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence, of Hannah More*, edited by William Roberts, were published in 1834, and the *Correspondence of Hannah More with Zachary Macaulay* in 1860. This correspondence has much to do with the lad whom the world came to know as Thomas Babington Macaulay.

ACCURACY IN LANGUAGE.

It is no worthless part of education, even in a religious view, to study the precise meaning of words, and the appropriate signification of language. To this end I know no better method than to accustom young persons very early to a habit of defining common words and things; for, as definition seems to be at the root of correctness, to be accustomed to define English words in English, would improve the understanding more than barely to know what

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these words are called in French, Italian, or Latin. Or rather, one use of learning other languages is, because definition is often involved in etymology; that is, since many English words take their derivation from foreign or ancient languages, they cannot be so accurately understood without some knowledge of those languages; but precision of any kind, either moral or philological, too seldom finds its way into the education of women.

It is perhaps going out of my province to observe, that it might be well if young men also before they entered on the world, were to be furnished with correct definitions of certain words, the use of which is become rather ambiguous; or rather they should be instructed in the *double sense* of modern phraseology. For instance, they should be provided with a good definition of the word "honor" in the fashionable sense, showing what vices it includes and what virtues it does not include; the term "good company," which even the courtly Petronius of our days has defined as something including not a few immoral and disreputable characters; "religion," which in the various senses assigned it by the world, sometimes means superstition, sometimes fanaticism, and sometimes a mere disposition to attend on any form of worship; the word "goodness," which is made to mean everything that is not notoriously bad; and sometimes even that, too, if what is notoriously bad be accompanied by good humor, pleasing manners, and a little alms-giving. By these means they would go forth armed against many of the false opinions which, through the abuse or ambiguous meaning of words, pass so current in the world. . . .

It may be thought ridiculous to assert that morals have any connection with the purity of language, or that the precision of truth may be violated through defect of critical exactness in the three degrees of comparison: yet how frequently do we hear from the dealers in super-

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latives, of “most admirable, superexcellent, and quite perfect” people, who, to plain persons, not bred in the school of exaggeration, would appear mere common characters, not rising above the level of mediocrity! By this negligence in the just application of words, we shall be as much misled by these trope and figure ladies, when they degrade as when they panegyryze; for to a plain and sober judgment a tradesman may not be “the most good-for-nothing fellow that ever existed,” merely because it was impossible for him to execute in an hour an order which required a week; a lady may not be “the most hideous fright the world ever saw,” though the make of her gown may have been obsolete for a month; nor may one’s young friend’s father be “a monster of cruelty,” though he may be a quiet gentleman who does not choose to live at watering-places, but likes to have his daughter stay at home with him in the country.—*The Model System of Female Education.*

THE TWO WEAVERS.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat;
They touched upon the price of meat,
So high a weaver scarce could eat.
“What with my brats and sickly wife,”
Quoth Dick, “I’m almost tired of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.
How glorious is the rich man’s state!
His house so fine! his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree;
Why all to him? why none to me?
In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of what the parson preaches,
This world (indeed I’ve thought so long)
Is ruled methinks, extremely wrong.
Where’er I look, howe’er I range,
'Tis all confused and hard and strange;
The good are troubled and oppressed

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And all the wicked are the blessed."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws ;
Parts of His ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can see below.
See'st thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun ?
Behold the wild confusion there,
So rude the mass it makes one stare.
A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say, no meaning's there conveyed ;
For where's the middle, where's the border ?
Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits ;
Besides, you reason like a lout,
Why, man, that carpet's inside out."

Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen ;
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends ;
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.
No plan, no pattern, can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth and grace ;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.
But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the workman is divine.
What now seems random strokes, will there
All order and design appear ;
Then shall we praise what here we spurn'd,
For then the carpet shall be turned."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick, "no more
I'll grumble
That this sad world's so strange a jumble ;
My impious doubts are put to flight.
For my own carpet sets me right."

HENRY MORE.—

MORE, HENRY, an English clergyman, born in 1614; died in 1687. In 1631 he entered Christ's College, Cambridge, of which, in 1639, he became a Fellow, and here he passed nearly all his subsequent life as a recluse student. He has been styled "the English Platonist." He held that the wisdom of the Hebrews had descended to Pythagoras, and from him to Plato, in whose writings and those of his followers all divine philosophy was embodied. He wrote several works, in prose and verse, setting forth his philosophic speculations. Among these are *The Mystery of Godliness*, in prose, and *Psychozoia*, or the "Life of a Soul" in verse.

THE SOUL AND THE BODY.

Like to a light fast locked in lanthorn dark,
Whereby by night our wary steps we guide
In shabby streets, and dirty channels mark,
Some weaker rays through the black top do
glide,
And flusher streams perhaps from horny side.
But when we've passed the peril of the way,
Arrived at home, and laid that case aside,
The naked light how clearly doth it ray,
And spread its joyful beams as bright as summer's day.

Even so the soul, in this contracted state,
Confined to these strait instruments of sense,
More dull and narrowly doth operate;
At this hole hears, the sight must ray from
thence,
There tastes, there smells; but when she's
gone from hence,
Like naked lamp, she is one shining sphere,
And round about has perfect cognoscence
Whate'er in her horizon doth appear:
She is one orb of sense all airy ear.

Psychozoia.

HENRY MORE.—

THE EVIDENCE OF THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD.

When I say that I will demonstrate that there is a God, I do not promise that I will always produce such arguments that the reader shall acknowledge so strong as he shall be forced to confess that it is utterly impossible that it should be otherwise; but they shall be such as shall deserve full assent, and win full assent from any unprejudiced mind.

For I conceive that we may give full assent to that which, notwithstanding, may possibly be otherwise. Suppose two men got to the top of Mount Athos, and there, viewing a stone in the form of an altar, with ashes on it, and the footsteps of men on those ashes, or some words, if you will, as OPTIMO MAXIMO or TO AGNOSTO THEO, or the like, written or scrawled out upon the ashes; and one of them should cry out, "Assuredly here have been some men that have done this." But the other, more nice than wise, should reply: "Nay, it may possibly be otherwise; for this stone may have naturally grown into this very shape, and the seeming ashes may be no ashes, that is, no remainders of any fuel burnt there; but some inexplicable and imperceptible motions of the air, or other particles of this fluid matter that is active everywhere, have wrought some parts of the matter into the form and nature of ashes, and have fringed and played about so, that they have also figured those intelligible characters in the same. But would not anybody deem it a piece of weakness, no less than dotage, for the other man one whit to recede from his former apprehension, but as fully as ever to agree with what he pronounced first, notwithstanding this bare possibility of being otherwise?"

So of anchors that have been digged up, either in plain fields or mountainous places, as also the Roman urns with ashes and inscriptions, as *Severianus Ful. Linus*, and the like, or Roman coins with the effigies and names of

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the Cæsars on them, or that which is more ordinary, the skulls of men in every church yard, with the right figure, and all those necessary perforations for the passing of the vessels besides those conspicuous hollows for the eyes and rows of teeth. . . . If a man will say of them, that the motions of the particles of matter, or some hidden spermatic power, has generated these, both anchors, urns, coins, and skulls, in the ground, he doth but pronounce that which human reason must admit is possible. Nor can any man ever so demonstrate that those coins, anchors, and urns were once the artifice of men, or that this or that skull was once a part of a living man, that he shall force an acknowledgment that it is impossible that it should be otherwise. But yet I do not think that any man, without doing manifest violence to his faculties, can at all suspend his assent, but freely and fully agree that this or that skull was once a part of a living man, and that these anchors, urns, and coins, were certainly once made by human artifice, notwithstanding the possibility of being otherwise.

And what I have said of assent is also true in dissent, for the mind of man, not crazed nor prejudiced, will fully and irreconcilably disagree, by its own natural sagacity, where, notwithstanding, the thing that it doth thus resolvedly and undoubtedly reject, no wit of man can prove impossible to be true.

Mystery of Godliness.

SIR THOMAS MORE.—

MORE, SIR THOMAS, an English statesman and author, born at London in 1480 ; executed there in 1535. He was the son of Sir John More, one of the justices of the court of the King's Bench. In 1497 he went to Oxford, where he studied Greek—a language the study of which was just beginning to revive—and here he formed an intimate friendship with Erasmus. From Oxford he went to London, where he studied law, and at the same time lectured upon St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei* at St. Lawrence's Church. Having in due time been called to the bar, he soon rose to eminence in the profession, and acquired a lucrative practice. He was called to Parliament by Henry VII., and firmly opposed some arbitrary measures which were projected by the King. After the accession of Henry VIII., in 1509, More was prominently employed in various important positions. In 1523 he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons ; in 1525 was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster ; and in 1529 succeeded Cardinal Wolsey as Lord Chancellor. He resigned the chancellorship in 1533, because he would not abet the King in his project of a divorce from Queen Katherine, in order that he might marry Anne Boleyn, who was already his mistress. In 1534 he was required to swear obedience to the Act of Succession by which the crown was secured to the offspring of Anne Boleyn. Upon his refusal, he was committed to the Tower, where he remained more than a year. On July 1, 1535, he was brought before the high commission, charged with "traitorously imagining and attempting to deprive the King of his title as supreme head of

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the Church." The trial was a summary one; More was found guilty and sentenced to death by beheading; and the sentence was executed on the fifth day after the arraignment. More was an earnest Catholic, and his official proceedings for the suppression of heresy have been sharply impugned.

As an author More is chiefly known by his *Utopia* (1516), and his fragmentary *History of Richard III.*, first published long after his death (1641). The *History of Richard III.* is reckoned as the earliest example of classical English prose. The following passage exhibits More's English style. By simply modernizing the orthography it would pass for pure English of our own time.

CHARACTER OF RICHARD III.

Richarde, the thirde, sonne of Richarde, Duke of York, was in witte and courage egall with his two brothers, in bodye and prowesse farre vnder them bothe; little of stature, ill fetured of limmes, croke backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard fauoured of visage, and such as is in states called warlye, in other menne otherwise, he was malicious, wrathfull, enuious, and from afore his birth, ener frowarde. None euill captaine was hee in the warre, as to whiche his disposicion was more metely then for peace. Sundrye victories hadde hee, and sometime ouerthrowes, but neuer in defaulte as for his owne parsons, either of hardinesse or polytike order; free was hee called of dyspence, and somewhat aboue hys power liberali; with large giftes hee get him vnstedfaste frendshippe, for whiche he was fain to pil and spoyle in other places, and get him stedfaste hatred. Hee was close and secrete, a deepe dissimuler, lowlye of counteynance, arrogant of heart, outwardly coumpinable where he inwardely hated, not letting to kisse whome hee thoughte to kyll; dispitious and cruell, not for euill will

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alway, but after for ambition, and either for the suretie or encrease of his estate. Frende and foo was muche what indifferent, where his aduantage grew ; he spared no mans deathe, whose life withstoode his purpose. He slewe with his owne handes king Henry the sixt, being prisoner in the Tower, as menne constantly saye, and that without commaundement or knowledge of the king, whiche would vndoubtedly yf he had entended that thinge, haue appointed that boocherly office to some other then his owne borne brother.

Utopia was written in Latin. Of the translations into English the best is that of Bishop Burnet (1683). *Utopia* (Gr. *Eu-topas*, "Good Place") is an account of an imaginary commonwealth situated upon an island discovered by one of the companions of Amerigo Vespucci, from whom More professed to have derived the account.

THE CHIEF TOWN OF ÛTOPIA.

It lies upon the side of a hill, or rather a rising ground : its figure is almost square, for from one side of it, which shoots up almost to the top of the hill, it runs down in a descent for two miles to the river Anider ; but it is a little broader the other way that runs along by the bank of that river. The Anider rises about eighty miles from Amaurot, in a small spring at first ; but other brooks falling into it, of which two are more considerable than the rest. As it runs by Amaurot, it is grown half a mile broad ; but it still grows larger and larger, till after sixty miles course below it, it is lost in the ocean : between the town and the sea, and for some miles above the town, it ebbs and flows every six hours, with a strong current. The tide comes up, for about thirty miles so full that there is nothing but salt water in the river, the fresh water being driven back with its force ; and above that for some miles the

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water is brackish ; but a little higher, as it runs by the town, it is quite fresh ; and when the tide ebbs it continues fresh all along to the sea. There is a bridge cast over the river, not of timbers, but of fair stone, consisting of many stately arches ; it lies at that part of the town which is furthest from the sea, so that ships without any hindrance lie all along the side of the town. There is likewise another river that runs by it which, though it is not great, yet it runs pleasantly, for it rises out of the same hill on which the town stands, and so runs down through it, and falls into the Anider. The inhabitants have fortified the fountain head of this river, which springs a little without the town, that so, if they should happen to be besieged, the enemy might not be able to stop or divert the course of the water, nor poison it ; from thence it is carried in earthen pipes to the lower streets, and for those places of the town to which the water of that small river cannot be conveyed, they have great cisterns for receiving the rainwater, which supplies the want of the other. The town is compassed with a high and thick wall, in which there are many towers and forts ; there is also a broad and deep dry ditch, set thick with thorns, cast round three sides of the town, and the river is instead of a ditch on the fourth side. The streets are very convenient for all carriage, and are well sheltered from the winds. Their buildings are good, and are so uniform that a whole side of a street looks like one house. The streets are twenty feet broad ; there lie gardens behind all their houses ; these are large but inclosed with buildings, that on all hands face the streets ; so that every house hath both a door to the street, and a back door to the garden. Their doors have all two leaves which, as they are easily opened, so they shut of their own accord ; and there being no property among them, every man may freely enter into any house whatsoever. At every ten years' end they shift their houses by lots. They

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cultivate their gardens with great care, so that they have both vines, fruits, herbs, and flowers in them; and all is so well ordered, and so finely kept, that I never saw gardens anywhere that were both so fruitful and so beautiful as theirs. And this humor of ordering their gardens so well is not only kept up by the pleasure they find in it, but also by an emulation between the inhabitants of the several streets, who vie with each other; and there is indeed nothing belonging to the whole town that is both more useful and more pleasant.

Their houses are three stories high: the fronts of them are faced either with stone, plastering, or brick; and between the facings of their walls they throw in their rubbish. Their roofs are flat, and on them they lay a sort of plaster, which costs very little, and yet is so tempered that it is not apt to take fire, and yet resists the weather more than lead. They have great quantities of glass among them, with which they glaze their windows. They use also in their windows a thin linen cloth that keeps out the wind and gives free admission to the light.

SOME IDEAS OF THE UTOPIANS.

They think it is an evidence of true wisdom for a man to pursue his own advantages as far as the laws allow it. They account it piety to prefer the public good to one's private concerns. But they think it unjust for a man to seek for his own pleasure, by snatching another man's pleasures from him. And, on the contrary, they think it a sign of a gentle and good soul for a man to dispense with his own advantage for the good of others; and that, by so doing, a good man finds as much pleasure one way as he parts with another; for, as he may expect the like from others when he may come to need it, so if that should fail him, yet the sense of a good action, and the reflections that one makes on the love and gratitude of those whom he has so obliged, give the mind more pleasure than the

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body could have found in that from which it had restrained itself.

They are also persuaded that God will make up the loss of those small pleasures with a vast and endless joy, of which religion does easily convince a good soul. Thus, upon an inquiry into the whole matter, they reckon that all our actions, and even all our virtues, terminate in pleasure, as in our chief end and greatest happiness ; and they call every motion or state either of body or mind, in which nature teaches us to delight, a pleasure. And thus they cautiously limit pleasure only to those appetites to which nature leads us ; for they reckon that nature leads us only to those delights to which reason as well as sense carries us, and by which we neither injure any other person, nor let go greater pleasures for it, and which do not draw troubles on us after them ; but they look upon those delights which men, by a foolish though common mistake, call pleasure, as if they could change the nature of things, as well as the use of words, as things that not only do not advance our happiness, but do rather obstruct it very much, because they do so entirely possess the minds of those that once go into them with a false notion of pleasure, that there is no room left for truer and purer pleasures.

But of all pleasures, they esteem those to be the most valuable that lie in the mind : and the chief of these are those that arise out of true virtue, and the witness of a good conscience. They account health the chief pleasure that belongs to the body ; for they think that the pleasure of eating and drinking, and all the other delights of the body, are only so far desirable as they give or maintain health. But they are not pleasant in themselves, otherwise than as they resist those impressions that our natural infirmity is still making upon us ; and, as a wise man desires rather to avoid diseases than to take physic, and to be freed from pain rather than to find ease by remedies, so it were a more desirable state not to need this sort of

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pleasure, than to be obliged to indulge it.

And if any man imagines that there is a real happiness in this pleasure, he must then confess that he would be the happiest of all men, if he were to lead his life in a perpetual hunger, thirst, and itching, and, by consequence, in perpetual eating, drinking, and scratching himself which any one may easily see would be not only a base but a miserable state of life. These are indeed, the lowest of pleasures, and the least pure; for we can never relish them but when they are mixed with the contrary pains. The pain of hunger must give us the pleasure of eating; and here the pain outbalances the pleasure and as the pain is more vehement, so it lasts much longer; for, as it is upon us before the pleasure comes, so it does not cease, but with the pleasure that extinguishes it, and that goes off with it; so that they think none of those pleasures are to be valued, but as they are necessary.

Yet they rejoice in them, and with due gratitude acknowledge the tenderness of the great Author of nature, who has planted in us appetites by which those things that are necessary for our preservation are likewise made pleasant to us. For how miserable a thing would life be, if those daily diseases of hunger and thirst were to be carried off by such bitter drugs as we must use for those diseases that return seldomer upon us! And thus these pleasant, as well as proper, gifts of nature do maintain the strength and the sprightliness of our bodies.

This is their notion of virtue and of pleasure; they think that no man's reason can carry him to a truer idea of them, unless some discovery from heaven should inspire him with sublime notions. I have not now the leisure to examine whether they think right or wrong in this matter; nor do I judge it necessary, for I have only undertaken to give you an account of their constitution, but not to defend all their principles.—*Transl. of BURNET.*

JAMES APPLETON MORGAN.—

MORGAN, JAMES APPLETON, an American author, born at Portland, Me., in 1850. After graduation at Racine College, Wis., and at the Columbia law-school, New York, in 1869, he practised law until 1871, devoting his leisure to literature. He published legal treatises, including notes to *De Colyar on Guaranty and Suretyship* (1874), *The Law of Literature* (1875), notes to Best's *Principles of Evidence* (1876), and notes to Addison on the *Law of Contract* (1876). In 1877 he published an article in *Appleton's Journal* on an original theory, which was widely criticised, and which he afterwards modified, regarding the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. He suggested that the acting copies of the dramas arranged by Heminge and Condell, and printed in 1623, were filled with interpolations and localisms of the actors and stage censors, although represented under Shakespeare's supervision. In 1885 Mr. Morgan founded the Shakespeare society of New York, for the purpose of the free discussion of questions relating to Shakespeare. He was elected its president, and three times re-elected. His publications on this subject are: *The Shakespeare Myth, or William Shakespeare and Circumstantial Evidence* (1881), *Some Shakespearian Commentators* (1882), *Venus and Adonis, a study of the Warwickshire Dialect* (1885), *Shakespeare in Fact and Criticism* (1887), and *The Society and the Fad* (1890), to show that the Shakespeare Society is not to worship but to study Shakespeare.

SHAKESPEARE'S CONCEPTION OF HAMLET.

The story of "Hamlet" is not a record of usurpation, and murder, and blood, and death like "Macbeth," nor of domestic tragedy like "Othello," nor of madness like "Lear." Rather is it the history of purposes adhered to,

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and of the end which compassed them. The man who, living consecrated to a purpose, accomplishes that purpose before he dies, is not ordinarily held to be a failure, infirm of resolution, weak and listless of that purpose. To every self-regarding trustful, determined, and just man must come, at some time, deliberation as to method, as to consequences, hesitations, interruptions of time and circumstances. Did not Prince Hamlet, perhaps, eat and sleep between the ghostly interview and the catastrophe of his revenge, during the visit of the players, their rehearsals and performance, the accidental killing of Polonius, the interval in which news of that accident could have reached Laertes in France, and his recall, the embassy to England, the escape, the return, the funeral of Ophelia? Was there no more interval to these than the waits and betweenes of the play at our theatres?

Had the dramatist, whose completed work is before us in the First Folio, desired to portray a madman named Hamlet, he had plenty of models at hand. The Belleforest "Hamblett" would rend his clothes, "wallow in the mire, run through the streets with fouled face, like a man distraught, not speaking one word but such as seemed to proceed from madness and mere frenzy; all his actions and gestures being no other than the right countenance to a man wholly deprived of all reason and understanding; in such sort he seemed fit for nothing but to make sport to the pages and ruffling courtiers of his step-father." But is it not the patent fact that Shakespeare followed no such model; that he deliberately rejected the childish Saga and the almost equally crude "Hamblett" tale, and created a new Hamlet with attributes of his own, whose story bore only the most attenuated resemblance to these? And if Shakespeare deliberately discarded all the former Amleths and Hambletts, why should we restore them?

Shakespeare in Fact and Criticism.

LADY SYDNEY MORGAN.—

MORGAN, LADY SYDNEY, an Irish author, born in Ireland about 1783 ; died in London in 1859. She was the daughter of Owenson, an actor of some literary accomplishments, and in 1812 she was married to Sir Thomas Charles Morgan, Commissioner of the Fisheries in Ireland, and author of *Sketches of the Philosophy of Life* (1818), and *Sketches of the Philosophy of Morals* (1822). They spent many years in travelling, and as a result of several years' residence in France and Italy she published, in 1817, a review of the social state of France, for which her husband wrote four appendices, and a similar work on Italy (1821). Lady Morgan was noted especially for her brilliant conversation. Her works include : *O'Donnell* (1814), *Florence Macarthy* (1816), *The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa* (1824), *Absenteeism* (1825), *The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys* (1827), *Book of the Boudoir*, containing autobiographical notes (1829), *Dramatic Scenes from Real Life* (1833), *The Princess or the Beguine* (1835), *Woman and her Master* (1840), *Passages from my Autobiography* (1858), and, with Sir Thomas Charles Morgan, a collection of essays and miscellanies entitled *The Book without a Name* (1841).

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE IN THE ANCIENT WORLD.

While religion adopted woman into her mythology as best symbolizing the expression of moral and intellectual qualities of wisdom, chastity, justice, of all the charities, and all the graces of life, even the soul itself, in its most spiritual essence, was represented to human sense by a feminine form. Each different state had its favorite and foundress-goddess. Cecrops brought from Egypt the female divin-

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ity of Sais, the Minerva of Athens. Ephesus was devoted to the worship of Diana; and it is a curious circumstance, also, that to a female deity the Greeks assigned the invention of agriculture, and its natural consequence, the formation of a legal code, the first and the most characteristic excellencies of the human race. It is highly probable, indeed, that this mythology, in its origin, might not have been a direct and specific homage offered to the sex but rather an inevitable consequence of certain leading conceptions concerning nature and its operations; but it is obvious that, in the subsequent filling out of their religious system, the Greeks dwelt with a passionate enthusiasm on that portion of their mythology, and it is still more certain that their apotheosis of womanhood, whatever might have been its cause, must have exercised a powerful influence favorable to the sex, over the imaginative minds of the Grecian population.

In all the higher functions of religious worship, the administration of woman by a natural consequence, was sought and accepted; and, as priestess, and as pythoness, she officiated at those altars, where Phidias and Praxiteles had elevated her effigies, as fittest to represent the attributes ascribed to the deities of the national Pantheon.

While woman was thus honored on earth as the symbol of all beneficence and wisdom, even her human interests became subjects of divine interference; and Apollo is made to speed his arrows into the Greek camp to avenge the wrongs of the beautiful daughter of Chryseus. Woman was, in fact, the moving principle of the heroic times of Greece; and Helen and Briseis armed men and gods alike, in their quarrels and their wrongs.

But when fable passed way, history states that Athens owed her first glimpse of freedom to a conspiracy, of which woman was the soul and the depository. It was the mistress of Harmodius who wreathed the dagger with myrtle,

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that freed Athens from the tyranny of her "*Jove Descended Kings*." Worthy of the great cause by which her name is immortalized she proved that woman knew how to conspire, to be silent, and to die.

The wars of Megara and the Peloponnesus were instigated by a woman's passions, and carried on at her suggestions. The Thebans and the Phocians called their ten years' war "sacred" (as other unholy wars have since been deemed), of which a woman's wrongs were the sole cause ; and if the wife of an Asiatic despot armed Persia against the liberties of Greece, the triumph of the free was in part attributed to the influence of the Corinthian women with the god whom they implored. The heroic achievements of the Argive women are equally commemorated for their important consequences and it is an historical fact that the most inspired of their poetesses was the bravest of their champions and the most devoted of their patriots.

The female genius of Greece was, indeed, always found on the side of the free. It was not to follow Phaon that Sappho fled to Sicily ; but, having engaged with him in the confederacy against Pittacus, they were banished together. It was for this that the coins of Mytelene bore the impression of her image ; and that her patriotism and her poetry became alike immortal.

In all the great public events of Greece, the influence of the female mind may be detected, even where, under particular institutions, her presence was forbidden. When Pythagoras, in his desire to make proselytes of the ignorant, and extend the influence of his sect, opened his first school of philosophy in Italy, the "friend of wisdom" was accompanied by female disciples. His wife and daughter taught in his classes ; and fifteen other women of high capacities and attainments. His pupils gave grace to stern truths, and became the persuasive missionaries of doctrines, which preached restraint over

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the passions, and the supremacy of reason in all things. But women were not only admitted into the schools of philosophy ; the philosophers sometimes attended upon theirs. Aspasia, who improved the eloquence, while she perverted the politics of Pericles, lisped her atticisms in the ears of Socrates, till she became rather his teacher than his disciple. The bright eyes of Hipparrata long followed the compass of Euclid, while her lips solved with a smile the problem which had cost many an aching brow its premature furrow to comprehend. Leontium was painted by the artist, Theodorus, meditating the temperate doctrines of Epicurus, which she afterwards expounded in such Greek as excited the envy and admiration of Cicero, who considered her style a model. Even the women of the people, who had not learned to read, affected a purism in their dialect, worthy of the academy ; and, from the critical acumen of the Athenian apple-women, there was no appeal. The arts, too, stood no less indebted to female taste for patronage than to female grace for inspiration. The noblest work of Praxiteles was purchased by the most beautiful of his models, and that with the generous intention of adorning her own native city. Corinth owed the most splendid of her architectural edifices to the liberality of one woman ; and Thebes, ruined by Alexander, might have been rebuilt by another, but that her pride dictated an epigram, which the jealousy of man considered, and rejected as an epigram.

Woman and her Master.

HENRY MORLEY.—

MORLEY, HENRY (1822–1894), an English author, born in London. He was the son of Henry Morley of Midhurst, Sussex, and was educated at the Moravian School, Neuwied on the Rhine. From 1844 till 1848 he practiced medicine at Madeley, Shropshire, and afterwards kept school at Liscard, Liverpool, for two years. In 1851 he removed to London where he was Dickens's assistant in editing *Household Words* in 1851–'5, joint editor of the *Examiner* in 1856–'9, and sole editor of the latter in 1859–64. From 1857 till 1865 he was English lecturer at King's College, and was an active promoter of the association for the education of women formed in connection with that college in 1869. From 1865 to 1889 he was professor of English language and literature at the University College, London. In 1870–'5 he was examiner in English language, history and literature to the University of London. From 1878 to 1889 he was professor of this department at Queen's College, London. In 1882 he was made principal of the University Hall, London. The University of Edinburgh gave him the degree of LL.D. in 1879. He has published: *How to make Home Unhealthy* (1850), *A Defence of Ignorance* (1851), *Life of Palissy, the Potter* (1852), *Life of Jerome Cardan* (1854), *Life of Cornelius Agrippa* (1856), *Gossip and Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair* (1857), *Fairy Tales* (1859–'60), *English Writers before Chaucer* (1864), *From Chaucer to Dunbar* (1867), *Journal of a London Playgoer from 1857 to 1866* (1866), *Sketches of Russian Life* (1866), *The King and the Commons: Cavalier and Puritan Song* (1868), *Tables of English*

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Literature (1870), *Life of Clement Marot and other Studies* (1870), *A First Sketch of English Literature* (1873, 9th ed., 1882), *A Library of English Literature* (1874-'80), *Library of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria* (1881), *English Writers* (6 vols., 1886-'92), and an edition of Steele's and Addison's *Spectator* (1868).

WALTER MAP.

The traveller seaward, over inland hill and plain, wearied at times by the long stretches of flat moor that he must cross upon his way, knows by the freshened breeze when he comes near the coast, and at the first sight of the distant water draws a glad breath and believes that he can smell the sea. So maybe now with us, when the large wholesome spirit of English Chaucer, towards whom we are travelling, flashes suddenly upon us from afar, as we cross the high ground where dwells Walter Map. It is Gerald de Barri's friend, the Archdeacon of Oxford, the same pleasant and courteous Walter Map, who called Gerald's, attention to the fact that his own less valuable works were widely read because they were written in the vernacular, while Gerald's better Latin books found few learned enough to do them justice. Walter Map was no trivial jester, although the misreading of a piece of his most scathing satire has attached to him the cant name of "the jovial Archdeacon."

Undoubtedly he had a lively wit, could make even an abbot blush, and send table companions out of doors to explode in laughter at his broad contemptuous jest against a blasphemous hypocrisy. He was a wit somewhat on Chaucer's pattern, ready against cowed hypocrites, and striking, as Chaucer often did, after the manner of his time, with a coarse jest out of the strength of a clean heart. It was the wit also of a true poet. Among the high dignitaries of the Roman Church he was an entirely orthodox

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divine, and looked down from the heights of theological scholarship upon what seemed to him the ignorant piety of the Waldenses. But the first church reform concerned church morals more nearly than theology, and in this sense, by his Latin verse and prose, Walter Map represents the chief of the Reformers before Wyclif. In French, then the vernacular tongue of English literature, he it was who gave a soul to the Arthurian romances, writing, most probably, the Latin original of Robert Borron's introductory romance of the Saint Graal, and certainly Lancelot of the Lake, the Quest of the Saint Graal, and the Mort Artus. Unassuming as Chaucer, and before Chaucer, the man of highest genius in our literature, Map was a frank man of the world, with ready sympathies, a winning courtesy, warm friendships, and well-planted hatreds. Born on the Marches of Wales about the year 1137, of a family that had done good service to King Henry II., both before and after his accession, Walter Map studied in the University of Paris, where he saw town and gown riots. These were at some date after the marriage of Louis VII. with Constance of Castile in 1154, because one of the household of that queen lost his hand for damaging in that riot the head of a priest. Map attended in or soon after the year 1160 the school of the English theologian, Girard la Pucelle, who in that year began to teach in Paris. On his return to England Map was in intimate relations with Archbishop Becket, and as he was in King Henry's service, this must have been before there was a wide breach between king and archbishop. Possibly he joined the court while Henry was in France, and returned with him to England in January, 1163. The king was no mean scholar, and had a sound relish of wit. Map, by birth, character, and attainments was qualified to stand high and make friends.

Walter Map was in attendance on the king during his war with his sons. He was sent to

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the court of Louis VII. of France, the father of Philip Augustus, and there received as an intimate guest. Louis called le Jeune, who in Becket's lifetime had espoused his cause against King Henry, and who, after Becket's death, obtained from the Pope the laying of an interdict on Henry's French dominions, had fomented the rebellion against their father of the princes Henry, Geoffrey, and Richard. But he made peace with Henry about a year after the beginning of that war, and shortly before his death in 1180 made a pilgrimage to Thomas Becket's shrine in Canterbury. A mission to a French king, having such relations with the English Government would have been confided by Henry only to a man in whose tact and shrewdness he could place the highest trust. Map was a churchman, too, and a man who had known Saint Thomas & Becket.

There is singular tact shown always in Map's manner of teaching, and something far higher than the mere professional impulse to lead other men to put a soul into their daily thoughts. So courteous and cheerful, so pleasantly at home in the world, full of good stories, quick at repartee, all seem to have acknowledged his rare genius, and relished his society without regarding it as that of a preacher. His less earnest comrades never felt that the mainspring of his power was a sacred earnestness. They laughed when he flashed his witty scorn at a wine-bibbing Goliath bishop, and they were right, although they did not look far down into the pure, spiritual nature of their pleasant friend, who drew Sir Galahad, the stainless knight, for his ideal. When Map preaches as he writes, his sermon is but a few lines long, and it is fastened upon some worldly incident of which the interest is strong. Probably many chapters of Map's commonplace book were, like his poems, copied and circulated when the occasion was fresh that produced them.—*English Writers.*

JOHN MORLEY.—

MORLEY, JOHN, an English member of Parliament and author, born at Blackburn, Lancashire, in 1838. He was graduated at Oxford in 1859, and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. In 1883 he was elected to Parliament as an advanced Liberal by the borough of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He presided over the great conference of Liberals held at Leeds in October, 1883. The degree of M.A. was conferred on him by Oxford in 1876, and that of LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh. He was editor of the *Literary Gazette*, which was afterwards called the *Parthenon*; of the *Fortnightly Review* in 1867-1882, of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1880-83; of *Macmillan's Magazine* 1883-85; Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1886 and 1892; he was elected to Parliament in 1883. His books include: *Edmund Burke* (1867), *Critical Miscellanies* (1st Series, 1871, 2nd series, 1877), *Voltaire* (1872), *On Compromise* (1874), *Rousseau* (1876), *Diderot and the Encyclopædists* (2 vols., 1878), *The Life of Richard Cobden* (1881), and *Aphorisms* (1887).

EDUCATION OF THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE.

It has been said that Rousseau founds all morality upon personal interest, perhaps even more specially than Helvetius himself, who was supposed to have revealed all the world's secret. The accusation is just. Emilius will enter adult life without the germs of that social conscience, which animates a man with all the associations of duty and right, of gratitude for the past and resolute hope for the future, in face of the great body of which he finds himself a part. "I observe," says Rousseau, "that in the modern ages men have no hold upon one another save through force and interest, while the ancients, on the other hand, acted much more by persuasion and the affections of the soul." The reason was that with the ancients, supposing them to be the Greeks and Romans, the social conscience was

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so much wider in its scope than the comparatively narrow fragment of duty, which is supposed to come under the sacred power of conscience in the more complex and less closely contained organization of a modern state. The neighbors to whom a man owed duty in those times comprehended all the members of his state; the neighbors of the modern preacher of duty are either the few persons with whom each of us is brought into actual and palpable contact, or else the whole multitude of dwellers on the earth,—a conception that for many ages to come will remain with the majority of men and women too vague to exert an energetic and concentrating influence upon action, and will lead them no further than a watery, uncolored, and nerveless cosmopolitanism.

What the young need to have taught to them in this too little cultivated region, is that they are born not mere atoms floating independent and apart for a season through a terraqueous medium, and sucking up as much more than their share of nourishment as they can seize; nor citizens of the world with no more definite duty than to keep their feelings towards all their fellows in a steady simmer of blank complacency; but soldiers in a host, citizens of a polity whose boundaries are not set down in maps, members of a church the handwriting of whose ordinances is not in the hieroglyphs of idle mystery, nor its hope and recompense in the lands beyond death. They need to be taught that they owe a share of their energies to the great struggle which is in ceaseless progress in all societies in an endless variety of forms, between new truth and old prejudice, between love of self or class and solicitous passion for justice, between the obstructive indolence and inertia of the many and the generous mental activity of the few. This is the sphere and definition of the social conscience. The good causes of enlightenment and justice in all lands; here is the church militant, in which we should early seek to enrol the young, and the true state to which they

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should be taught that they owe the duties of active and arduous citizenship; these the struggles, with which the modern instructor should associate those virtues of fortitude, tenacity, silent patience, outspoken energy, readiness to assert ourselves and readiness to efface ourselves, willingness to suffer and resolution to inflict suffering, which men of old knew how to show for their gods, or their sovereign, or even out of mere love of adventure or the yet unworthier love of gain. But the ideal of Emilius was an ideal of quietism; to possess his own soul in patience, with a suppressed intelligence, a suppressed sociality, without a single spark of generous emulation in the courses of strong-fibred virtue, or a single thrill of heroical pursuit after so much as one great forlorn cause.

If it once comes to him, in reading these parallels of the famous ancients, to desire to be another rather than himself, were this other Socrates, were he Cato, you have missed the mark; he who begins to make himself a stranger to himself is not long before he forgets himself altogether! But if a man only nurses the conception of his own personality, for the sake of keeping his own peace and self-contained comfort at a glow of easy warmth, assuredly the best thing that can befall him is that he should perish, lest his example should infect others with the same base contagion. Excessive personality militant is often wholesome, excessive personality that only hugs itself is under all circumstances chief among unclean things. Thus even Rousseau's finest monument of moral enthusiasm is fatally tarnished by the cold, damp breath of isolation, and the very book which contained so many elements of new life for a state was at bottom the apotheosis of social despair.—*Rousseau*.

Mr. Morley's later works include: *Life of Emerson* (1884), *Life of Walpole* (1889), *Studies in Literature* (1891), *The Study of Literature* (1894).

CHARLES MORRIS.—

MORRIS, CHARLES, an American author, born at Chester, Pa., in 1833. He was educated in the public and private schools of Chester, and removed to Philadelphia in 1857. His books are: *A Manual of Classical Literature* (1881), *Half-Hours with American History* (1887), *Half-Hours with the Best Foreign Authors* (1888), *Half-Hours with the Best Humorous Authors* (1889), *The Aryan Race* (1889), *An Elementary History of the United States* (1890), *Civilization: a Historical Review of its Elements* (1890), *King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table* (1891), *Tales from the Dramatists* (1893), *Historical Tales* (4 vols., 1893).

THE ARYAN LITERATURE.

If now we enter upon Aryan ground we find ourselves at once upon loftier peaks of thought, and in a higher and purer atmosphere. Almost everywhere epic poetry makes its appearance at an early stage of literary cultivation as the true usher to the later and more practical branches of literature. These antique epic creations of the Aryans may be briefly summarized. As in philosophy, so in poetry, India and Greece take the lead; the *Ramayana* vying, though at a much lower level of art, with the *Iliad* of Greece. Of the two ancient epics of the Hindus, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, the former is the older, while it is more the work of a single hand, and shows few signs of that epic confluence of legend which strongly characterizes the latter. And of the two the *Ramayana* is the more mythological, the *Mahabharata* the more historical in character.

Legend credits northern India in these early days with two great dynasties of kings, known respectively as the solar and the lunar dynasties. The *Ramayana* describes the adventures of a hero of the solar race. Rama, the hero, is a lineal descendant of the god of the sun, and is himself adored as an incarnation of Vishnu. Everywhere in the poem we find ourselves on

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mythological ground, and the only historical indication it contains is that of the extension of the Aryan conquest southward toward Ceylon. The story describes the banishment of Rama from his hereditary realm, and his long wanderings through the southern plains. His wife, Sita, is seized by Ravana, the giant ruler of Ceylon. Rama, assisted by Sugriva, the king of the monkeys, makes a miraculous conquest of this island, slays its demon ruler, and recovers his wife, the poem ending with his restoration to his ancestral throne.

The style of this poem is of a high grade of merit, and it takes a lofty rank among works of the human imagination. In the first two sections there is little of extravagant fiction, though in the third the beauty of its descriptions is marred by wild exaggerations. It is evidently in the main the work of one hand, not a welding of several disjointed fragments. There are few episodes, while the whole latter portion is one unbroken narrative, and there is shown throughout an unvarying skill and poetical power and facility. It is credited to a single poet, Valmiki. This name signifies "white-ant-hill," and it is very doubtful if it represents a historical personage. However that be, the Ramayana is a homogeneous and striking outcome of ancient thought.

The Mahabharata is a work of very different character. It is rather a storehouse of poetic legends than a single poem, and is evidently a work of many authors, treating subjects of the greatest diversity. It is of later date than the Ramayana, and more human in its interest, but is far below it in epic completeness and unity. Yet it is not without its central story, though this has almost been lost under the flood of episodes. It is the epic of the heroes of the lunar dynasty, the descendants of the gods of the moon, as the Ramayana is the heroic song of the solar race. Bharata, the first universal monarch, who brought all kingdoms "under one umbrella," has a lineal descendant, Kuru,

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who has two sons, of whom one leaves a hundred children, the other but five. The fathers dying, the kingdom is equitably divided among these sons, the five Pandavas and the hundred Kauravas. The latter grow envious, wish to gain possession of the whole, and propose to play a game of dice for the kingdom. The Pandavas lose in this strange fling for a kingdom ; but the Kauravas agree to restore their cousins to their share in the throne if they will pass twelve years in a forest and the thirteenth year in undiscoverable disguise. This penance is performed ; but the Kauravas evade their promise, and a great war ensues. in which the Pandavas ultimately triumph, Whether this war indicates some actual event or not, is questionable ; but this part of the work is well performed, the characters of the five Pandavas are finely drawn and many of the battle scenes strikingly animated.

But this main theme forms but a minor portion of the work. It is full of episodes of the most varied character, and contains old poetical versions of nearly all the ancient Hindu legends, with treatises on customs, laws, and religion, in fact, nearly all that was known to the Hindus outside the Vedas. The main story is so constantly interrupted that it winds through the episodes "like a pathway through an Indian forest." Some of these episodes are said to be of "rare and touching beauty," while the work, as a whole, has every variety of style, dry philosophy beside ardent love-scenes, and details of laws and customs followed by scenes of battle and bloodshed. Many of the stories are repeated in other words, and the whole mass, containing more than one hundred thousand verses, seems like a compilation of many generations of Hindu literary work. Yet withal it is a product of high merit and lofty intellectual conception.—*The Aryan Race.*

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GEORGE P. MORRIS.—

MORRIS, GEORGE P., an American journalist and poet, born at Philadelphia in 1802; died at New York in 1864. In 1823, in conjunction with Samuel Woodworth, he founded the *New York Mirror*; N. P. Willis soon becoming associated with them. The journal was continued until 1842, and in the following year Morris and Willis started the *New Mirror*, which several times changed its name, lastly, in 1846, to the *Home Journal*, which is still continued. In 1842 Morris put forth a volume of prose sketches, entitled *The Little Trenchman and his Water Lots*; in 1837 he produced *Briercliff*, a successful drama, and in 1842 he wrote the *libretto* of an opera, *The Maid of Saxony*. He is best known as a song-writer. A complete edition of his *Poetical Works* was published in 1860.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree !
Touch not a single bough !
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot ;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.
That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down ?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke !
Cut not its earth-bound ties ;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies.
When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade ;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played ;
My mother kissed me here ;
My father pressed my hand :—

GEORGE P. MORRIS.—

Forgive this foolish tear,
And let that old oak stand !
My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend !
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree ! the storm still brave ;
And, woodman, leave the spot !
While I've a hand to save ;
Thy axe shall harm it not.

I'M WITH YOU ONCE AGAIN.

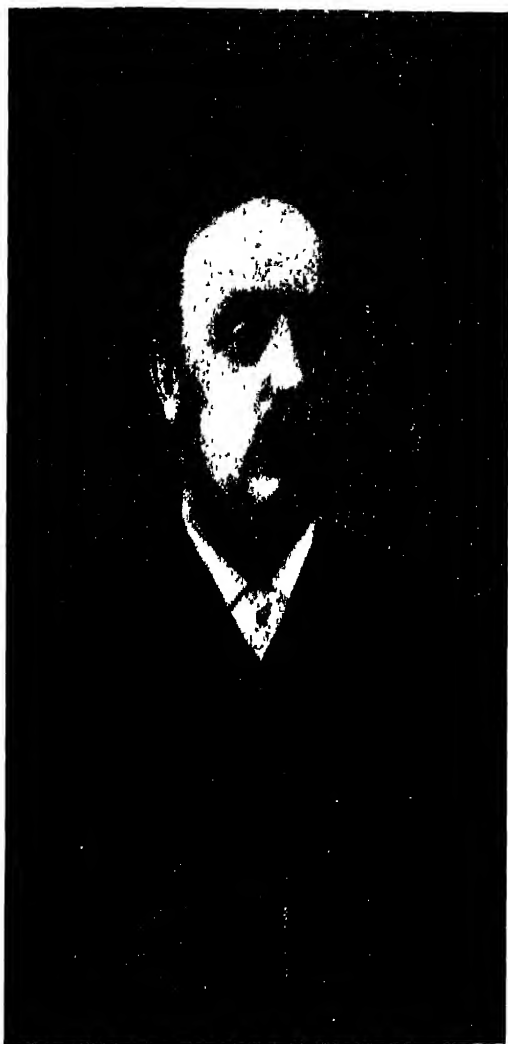
I'm with you once again, my friends,
No more my footsteps roam ;
Where it began, my journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear ;
And where are hearts so warm and true
As those that meet me here ?
Since last, with spirits wild and free,
I pressed my native strand,
I've wandered many miles at sea,
And many miles on land ;
I've seen fair realms of the earth,
By rude commotion torn,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that where I was born.
In other countries when I heard
The language of my own,
How fondly each familiar word
Awoke an answering tone !
But when our woodland songs were sung
Upon a foreign mart,
The vows that faltered on the tongue
With rapture thrilled the heart.
My native land ! I turn to you,
With blessing and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave,
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome—foes a grave—
Within our borders find.

LEWIS MORRIS.—

MORRIS, SIR LEWIS, a British lawyer and poet, born at Carmarthen, Wales, in 1832. He graduated at Jesus College, Oxford, in 1855, as Chancellor's Prizeman, and as first class in classics. He was called to the bar in 1861, and practiced chiefly as a conveyancer until 1880. In that year he was appointed on a committee to inquire into education in Wales, and was made justice of the peace for his native county of Carmarthen, and took up his residence at his seat at Penbryn House. His poems, all of which were originally published anonymously, as the works of "A New Author," are: *Songs of Two Worlds*, in three series (1871, 1874, 1875), *The Epic of Hades* (1878), *Gwen: a Drama in Monologue* (1878), *The Ode of Life* (1880), *Songs Unsung* (1883), *Songs of Britain* (1887), *A Vision of Saints* (1890), and *Poetical Works* (1890).

THE TREASURE OF HOPE.

O fair Bird, singing in the woods
To the rising and the setting sun,
Does ever any throb of pain
Thrill through thee ere thy song be done:
Because the Summer fleets so fast;
Because the Autumn fades so soon;
Because the deadly Winter treads
So closely on the steps of June?
O sweet Maid, opening like a rose
In Love's mysterious, honeyed air,
Dost think sometimes the day will come
When thou shalt be no longer fair:
When love will leave thee, and pass on
To younger and to brighter eyes;
And thou shalt live unloved, alone,
A dull life, only dowered with sighs?
O brave Youth, panting for the fight,
To conquer wrong and win thee fame,
Dost see thyself grown old and spent,
And thine a still unhonored name:



SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

LEWIS MORRIS.—

When all thy hopes have come to naught,
And all thy fair schemes droop and pine,
And Wrong uplifts her hydra heads
To fall to stronger hearts than thine ?

Nay : Song and Love and lofty Aims
May never be where Faith is not ;
Strong souls within the Present life,
The Future veiled—the Past forgot :
Grasping what *is*, with hands of steel
They bend what *shall be* to their will ;
And, blind alike to doubt and dread,
The End, for which they are, fulfil.

IT SHALL BE WELL.

If thou shalt be in heart a child,
Forgiving, tender, meek, and mild,
Though with light stains of earth defiled,
O Soul, it shall be well.

It shall be well with thee indeed,
Whate'er thy tongue, thy race, thy creed,
Thou shalt not lose thy fitting meed ;
It surely shall be well.

Nor where, nor how, nor when, we know,
Nor by what stages thou shalt grow ;
We may but whisper, faint and low,
It shall be surely well.

It shall be well with thee, O Soul,
Though the heavens wither like a scroll,
Though sun and moon forget to roll :
O Soul, it shall be well.

DEAR LITTLE HAND.

Dear little Hand that clasps my own,
Embrowned with toil and seamed with strife
Pink little fingers, not yet grown
To the poor strength of after-life :
Dear little Hand !

Dear little Eyes which smile on mine,
With the fresh peep of morning light
Now April-wet with tears, or fine
With dews of pity, or laughing bright :
Dear little Eyes !

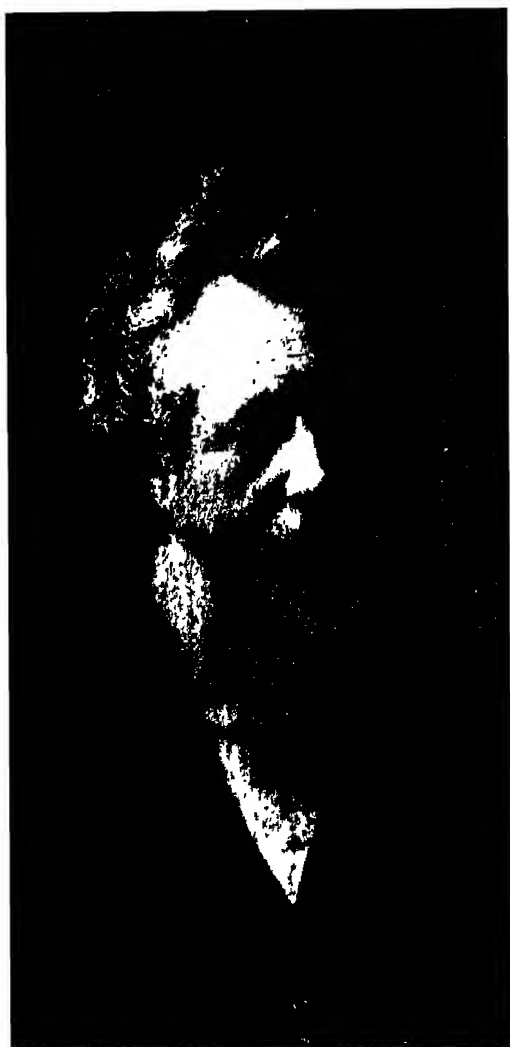
LEWIS MORRIS.—

Dear little Voice, whose broken speech
All eloquent utterance can transcend ;
Sweet childish wisdom, strong to reach
A holier deep than love or friend :
Dear little Voice !

Dear little Life ! my care to keep
From every spot and stain of sin ;
Sweet soul foredoomed, for joy or pain,
To struggle with and—which ? to fall or win ?
Dread mystical Life !

SONG AND SUFFERING.

Only suffering draws
The inner heart of song and can elicit
The perfumes of the soul. 'Twere not enough
To fail, for that were happiness to him
Who ever upward looks with reverent eye
And seeks but to admire. So, since the race
Of bards soars highest ; as who seek to show
Ourselves as in a glass ; therefore it comes
That suffering weds with song, from the blind
bard,
Who solaced his blank darkness with his verse
Through all the story of neglect and scorn,
Necessity, sheer hunger, early death,
Which smite the ranks of song. Not only those
Who hold clear echoes of the voice divine
Are honorable—they are blest, indeed,
Whate'er the world has held—but those who
hear
Some fair, faint echoes, though the crowd be
deaf,
And see the white gods' garments on the hills,
Which the crowd sees not, though they may
not find
Fit music for their visions ; they are blest,
Not pitiable. Not from arrogant pride
Nor over-boldness fail they who have striven
To tell what they have heard, yet find no voice
For such high message. More it is than ease,
Palace and pomp, honors and luxuries,
To have seen white Presences upon the hills,
To have heard the voices of the Eternal Gods.
The Epic of Hades.



WILLIAM MORRIS

WILLIAM MORRIS.—

MORRIS, WILLIAM, an English poet and artist, was born at Walthamstow near London, 1834; died at London, October 3, 1896. He was educated at Marlborough College and at Exeter College, Oxford. In 1858 he published *The Defence of Guinevere*. In 1863 he established a business in stained glass and decorations. The labors of this successful establishment he varied with poetical composition, winning fame by *The Life and Death of Jason* (1867), and *The Earthly Paradise* (1869-70). These were followed by *Love is Enough, or the Freeing of Pharamond, a Morality* (1873), *The Æneids of Virgil done into English Verse* (1876), and *The Story of Sigurd the Volsung*, and *The Fall of the Niblungs* (1870). With Eiríkr Magnússon he translated from the Icelandic *The Story of Grettir the Strong* (1869), *The Story of the Volsungs and the Niblungs* (1870), and *Three Northern Love Stories* (1875). Five lectures delivered in 1878-81 appeared as *Hopes and Fears for Art* (1882). Mr. Morris published *Aims of Art* (1887), *Signs of Change* (1888), *The Roots of the Mountains* (1889), *The Tale of the House of the Wolfings*, an epic in prose and verse, 1890. *The Glittering Plain* (1891), *News from Nowhere* (1892), *Socialism* (1893), *The Wood Beyond the World* (1894). He also translated the *Odyssey* into English.

AN IDLE SINGER.

Of heaven or hell I have no power to sing.
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years;
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.
But rather, when, aweary of your mirth,
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,

WILLIAM MORRIS.—

And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days
die—

Remember me a little then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn our
bread,

These idle verses have no power to bear ;
So let me sing of names remembered,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked
straight ?

Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folks say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did
show,

That through one window men beheld the
spring,

And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

So with this Earthy Paradise it is,

If ye will read aright and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,

Where tossed about all hearts of men must be,
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall
slay,

Not the poor singer of an empty day.

The Earthly Paradise.

WILLIAM MORRIS.—

ALCESTIS.

“O me, the bitterness of God and fate !
A little time ago we two were one ;
I had not lost him, though his life was done,
For still he was in me—but now alone
Through the thick darkness must my soul make
moan,
For I must die ; how can I live to bear
An empty heart about, the nurse of fear ?
How can I live to die some other tide,
And, dying, hear my loveless name outcried
About the portals of that weary land
Whereby my shadowy feet should come to
stand ?

“ Alcestis ! O Alcestis ! hadst thou known
That thou one day shouldst thus be left alone,
How hast thou borne a living soul to love !
Hadst thou not rather lifted hands to Jove,
To turn thy heart to stone, thy front to brass,
That through this wondrous world thy soul
might pass
Well pleased and careless, as Diana goes
Through the thick woods, all pitiless of those
Her shafts smite down ? Alas ! how could
it be ?

Can a god give a god's delights to thee ?

“Nay rather, Jove, but give me once again,
If for one moment only, that sweet pain
Of love I had while still I thought to live !
Ah ! wilt thou not, since unto thee I give
My life, my hope ?—But thou—I come to thee,
'Thou sleepest : O wake not, nor speak to me !
In silence let my last hour pass away,
And men forget my feeble, bitter day.”

The Earthly Paradise.

ANDROMEDA AND PERSEUS.

Then on a rock smoothed by the washing sea
They sat and eyed each other lovingly,
And few words at the first the maiden said,
So wrapped was she in all the goodlihead
Of her new life made doubly happy now :
For her alone the sea-breeze seemed to blow,

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For her in music did the white surf fall,
For her alone the wheeling birds did call
Over the shallows, and the sky for her
Was set with white clouds, far away and clear :
E'en as her love, this strong and lovely one
Who held her hand, was but for her alone.

The Earthly Paradise.

SEPTEMBER.

O come at last, to whom the springtide's hope
Looked far through blossoms, what hast thou
for me ?

Green grows the grass upon the dewy slope
Beneath thy gold-hung, gray-leaved apple-tree
Moveless, even as the autumn fain would be
That shades its sad eyes from the rising sun
And weeps at eve because the day is done.

What vision wilt thou give me, autumn morn,
To make thy pensive sweetness more
complete ?

What tale, ne'er to be told of folk unborn ?
What images of gray-clad damsels sweet
Shall cross thy sword with dainty, noiseless
feet ?

What nameless shamefast longings made alive,
Soft-eyed September, will thy sad heart give ?

Look long, O longing eyes, and look in vain !
Strain idly, aching heart, and yet be wise,
And hope no more for things to come again
That thou beheldest once with careless eyes ?
Like a new-wakened man thou art, who tries
To dream again the dream that made him glad
When in his arms his loving love he had.

The Earthly Paradise.

THE FLITTING OF THE WAR-ARROW.

Tells the tale that it was an evening of summer,
when the wheat was in the ear, but yet
green ; and the neat herds were done driving
the milch kine to the byre, and the horse
herds and the shepherds had made the night-
shift, and the out-goers were riding two by
two and one by one through the lanes between

WILLIAM MORRIS.—

the wheat and the rye towards the meadow. Round the cots of the thralls were gathered knots of men and women, both thralls and freemen, some talking together, some hearken-
ing a song or a tale, some singing and some dancing together; and the children gamboling about from group to group with their shrill and tuneless voices, like young throistles who have not yet learned the song of their race. With these were mingled dogs, dun of color, long of limb, sharp-nosed, gaunt and great; they took little heed of the children as they pulled them about in their play, but lay down or loitered about, as though they had forgotten the chase and the wild-wood.

Merry was the folk with that fair tide, and the promise of the harvest, and the joy of life, and there was no weapon among them so close to the houses, save here and there the boar-spear of some herdman or herdwoman late come from the meadow.

Tall, and for the most part comely, were both men and women; the most of them light-haired and gray-eyed, with cheek-bones somewhat high; white of skin but for the sun's burning, and the wind's parching, and whereas they were tanned of a very ruddy and cheerful hue. But the thralls were some of them of a shorter and darker breed, black-haired also and dark-eyed, lighter of limb; sometimes better knit, but sometimes crookeder of leg and knottier of arm. But some also were of build and hue not much unlike to the freemen; and these doubtless came of some other folk of the Goths which had given way in battle before the Men of the Mark, either they or their fathers. Moreover, some of the freemen were unlike their fellows and kindred, being slenderer and closer knit, and black-haired, but gray-eyed withal; and amongst these were one or two who exceeded in beauty all others of the House.

Now the sun was set, and the gloaming was at point to begin, and the shadowless twilight

WILLIAM MORRIS.—

lay upon the earth. The nightingales on the borders of the wood sang ceaselessly from the scattered hazel-trees above the greensward where the grass was cropped down close by the nibbling of the rabbits; but in spite of their song and the divers voices of the men-folk about the houses, it was an evening on which sounds from aloof can be well heard, since noises carry far at such tides.

Suddenly, they who were on the edge of those throngs and were the less noisy, held themselves as if to listen; and a group that had gathered about a minstrel to hear his story fell hearkening also round about the silenced and hearkening tale-teller: some of the dancers and singers noted them, and in their turn stayed the dance, and kept silence to hearken; and so from group to group spread the change till all were straining their ears to hearken the tidings. Already the men of the night-shift had heard it, and the shepherds of them had turned about, and were trotting smartly back through the lanes of the tall wheat, but the horseherds were now scarce seen on the darkening meadows, as they galloped on fast toward their herds to drive home the stallions. For what they had heard was the tidings of war.

There was a sound in the air as of a humble-bee close to the ear of one lying on a grassy bank; or whiles as of a cow afar in the meadow lowing in the afternoon when milking-time draws nigh: but it was ever shriller than the one, and fuller than the other; for it changed at whiles, though after the first sound of it, it did not rise or fall, because the eve was windless. You might hear at once that for all it was afar, it was a great and mighty sound; nor did any that hearkened doubt what it was but all knew it for the blast of the great war-horn of the Elkins, whose Roof lay up Mirkwood-water next to the Roof of the Wolfings.

So those little throngs broke up at once; and

WILLIAM MORRIS.—

all the freemen, and of the thralls a good many flocked, both men and women, to the Man's-door of the hall, and streamed in quietly and with little talk, as men knowing that they should hear all in due season.

Within under the Hall-Sun, amidst the woven stories of time past, sat the elders and chief warriors on the dais, and amidst of all a big strong man of forty winters, his dark beard a little grizzled, his eyes big and gray. Before him on the board lay the great war-horn of the Wolfings carved out of a tusk of a sea-whale of the North, and with many devices on it, and the Wolf amidst them all; its golden mouth-piece and rim wrought finely with flowers. There it abode the blowing until the spoken word of some messenger should set forth the tidings borne on the air by the horn of the Elkins.

But the name of the dark-haired chief was Thiodolf (to wit Folk-wolf) and he was deemed the wisest man of the Wolfings and the best man of his bands, and of heart most dauntless. Beside him sat the fair woman called Hall-Sun; for she was his foster-daughter before men's eyes; and she was black-haired and gray-eyed like to her fosterer, and never woman fashioned fairer; she was young of years, scarce twenty winters old. There sat the chiefs and elders on the dais, and round about stood the kindred intermingled with the thralls, and no man spake for they were awaiting sure and certain tidings: and when all were come in who had a mind to, there was so great a silence in the hall, that the song of the nightingales on the wood-edge sounded clear and loud therein, and even the clink of the bats about the upper windows could be heard. Then, amidst the hush of men-folk, and the sounds of the life of the earth, came another sound that made all turn their eyes toward the door; and this was the pad-pad of some one running on the trodden and summer-dried ground anigh the hall; it stopped for a moment at the Man's-

WILLIAM MORRIS.—

door, and the door opened, and the throng parted, making way for the man that entered and came hastily up to the midst of the table that stood on the dais athwart the hall, and stood there panting, holding forth in his outstretched hand, something which not all could see in the dimness of the hall-twilight, but which all knew nevertheless. The man was young, lithe and slender, and had no raiment but linen breeches round his middle, and skin shoes on his feet. As he stood there gathering his breath for speech, Thiodolf stood up, and poured mead into a drinking horn and held it out towards the new-comer, and spake, but in rhyme and measure :

“Welcome, thou evening farer, and holy be thine head,
Since thou hast sought unto us in the heart of the Wolfing’s stead ;
Drink now of the horn of the mighty, and call a health if thou wilt
O’er the eddies of the mead-horn to the washing out of guilt.
For thou com’st to the peace of the Wolfings, and our very guest thou art,
And meseems as I behold thee that I look on a child of the Hart.”

But the man put the horn from him with a hasty hand, and none said another word to him until he had gotten his breath again ; and then he said :

“All hail, ye Wood-Wolf’s children ! nought may I drink the wine,
For the mouth and the maw that I carry this eve are nought of mine ;
And my feet are the feet of the people, since the world went forth that tide,
O Elf here of the Hartings, no longer shalt thou bide In any house of the Markmen than to speak the word and wend,
Till all men know the tidings, and thine errand hath an end.
Behold, O Wolves, the token, and say if it be true ! I bear the shaft of battle that is four-wise cloven through,
And its end dipped in the blood-stream, both the iron and the horn,
And its midmost scathed with the fire ; and the word that I have borne

WILLIAM MORRIS.—

Along with this war token is, Wolfings of the Mark,
Whenso ye see the war-shaft, by the daylight or the
dark,
Busk ye to battle faring, and leave all work undone,
Save the gathering for the hand play at the rising of
the sun.
Three days hence is the hoisting, and thither bear
along
Your wains and your kine for the slaughter, lest the
journey should be long.
For great is the Folk, saith the tidings, that against
the Markmen come ;
In a far-off land is their dwelling, whenso they sit at
home,
And Welsh is their tongue, and we wot not of the
word that is in their mouth,
As they march a-many together from the cities of the
South."

Therewith he held up yet for a minute the
token of the war-arrows ragged and burnt and
bloody ; and turning about with it in his hand
went his way through the open door, none
hindering ; and when he was gone, it was as if
the token were still in the air there against the
heads of the living men, and the heads of the
woven warriors, so intently had all gazed at it ;
and none doubted the tidings or the token.
Then said Thiodolf :

"Forth will we Wolfing children, and cast a sound
abroad:
The mouth of the sea-beast's weapon shall speak the
battle word ;
And ye warriors hearken and hasten and dight the
weed of war,
And then to acre and meadow wend ye adown no
more,
For this work shall be for the women to drive our
neat from the mead,
And to yoke the wains, and to load them as the men
of war have need."

Out then they streamed from the Hall, and no
man was left therein save the fair Hall-Sun,
sitting under the lamp whose name she bore.
But to the highest of the slope they went,
where was a mound made higher by man's
handiwork ; thereon stood Thiodolf and
handled the horn, turning his face toward the
downward course of Mirkwood-water ; and he

WILLIAM MORRIS.—

set the horn to his lips, and blew a long blast, and then again, and yet again the third time ; and all the sounds of the gathering night were hushed under the sounds of the roaring of the war-horn of the Wolfings ; and the kin of the Beamings heard it as they sat in their hall, and they sat there ready to hearken to the bearer of the tidings who should follow on the sound of the war-blast.—*Tale of the House of the Wolfings.*

THE STAY-AT-HOME PEOPLE.

But the stay-at-home people who had come down with them to the meadow lingered long in that place ; and much foreboding there was among them of evil to come ; and of the old folk, some remembered tales of the past days of the Markmen, and how they had come from the ends of the earth, and the mountains where none dwell now but the gods of their kindreds ; and many of these tales told of their woes and their wars as they went from river to river and from wildwood to wildwood before they had established their houses in the Mark, and fallen to dwelling there season by season and year by year, whether the days were good or ill. And it fell into their hearts that now at last may happen was their abiding wearing out to an end, and that the day should soon be when they should have to bear the Hall-Sun through the wildwood, and seek a new dwelling-place afar from the troubling of these newly-arisen Welsh foemen.

And so those of them who could not rid themselves of this foreboding were somewhat heavier of heart than their wont was when the House went to the War. For long had they abided there in the Mark, and the life was sweet to them which they knew, and the life which they knew not was bitter to them.—*Tale of the House of the Wolfings.*

JEDIDIAH MORSE.—

MORSE, JEDIDIAH, an American clergyman and author, born at Woodstock, Conn., in 1761; died at New Haven in 1826. He graduated at Yale in 1783; was tutor there from 1786 to 1789, when he was installed pastor of a Congregational church at Charlestown, Mass. He bore a part in the theological controversies of the time, and, in 1805, founded the *Panoplist*, a religious magazine. He resigned his pastorate in 1820, and was commissioned by Government to visit the Indian tribes of the Northwest, and investigate their condition. Two years later he made an exhaustive report, forming a volume of 400 closely-printed pages. He was the earliest American geographer, commencing his work in this capacity, with a small volume printed in 1784. This was followed year by year with larger geographies and gazetteers. He also wrote a compendious *History of New England* (1804), *Annals of the American Revolution* (1824), and from time to time published nearly thirty *Sermons and Addresses*. One of his sons, Samuel F. B. Morse (1797–1872), was the originator of electric telegraphing. Another son, Sidney E. Morse (1794–1871), was the founder of the *New York Observer*, the oldest existing religious newspaper in America.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS IN 1820.

The nature of the subject precludes accuracy. No individual can visit the whole territory inhabited by the Indians, and personally make the necessary inquiries. Even this, could it be done, would not prevent mistakes. Information is derived from many sources, on which different degrees of reliance are to be placed. No standard of spelling and pronouncing

JEDIDIAH MORSE.—

Indian names has yet been agreed upon, though we have several learned and able dissertations on this subject. The same tribes are called by different names by the French, English, and Spaniards, and even by the Indians themselves. The Winebago tribe, for example, is called by the French, *Puant*; by the Sioux, *Ho-ton-ka*; among themselves their name is *O-shun-gu-lap*. The Fox tribe is called by Chippawas, *Oh-tah-gah-mie*; by the Sauks or Sacs, *Mus-quah-kie*; by the Sioux, *Mich-en-dick-er*; by the Winebagoes, *Ozsher-a-ka*; by the French, *Renard*; and so of others. Our acquaintance with many tribes is but commencing, and with many more we have only the uncertain information of travellers who have barely passed through, or only near their villages. I can only say that I have been fully aware of these difficulties, and have met them with diligence and fidelity; and have employed my best and most assiduous endeavors to lay before the Government as full and correct a view of the numbers and actual situation of the whole Indian population within their jurisdiction as my information and materials would admit. It is a subject indeed in which accuracy is not now required. Enough is given for present use, enough to show us our object with sufficient distinctness, and to commence our operations for the attainment of it. Our advances in knowledge of the names, numbers, and situation of the Western tribes will keep pace with the advances of our operations. We shall always know enough on the subject to enable us to do *present* duty. *Introduction to Report on the Indians.*

SECURING ALLIES.

Captain Church attended General Winslow as a volunteer in the Narragansett expedition, waxed valiant in fight, rushed into the fort, was badly wounded by two balls, and, though unable to stand, refused to be carried off, till the enemy were driven from their shelter. . . .

JEDIDIAH MORSE.—

Soon after his return, he removed his family from Duxbury to Rhode Island, for their greater security, intending to engage in agricultural labor; but he no sooner took a tool in his hand than he cut off one finger, and badly wounded another. He pleasantly said he thought he was wrong in leaving the war, and would return to war again. Accordingly, he went to Plymouth, agreed with the government, and returned to raise men. Passing Seconet Point, he spoke with some Indians on the rocks, and appointed an interview with Awashonks, and some of her principal men. At Rhode Island he requested a permit to hold the treaty. They told him he was mad, that the rogues would certainly kill him. At length they consented he should go, and take only two friendly Indians with him; but they would give him no written permit. Buying a roll of tobacco and a bottle of rum, he visited his family, who were almost overwhelmed with apprehensions of danger; yet he obtained their consent, and . . . proceeded on his embassy. Landing at Seconet, he was kindly received by the queen and a few attendants, according to previous appointment. But walking from the water to find a convenient place to sit down, a great body of Indians, who had been concealed in the tall grass, rose up and surrounded them, armed with hatchets, guns, and spears; their faces painted, and hair trimmed in style of war. The sight was terrible, and doubtless our gentleman was surprised; yet he retained his presence of mind, and calmly said to the queen, "When people treat of peace, they lay aside their arms." Perceiving that the savages looked surly, he added, "they might only carry their guns at a small distance for formality." Thus he managed them, by showing neither fear nor jealousy. Laying aside their guns, they sat down. He then affably drank, and circulated his rum and tobacco. They soon engaged "that they would submit to the government of Plymouth, and serve them in

JEDIDIAH MORSE.—

what they were able, if their lives might be spared and none of them transported out of the country. They were soon ordered to Sandwich, where Church visited them, after going to Plymouth for liberty of employing them as soldiers. Arriving at Sandwich, he and his attendants were conducted to a shelter, open on one side, where Awashonks and her chief soon paid him a visit, and the multitude made the air ring with their shouts. Near the open side of the shelter, a huge pile of dry pine was soon raised, which, after supper, was set on fire. The Indians gathered round, Awashonks, with her oldest people, kneeling down, formed the first circle, next to the fire. All the stout men standing up, made the next; the rabble surrounded them in another circle. The chief warrior then stepped between the circles and the fire with a spear in one hand, and a hatchet in the other, dancing round, and fighting the fire. Calling over the tribes of Indians who were hostile to the English, at the mention of each tribe he would draw out and fight a new firebrand. Finishing the fight with the brand, he would bow and thank it. So he proceeded, naming and fighting all the tribes and nations. Sticking down his weapons, he retired, and a second performed the same dance, fighting with new fury. When half-a-dozen chiefs had thus acted their parts, the captain of the guard told Mr. Church, they had been making soldiers for him, that this was "all one swearing them." Having in this manner engaged all the stout men, Awashonks and her captains came to Mr. Church, and said, "Now we are all engaged to fight for the English. You may call forth all, or any part of us, at any time, as you have occasion to fight the enemy." They then presented him with a fine firelock. He accepted their offer, took a number of their men, and the next morning, before light, marched for Plymouth, where, July 24, 1676, he received a commission and reinforcement to fight the enemy.—*Annals of the American Revolution.*

JOHN TORREY MORSE.—

MORSE, JOHN TORREY, an American author, born in Boston, Mass., in 1840. He graduated at Harvard in 1860, was lecturer of history there in 1876-9, and in 1876 became overseer of that university. For one term he served in the Massachusetts Legislature. For two years he edited with Henry Cabot Lodge the *International Review*, to which he contributed various articles. His works include: *Treatise on the Law relating to Banks and Banking* (1870), *Law of Arbitration and Award* (1872), *Famous Trials* (1874), and *Life of Alexander Hamilton* (1876). Mr. Morse has edited the series of lives of American statesmen, and is the author of the volumes on *John Quincy Adams* (1883), *Thomas Jefferson* (1883), *John Adams* (1884), *Abraham Lincoln* (1893).

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

In his conscientious way he [John Quincy Adams] was faithful and industrious to a rare degree. He was never absent and seldom late; he bore unflinchingly the burden of severe committee work, and shirked no toil on the plea of age or infirmity. He attended closely to all the business of the House; carefully formed his opinions on every question; never failed to vote except for cause; and always had sufficient reason independent of party allegiance to sustain his vote. Living in the age of oratory, he earned the name of "the old man eloquent." Yet he was not an orator in the sense in which Webster, Clay, and Calhoun were orators. He was not a rhetorician; he had neither grace of manner nor a fine presence, neither an imposing delivery nor even pleasing tones. On the contrary he was exceptionally lacking in all these qualities.

When he entered Congress he had been for much more than a third of a century zealously

JOHN TORREY MORSE.—

gathering knowledge in public affairs, and during his career in that body every year swelled the already vast accumulation. Moreover, listeners were always sure to get a bold and honest utterance and often pretty keen words from him, and he never spoke to an inattentive audience or to a thin house. Whether pleased or incensed by what he said, the Representatives at least always listened to it. He was by nature a hard fighter, and by the circumstances of his course in Congress this quality was stimulated to such a degree that parliamentary history does not show his equal as a gladiator. His power of invective was extraordinary, and he was untiring in the use of it. Theoretically he disapproved of sarcasm, but practically he could not refrain from it. Men winced and cowered before his milder attacks, became sometimes dumb, sometimes furious with mad rage before his fiercer assaults. Such struggles evidently gave him pleasure, and there was scarce a back in Congress that did not at one time or another feel the score of his cutting lash; though it was the Southerners and the Northern allies of the Southerners whom chiefly he singled out for torture. He was irritable and quick to wrath; he himself constantly speaks of the infirmity of his temper, and in his many conflicts his principal concern was to keep it in control. His enemies often referred to it and twitted him with it. Of alliances he was careless, and friendships he had almost none. But in the creation of enmities he was terribly successful. Not so much at first, but increasingly as years went on, a state of ceaseless, vigilant hostility became his normal condition. From the time when he fairly entered upon the long struggle against slavery, he enjoyed few peaceful days in the House. But he seemed to thrive upon the warfare, and to be never so well pleased as when he was bandying hot words with slave-holders and the Northern supporters of slave-holders. When

JOHN TORREY MORSE.—

the air of the House was thick with crimination and abuse he seemed to suck in fresh vigor and spirit from the hate-laden atmosphere. When invectives fell around him in showers, he screamed back his retaliation with untiring rapidity and marvellous dexterity of aim. No odds could appall him. With his back set firm against a solid moral principle, it was his joy to strike out at a multitude of foes. They lost their heads as well as their tempers, but in the extremest moments of excitement and anger, Mr. Adams's brain seemed to work with machine-like coolness and accuracy. With flushed face, streaming eyes, animated gesticulation, and cracking voice, he always retained perfect mastery of all his intellectual faculties. He thus became a terrible antagonist, whom all feared, yet fearing could not refrain from attacking, so bitterly and incessantly did he choose to exert his wonderful power of exasperation. Few men could throw an opponent into wild, blind fury with such speed and certainty as he could; and he does not conceal the malicious gratification which such feats brought to him. A leader of such fighting capacity, so courageous, with such a magazine of experience and information, and with a character so irreproachable, could have won brilliant victories in public life at the head of even a small band of devoted followers. But Mr. Adams never had, and apparently never wanted followers. Other prominent public men were brought not only into collision but into comparison with their contemporaries. But Mr. Adams's individuality was so strong that he can be compared with no one. It was not an individuality of genius nor to any remarkable extent of mental qualities; but rather an individuality of character.—*John Quincy Adams.*

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MOSCHUS.—

MOSCHUS, a Grecian poet who flourished at Syracuse in Sicily, about 270 B. C. He was probably a contemporary of Theocritus, and certainly a pupil of Bion. Theocritus, Bion and Moschus form the Syracusan school of pastoral poetry, and their works are usually printed together in one small volume. The extant works of Moschus consist of four Idyls, and a few fragments. The *Elegy upon Bion*—about half of which is here given—was evidently in Milton's mind when he composed his *Lycidas*.

ELEGY FOR BION.

Begin Sicilian Muses, now begin the dirge.

Wail, let me hear you wail, ye woodland glades,
and wail
Ye Dorian streams ; ye rivers all for Bion weep,
Bion, the loved. All ye green things of earth
lament ;
Mourn him, ye groves ; and sadly breathe yourselves away
Ye clustered flowers ; redden, ye roses, in your
grief ;
Wax red, ye anemones ; and thou hyacinth,
In sad tone lisp the letters upon thee inscribed,
And to thy tinted petals add a deeper *Ai* !
For he is dead—the most beloved singer—dead.

Begin Sicilian Muses, now begin the dirge.

Ye nightingales, that, 'mid the shaking leaves
lament,
To the Sicilian founts of Arethusa tell
That Bion, the loved swain, is dead, and that
with him
The song hath ceased—expired the Dorian
minstrelsy.

Begin, Sicilian Muses, now begin the dirge.

Who now upon thy pipe shall play, O trebly
mourned ?
Who now upon thy pipe shall dare to place his
lips ?

MOSCHUS.—

For still thy lips are breathing—still their
breath survives ;
Echo among the reeds still feeds upon thy notes.
To Pan shall I present thy pipe ? Nay, for per-
chance
Even he would fearful be to touch his lips
thereto,
Lest, after thee, he but the second prize should
win.

Begin, Sicilian Muses, now begin the dirge.

This, Meles, thou most musical of rivers, this
Is thy second sorrow, this thy newest love.
Of old thou didst thy Homer lose ; men say that
thou
Didst wail thy goodly son with floods of falling
tears,
And the salt sea didst with thy lamentation fill ;
And now again dost thou bemoan another son,
And with another sorrow thou dost waste away.
They both were lovers of the fountains : Homer
quaffed
From the Pegasean fount, from Arethusa
Bion was wont to drink. One sang of Thetis's
son,
And the Atridæ, of Tyndaraus's daughter sang.
But not of warlike deeds or tears the other sang ;
Tending his herds, of Pan he sang ; of herds-
men sang.

Begin, Sicilian Muses, now begin the dirge.

Each famous city mourns thee, Bion, mourn
all towns :
Ascia for thee more than for her Hesiod grieves ;
Bœotian Hylas doth far less for Pindar wail ;
Not for Alcæus did sweet Lesbos so much mourn,
Nor the fair Ceian town her bard, Simonides ;
For thee, more than for Archilochus, Paros
moans ;
Instead of Sappho's, Mitylene sings thy songs.
For thee Sicilidas, the pride of Samos, weeps ;
Once—smiling Lycidas, now deep lamenting,
groans
With the Cydonians, Philetus wails at Cos
Beside the river Halys ; Theocritus weeps

MOSCHUS.—

Among the Syracusans.—But for thee I raise
The sad Ausonian strain : I who no stranger am
To thy loved rural song ; who am inheritor
Of that sweet Dorian minstrelsy which thou
didst teach

Thy pupils. To others thou didst indeed be-
queath

Thy wealth ; but unto me, more honored, left
thy song.

Begin, Sicilian Muses, now begin the dirge.

Ai ! Ai ! The mallows in the garden lying dead,
Or the green parsley, or the anise crisp and
sweet,

They have another life, and in the coming year
Spring forth. But we, the great, the valiant,
or the wise

Of men, when once we die, within the hollow
ground

We sleep the still, the endless, unawakening
sleep.

Thou likewise shall voiceless lie ; while the
Nymphs ordain

That the hoarse frog shall still croak one ternally.

Transl. of ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

SEA AND SHORE.

When winds that move not its calm surface
sweep

The azure sea, I love the land no more,—

The smiles of the serene and tranquil deep

Tempt my unquiet mind. But when the roar

Of ocean's gray abyss resounds, and foam

Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves burst,

I turn from the drear aspect to the home

Of earth and its deep woods, where, interspersed,

When winds blow loud, pines make sweet
melody.

Whose house is some lone bark, whose toil the
sea,

Whose prey the wandering fish, an evil lot

Has chosen. But I my languid limbs will fling

Beneath the plane, where the brook, murmuring

Moves the calm spirit, but disturbs it not :

Transl. of PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THOMAS MOSS.—

MOSS, THOMAS, an English poet, born in 1740 ; died in 1808. He was minister of Brierly Hill and of Trentham, Staffordshire. In 1769 he published a volume of miscellaneous *Poems*, and in 1783 a poem entitled *The Imperfection of Human Enjoyment*. Of the poems in his first volume, one, *The Beggar*, has been given a place in most of the English anthologies.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !

Whose trembling limbs have borne him to
your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;
Oh ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your
store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened
years ;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect, drew me from my
road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor !)
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial forced me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh ! take me to your hospitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold !
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repressed.

THOMAS MOSS.—

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we
repine ?

'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state
you see ;
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the
morn ;

But, ah ! oppression forced me from my cot ;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age !
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandoned on the world's wide stage
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care !
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell—lingering fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to
your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;
O ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your
store.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.—

MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM, a Scottish poet, born in 1797; died in 1835. His father soon removed from Glasgow to Edinburgh, where the boy was placed at school, entering the High-school in 1808. The next year, his father not prospering in business, he was sent to an uncle, an iron founder, of Paisley. Here he studied in the grammar school until he was fifteen years old, when he entered the office of the Sheriff-clerk. In 1819 he was appointed Sheriff-clerk Depute of the county of Renfrew. He retained the office for ten years, giving his leisure to editorial work and to poetry. He published *The Harp of Renfrewshire*, a collection of poems, some of which were original, in 1819, and *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, in 1827. The following year he edited the *Paisley Advertiser*, and the *Paisley Magazine*, and in 1830 was invited to take charge of the *Glasgow Courier*. He retained the editorship of this paper until his death, at the age of thirty-eight. In 1832 he published a collection of his poems, with the title, *Poems, Narrative and Lyrical*.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule!
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows o'er my path,
And blind my een wi' tears;

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.—

They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit each other weel,
'Twas then we twa did part,
Sweet time, sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on a laigh bink
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent down o'er ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye, how we hung our heads,
How cheeks burnt red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran off to speel the braes,—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head runs round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule time and o' thee.
O mornin' life! O mornin' luve!
O lightsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like summer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.—

The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled down your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me?
O, tell me, gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine!
O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.—

But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me!

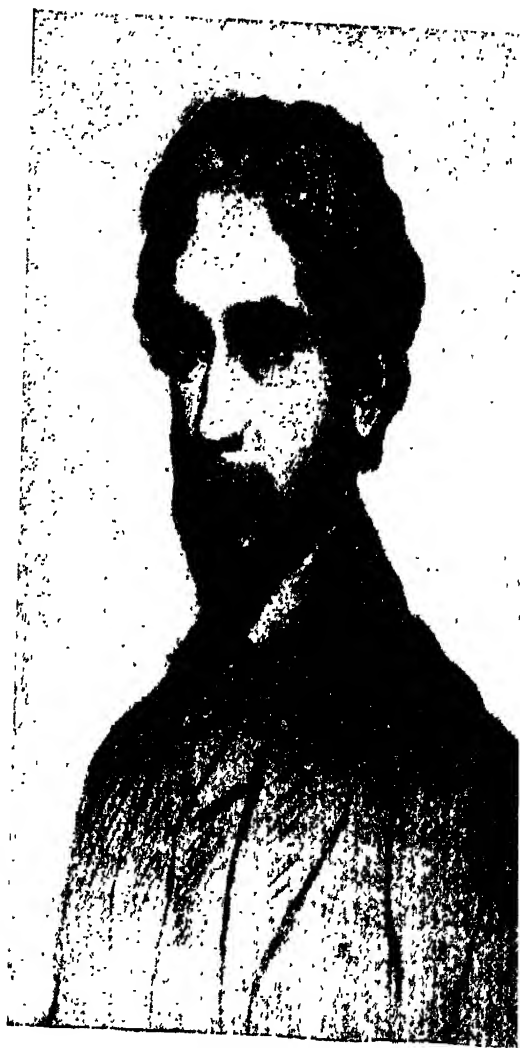
I'VE PLUCKED THE BERRY.

I've plucked the berry from the bush, the brown
nut from the tree,
But heart of happy little bird ne'er broken was
by me;
I saw them in their curious nests, close couch-
ing, slyly peer
With their wild eyes like glittering beads, to
note if harm were near;
I passed them by and blessed them all; I felt
that it was good
To leave unmoved the creatures small whose
home is in the wood.

And here, even now, above my head, a lusty
rogue doth sing,
He pecks his swelling breast and neck and
trims his little wing,
He will not fly; he knows full well, while chirp-
ing on that spray,
I would not harm him for a world, or interrupt
his lay:
Sing on, sing on, blithe bird! and fill my heart
with summer gladness,
It has been aching many a day with measures
full of sadness!

WHAT IS GLORY? WHAT IS FAME?

What is Glory? What is Fame?
The echo of a long-lost name;
A breath, an idle hour's brief talk;
The shadow of an arrant naught;
A flower that blossoms for a day,
Dying next morrow;
A stream that hurries on its way,
Singing of sorrow;
The last drop of a bootless shower,
Shed on a sere and leafless bower;
A rose, stuck in a dead man's breast,—
This is the World's fame at the best!



JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.—

MOTLEY, JOHN LOTHROP, an American historian, born at Dorchester, Mass., 1814; died near Dorchester, England, in 1877. He entered Harvard College at the age of thirteen, and graduated four years afterwards. He then studied in the German Universities of Berlin and at Göttingen, where he became intimate with Bismarck, with whom he maintained friendly relations during his whole life. He wrote two novels, *Morton's Hope* (1839); and *Merry Mount* not long after, though it was not published until 1849. He had become convinced that history, not novel-writing, was his vocation; and as early as 1846 had begun to collect materials for a History of Holland. He went to Europe to gather further materials; and it was ten years before his first history, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, was ready for the press. In 1861, shortly after the publication of the first two volumes of his *History of the United Netherlands*, he was appointed U. S. minister to Austria, a position which he held until 1867, when he resigned, in consequence of some allegations which were brought against him. In 1869 he was appointed U. S. Minister to England, but was recalled in the following year, for political reasons not fully explained even yet. In 1873 he had an attack of an apoplectic character, which resulted in partial paralysis. Besides the two novels already mentioned, and many contributions to periodicals, mostly of a historical character, Mr. Motley's works are: *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* (1856), *History of the United Netherlands* (Vols. I., II., 1860; Vols. III. IV., 1867), and *Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland* (1874).

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.—

John Lothrop Motley, a Memoir, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, was published in 1878; and a selection from his *Correspondence*, edited by George William Curtis, in 1889.

LONG LIVE THE BEGGARS.

Brederode invited the confederates to a magnificent repast which he had ordered to be prepared in the Culemburg mansion. Three hundred guests sat down, upon the 8th of April, 1566, to this luxurious banquet, which was destined to become historical. The board glittered with silver and gold, the wine circulated with more than its usual rapidity among the band of noble bacchanals. There was an earnest discussion as to an appropriate name to be given to the confederacy. Should they call themselves the "Society of Concord," the "Restorers of Lost Liberty," or by what other title should the league be baptized?

Brederode was, however, already prepared to settle the question. He knew the value of a popular and original name; he possessed the instinct by which adroit partisans in every age have been accustomed to convert the reproachful epithets of their opponents into watchwords of honor, and he had already made his preparations for a startling theatrical effect. Suddenly, amid the din of voices, he arose, with all his theatrical powers at command. He recounted to the company the observations which the Seigneur de Berlaymont was reported to have made to the Regent, Duchess of Parma, upon the presentation of the "Request," and the name which he had thought fit to apply to them collectively.* Most of the gentlemen then heard the memorable sarcasm for the first

* "What, Madame, is it possible that your Highness can entertain fears of these miserable beggars (*gueux*)? By the living God, if my advice were taken, their Request should have a cudgel for a commentary, and we would make them go down the steps of the palace a great deal faster than they mounted them."

time. Great was the indignation of all that the State Counsellor should have dared to stigmatize as beggars a band of gentlemen with the best blood of the land in their veins. Brederode, on the contrary, smoothing their anger, assured them that nothing could be more fortunate. "They call us beggars," said he; "let us accept the name. We will contend with the Inquisition, but remain loyal to the King, even till compelled to wear the beggar's sack."

He then beckoned to one of the pages, who brought him a leathern wallet such as was worn at that day by professional mendicants, together with a large wooden bowl, which also formed part of their regular appurtenances. Brederode immediately hung the wallet around his neck, filled the bowl with wine, lifted it with both hands, and drained it at a draught. "Long live the Beggars!" he cried, as he wiped his beard, and set the bowl down. "*Vivent les Gueux!*" Then, for the first time, from the lips of those reckless nobles, rose the famous cry which was so often to ring over land and sea, amid blazing cities, on blood-stained decks, through the smoke and carnage of many a stricken field.

The speech of Brederode was hailed with deafening shouts of applause. The count then threw the wallet around the neck of his nearest neighbor, and handed him the wooden bowl. Each guest, in turn, donned the mendicant's knapsack. Pushing aside his golden goblet, each filled the beggar's bowl to the brim, and drained it to the beggars' health. Roars of laughter, and shouts of "*Vivent les Gueux!*" shook the walls of the stately mansion, as they were doomed never to shake again. The "shibboleth" was invented. The conjuration which they had been anxiously seeking was found. Their enemies had provided them with a spell which was to prove, in after days, potent enough to start a spirit from palace or hovel, forest or wave, as the deeds of the "Wild Beg-

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.—

gars," the "Wood Beggars," and the "Beggars of the Sea," taught Philip at last to understand the nation which he had driven to madness.—*Rise of the Dutch Republic*, Part II.

ALVA'S "BLOOD COUNCIL."

In a despatch of September 9, 1567, the Duke of Alva announced to Philip his determination to establish a new Council for the trial of crimes committed during the recent period of troubles. This wonderful tribunal was accordingly created with the least possible delay. It was called the "Council of Troubles," but it soon acquired the terrible name, by which it will be forever known in history, of the "Blood Council." It superseded all other institutions. Every court, from those of the municipal magistrates up to those of the supreme councils of the provinces, was forbidden to take cognizance in future of any cause growing out of the late troubles.

The constitution of this suddenly erected court was of a twofold nature. It defined and it punished the crime of treason. The definitions, couched in eighteen articles, declared it to be treason to have delivered or signed any petition against the New Bishops, the Inquisition, or the Edicts; to have tolerated public preaching under any circumstances; to have omitted resistance to the image-breakers, to the field-preaching, or to the presentation of the Request by the nobles; and, "either, through sympathy or surprise," to have asserted that the king did not possess the right to deprive the provinces of their liberties; or to have maintained that the present tribunal was bound to respect, in any manner, any laws or any charters.

In these brief and simple—but common terms was the crime of high treason defined. The punishment was still more briefly and comprehensibly stated: for it was instant death



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in all cases. So well did this new and terrible engine perform its work, that in less than three months from the time of its erection, eighteen hundred human beings had suffered death by its summary proceedings ; some of the highest, the noblest, and the most virtuous in the land among the number. Nor had it then manifested the slightest indication of falling in its dread career—*Rise of the Dutch Republic*, Part III.

ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

On Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1584, at about half-past twelve, the Prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day, according to his usual custom, in a very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved hat of dark felt, with a silken cord round the crown, such as had been worn by the "Beggars" in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck from which also depended one of the Beggars' medals with the motto, "*Fidèle jusqu'à la besace* ; " while a loose surcoat of gray frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide-slashed underclothes, completed his costume. Gérard presented himself at the doorway, and demanded a passport, which the Prince directed his secretary to make out for him. . . .

At two o'clock the company rose from the table. The Prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was on the ground floor, opened into a little square vestibule, which communicated through an arched passage-way with the main entrance into the court-yard. The vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch sunk deep in the wall, and completely in shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the

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side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window halfway up the flight.

The Prince came from the dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair, when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence upon the wall beyond. The prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound: "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!" These were the last words he ever spake, save that when his sister immediately afterwards asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, "Yes." His master-of-horse had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. The Prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterwards laid upon a couch in the dining-room, where in a few minutes he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister.—*Rise of the Dutch Republic*, Part VI.

PHILIP THE SECOND OF SPAIN.

At the time of the assassination of William of Orange, a small dull, elderly, imperfectly-educated, patient, plodding invalid, with white hair and protruding under-jaw, and a dreary visage, was sitting day after day, seldom speaking, never smiling, seven or eight hours out of every twenty-four, at a writing-table covered with despatches, in a cabinet far away beyond the seas and mountains, in the very heart of Spain. A clerk or two noiselessly opening and shutting the door from time to time, fetching fresh bundles of letters and taking away others—all written and composed by secretaries or high functionaries, and all to be scrawled over in the margin by the diligent old man, in a big schoolboy's hand and style—if every schoolboy,

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even in the sixteenth century, could write so illegibly or express himself so awkwardly ; couriers in every courtyard, arriving from or departing for the uttermost parts of the earth—Asia, Africa, America, Europe—to fetch and carry these interminable despatches, which contained the irresponsible commands of this one individual, and were freighted with the doom and destiny of countless millions of the world's inhabitants.

Such was the system of government against which the Netherlands had protested and revolted. It was a system under which their fields had been made desolate ; their cities burned and pillaged ; their men hanged, burned, drowned, or hacked in pieces ; their women subjected to every outrage ; and to put an end to which they had been devoting their treasures and their blood for nearly the length of one generation. It was a system, too, which, among other results, had brought about the death of William of Orange, the foremost statesman of Europe, and had nearly effected simultaneously the murder of Elizabeth of England, the most eminent sovereign of the world. The industrious Philip, safe and tranquil in the depths of the Escorial, saying his prayers three times a day with exemplary regularity, had just sent three bullets through the body of William the Silent at his dining-room door in Delft. "Had it only been done two years earlier," observed the patient old man, "much trouble might have been spared me, but it's better late than never."

Invisible as the Grand Lama of Thibet, clothed with power as extensive and absolute as had ever been wielded by the most imperial Cæsar, Philip the Prudent, as he grew feebler in mind and body, seemed to become more gluttonous of work ; more ambitious to extend his sceptre over lands which he had never seen or dreamed of seeing ; more fixed in his determination to annihilate that monster Protestantism which it had been the business of his life to combat ; more eager to put to death every

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human creature, whether anointed monarch or humble artisan, that defended heresy or opposed his progress to universal monarchy.—*United Netherlands.*

THE EXECUTION OF BARNEVELD.

It was not to a merry-making that the soldiers were marching and counter-marching, and the citizens thronging so eagerly from every street and alley towards the old castle at the Hague, on the morning of May, 13, 1619. By four o'clock the Outer and Inner Courts had been lined with detachments of the guards of Prince Maurice of Orange, Stadtholder of the United Dutch Provinces and companies of other regiments, to the number of 1200 men.

In front of the lower window, with its Gothic archway hastily converted into a door, a shapeless platform of rough unhewn planks had that night been rudely patched together. This was the scaffold. A slight railing around it served to protect it from the crowd, and a heap of sand had been thrown upon it. A squalid, unclean box of unplanned boards lay on the scaffold; it had been made some time before as the coffin of a Frenchman, who had been convicted of murder, but had been pardoned at the last moment. Upon this coffin sat two common soldiers of ruffianly aspect, playing at dice, and betting whether the Lord or the Devil would get the soul of Barneveld. Many a foul and ribald jest at the expense of the prisoner was exchanged between these gamblers, and a few townsmen who were grouped about at that early hour.

The great mass of spectators had forced their way by daybreak into the Hall itself, to hear the sentence, so that the Inner Courtyard had remained comparatively empty. At last, at half-past nine o'clock, a shout arose. "There he comes!" and the populace flowed out from the Hall of Judgment into the Courtyard, like a tidal wave. In an instant the Inner Court was filled with more than three thousand spectators.

The old statesman, leaning upon his staff,

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walked out upon the scaffold, and calmly surveyed the scene. Lifting his eyes to heaven, he was heard to murmur, "O God! what does man come to at last!" Then he said bitterly once more, "This, then, is the reward of forty years' service done to the State!"

La Motte, who attended him, said fervently: "It is no longer time to think of this. Let us prepare your coming before God."

"Is there no cushion or stool to kneel upon?" said Barneveld, looking around him.

The Provost said he would send for one; but the old man knelt at once. His servant, who waited upon him as composedly as if he had been serving him at dinner, held him by the arm. It was remarked that neither master nor man shed a single tear on the scaffold.

La Motte prayed for a quarter of an hour, Barneveld remaining upon his knees. He then rose, and said to John Franken: "See that he does not come near me," pointing to the executioner, who stood in the background, grasping his long-double-handled sword. Barneveld then rapidly unbuttoned his doublet with his own hands, and the valet helped him off with it. "Make haste; make haste!" said his master.

The statesman then came forward, and said, in a loud firm voice, to the people, "Men, do not believe that I am a traitor to the country. I have ever acted uprightly and loyally; and as such I shall die." The crowd was perfectly silent. He then took his cap from John Franken, drew it over his eyes, and went towards the sand, saying "Christ be my guide! O Lord, my heavenly Father, receive my spirit!"

As he was about to kneel with his face to the south, the Provost said, "My lord will be pleased to move to the other side, not where the sun is in his face." He knelt accordingly with his face towards his own house. The servant took farewell of him, and Barneveld said to the executioner, "Be quick about it. Be quick." The executioner then struck off his head at a single blow.—*Life of John of Barneveld.*

ELLEN LOUISE MOULTON.—

MOULTON, ELLEN LOUISE (CHANDLER), an American author, born at Pomfret, Conn., in 1835. At fifteen she began to contribute to periodicals, under the name of "Ellen Louise." In 1854 she published *This, That, and the Other*, a volume made of stories, essays, and poems. In 1855 she married Mr. William Moulton of Boston. She thereafter contributed largely, in prose and verse, to various periodicals, and has several times visited Europe. Her works, most of which had already appeared in magazines and journals, are: *Juno Clifford*, a novel (1855), *My Third Book* (1859), *Bed-Time Stories* (1873), *Some Women's Hearts* (1874), *More Bed-Time Stories* (1875), *Poems* (1877), *Swallow-Flights and Other Poems* (1878), *New Bed-Time Stories* (1880), *Random Rambles* (1881), *Firelight Stories* (1883), *Ourselves and Our Neighbors* (1887), *In the Garden of Dreams* (1890), *Stories told at Twilight* (1890), *Swallow Flights*, poems (1892).

THE LONDON CABBY.

Shall I ever forget my first solitary experience of the tender mercies of a London cabby? I had been there two weeks, perhaps, and had been driven here and there in friendly company; but at last I was to venture forth alone. It was a Sunday afternoon,—a lovely June day, which should have produced a melting mood even in the hard heart of a cabby. I had been bidden to an informal five o'clock tea at the house of a certain poet in a certain quiet "road" among the many "roads" of Kensington. An American friend put me sadly but hopefully into a hansom. I asked him how much I was to pay, and was told eighteenpence. I always ask this question by way of precaution; but I have found since that there is usually a sad discrepancy of opinion between my friend at the beginning and the driver at the

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end of the route; however, I had not learned this fact at that early epoch.

"Eighteenpence," said my friend. "I think you'll be all right; but if there's any trouble, you know, you must ask for his number, and I'll have him up for you to-morrow."

I thought he was pretty well "up" already. Indeed the upness, if I may coin a word, of the driver is the most extraordinary thing about a hansom.

I heard my friend announce the street and number of my destination, and the sweet little cherub that sat up aloft make reply,—

"The lady knows where she's a-goin' don't she?" And then we drove away. To me the drive did not seem long. As I have said, it was a day in June,—

"Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky."

I could not see much of the sky, however, but I caught, when I strained my eyes upward, glimpses of a great, deep, blue dome, with white clouds drifting across it now and then, like the wings of gigantic birds. As we got a little out of the thick of the town the sweet breath of roses from gardens in bloom filled the air; in the gentle breeze the tree-boughs waved lazily; there was everywhere a brooding warmth and peace which I pleased my democratic heart by thinking that cabby must also enjoy.

Was he not grateful to me, I wondered, for taking him a little off his accustomed tract into these pleasant paths?

Suddenly my reverie was broken by his voice. He had opened the trap in the roof, and was calling down to me from his perch,—

"Which o' them turns, ma'am?"

I had never been in Kensington before. I looked on in front, and down the cross street at each side. Instinct failed me; I had not even a conjecture to hazard. I answered mildly,—
"Why, I don't know I'm sure."

"Oh, you don't know, don't you? well then,

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I'm sure I don't. The gentleman said as *you* knew where you was a-goin', or I wouldn't a took you."

Then I spoke severely. The dignity of a free born American asserted itself. I said:

"I am not driving this cab. I wish to go to 163 Blank Road, but it is not my business to find the way. You can ask the first policeman you see." But the peace of the June afternoon was over. It seemed to me that the very hansom moved sullenly.

We kept bringing up with a jerk at some corner, while cabby shouted out his inquiry, and then we went on again. At last we reached Blank Road. I saw the name on a street sign and soon we drew up before 163. I extracted eighteenpence from my purse, and handed it with sweet serenity to my charioteer. Words fail me to describe the contempt upon his expressive countenance. He turned the money over in his hand and looked at it, as a naturalist might at a curious insect. At length he demanded, in a tone which implied great self-control on his part,—

"Will you tell me what this 'ere money is fur?"

"It is your fare," I said with a smile which should have melted his heart, but didn't.

"My fare, is it?" and his voice rose to a wild shriek. "My fare, is it? And you take me away, on a Sunday afternoon, from a beat where I was gettin' a dozen fares an hour, and bring me to this God-forsaken place, and then offer me one-and-six-pence! My fare! I ought to 'ave a crown; and a 'alf crown is the very least as I'll take."

I took out another silver shilling, and handed it to him; but I felt that I had the dignity of an American to maintain. I remembered what my friend had told me, and I said loftily,—

"And now I will take your number, if you please."

"Yes, I'll give you my number. Oh, yes, you shall 'ave my number! and welcome!"

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and he tore off from somewhere a sort of tin plate with figures on it.

I had been accustomed to the printed slip which every French *cocher* hands you without asking; and it occurred to me that this metal card was rather clumsy, and that if he carried many such about with him they must somewhat weigh down his pocket; but I knew that England was a country where they believed in making things solid and durable, and I supposed it was quite natural that cabbies should present their passengers with metal numbers instead of paper ones; so holding the thing gingerly in my hand, I marched tranquilly up the steps of my friend's house.

I have seen in Italy and elsewhere various pictures of the descent of the fallen and condemned, but I think even Michael Angelo might have caught a new inspiration from the descent of my cabby. He plunged—I can think of no other word—down from his height, tore the badge from my trembling fingers, and shook his hard and brawny fist within the eighth of an inch of my tip-tilted nose.

"Ow dare you," he screamed, "ow dare you be makin' hoff with my badge? I'll 'ave you up, hif you don't mind your heye."

And, indeed, I thought my eye very likely to need minding. But he mounted his perch again, badge in hand, and poured out imprecations like a flood, while I pulled frantically at bell and knocker. When at last I was in my friend's drawing-room, I told my troublous tale.

"Oh, I hope you have his number?" said my host.

"No; he took it away, as I am telling you."

"O but don't you remember it?—you should have taken it down with a pencil."

Then I discovered what my mistake had been.—*Random Rambles.*

NEXT YEAR.

The lark is singing gaily in the meadow, the
sun is rising o'er the dark blue hills;

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But she is gone, the music of whose talking
was sweeter than the voice of summer
rills.

Sometimes I see the bluebells of the forest, and
think of her blue eyes;

Sometimes I seem to hear the rustle of her
garments: 'tis but the wind's low sighs.

I see the sunbeams trail along the orchard,
and fall in thought to tangling up her
hair;

And sometimes round the sinless lips of child-
hood breaks forth a smile, such as she
used to wear;

But never any pleasant thing, around, above
us, seems to me like her love—

More lofty than the skies that bend and
brighten o'er us, more constant than the
dove.

She walks no more beside me in the morning;
she meets me not on any summer eve;

But once at night I heard a low voice calling—
“Oh, faithful friend, thou hast not long to
grieve!”

Next year, when larks are singing gaily in the
meadow, I shall not hear their tone;

But she in the dim, far-off country of the
stranger, will walk no more alone.

IN THE RANKS.

His death-blow struck him there in the ranks—

There in the ranks, with his face to the foe:
Did his dying lips mutter curses or thanks?

No one will know.

Still he marched on, he with the rest—

Still he marched on, with his face to the foe,
To the day's bitter business sternly address:

Dead—did they know?

When the day was over, the fierce fight was
done,

His cheeks were red with the summer glow,
And they crowned him there with their laurels
won:

Dead—did he know?

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Laurels or roses all one to him now ;
What to a dead man is glory or glow ?
Rose-wreaths for love, or a crown on his brow ?
Dead—does he know ?
And yet you will see him march on with the
rest—
No man of them all makes a more gallant
show—
In the thick of the tumult jostled and prest :
Dead—would you know ?

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

How shall I here her placid picture paint
With touch that shall be delicate, yet sure ?
Soft hair above a brow so high and pure
Years have not soiled it with an earthly taint,
Needing no aureole to prove her saint ;
Firm mind that no temptation could allure ;
Soul strong to do, heart stronger to endure ;
And calm, sweet lips that uttered no complaint.

So have I seen her, in my darkest days
And when her own most sacred ties were
riven,
Walk tranquilly in self-denying ways,
Asking for strength, and sure it would be
given ;
Filling her life with lowly prayer, high praise—
So shall I see her, if we meet in heaven.

In the Garden of Dreams.

ROBERT MUDIE.—

MUDIE, ROBERT, a British author, born in Forfarshire, Scotland, in 1777; died in London in 1842. He was self-educated, and in 1802 was appointed professor of Gaelic and teacher of drawing at Inverness academy. In 1820 he went to London, and became a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*. He published many popular works, including books on natural history and astronomy. Among his works are: *The British Naturalist* (1828), *Feathered Tribes of the British Islands* (1833), *The Elements: the Heavens, the Earth, the Air, the Sea* (1837), *Popular Guide to the Observation of Nature* (1839), *Man as a Moral and Accountable Being*, *Man in his Physical Structure and Adaptation*, and *Man in his Relations to Society* (1840).

THE SKYLARK.

The skylark, or, as is more accurately expressed by the specific name, the "field-lark", (only that name has been misapplied to the field-pipit), is the most universal of the British songsters. It inhabits near the dwellings of man, rather than in the bleak wastes, because neither the seeds nor the insects which are produced in these are suited for it; but it inhabits the peopled districts abundantly in all their variety of latitude, soil and climate; and, though it may have been previously unknown there, when man has turned the furrow on the waste, and replaced the heath, the moss and the rush by a more kindly vegetation, the lark is sure to come with its song of gratitude, to *reveillée* him to the field betimes, and cheer his labors the livelong day. Larks, from their vast numbers, flock much and fly far in the winter, and flock more to the uplands in the middle of England, where much rain usually falls in the summer, than

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to the drier and warmer places near the shores ; but so true are they to their time, that, be it in the south, the centre, or the north, the lark is always ready, on the first gleamy day of the year, to mount to its watch tower, in the upper sky, and proclaim the coming of the vernal season. It is, in fact, more joyant in the sun, more inspirable by the life which the solar influence diffuses through the atmosphere, than almost any other creature: not a spring air can sport, not a breeze of morn can play, not an exhalation of freshness from opening bud or softening clod can ascend, without note of it being taken and proclaimed by this all sentient index to the progress of nature. And the form and manner of the indication are as delightful as the principle is true. The lark rises, not like most birds, which climb the air upon one slope, by a succession of leaps, as if a heavy body were raised by a succession of efforts, or steps, with passes between it turns upward like a vapor, borne lightly on the atmosphere, and yielding to the motions of that as other vapors do. Its course is a spiral, gradually enlarging; and seen on the side, it is as if it were keeping the boundary of a pillar of ascending smoke, always on the surface of that logarithmic column (or, funnel, rather), which is the only figure that, on a narrow base, and spreading as it ascends, satisfies the eye with its stability and self-balancing in the thin and invisible fluid. Nor can it seem otherwise, for it is true to nature. In the case of smoke or vapor, it diffuses itself in the exact proportion as the density, or power of support in the air, diminishes; and the lark widens the volutions of its spiral in the very same proportion. Of course it does so only when perfectly free from disturbance or alarm, because either of these is a new element in the cause, and as such it must modify the effect. When equally undisturbed, the descent is by a reversal of the same spiral; and when that is the case, the song is con-

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tinued during the whole time that the bird is in the air.

The accordance of the song with the mode of the ascent and descent is also worthy of notice. When the volutions of the spiral are narrow, and the bird changing its attitude rapidly in proportion to the whole quantity of flight, the song is partially suppressed, and it swells as the spiral widens, and sinks as it contracts; so that though the notes may be the same, it is only when the lark sings poised at the same height, that it sings in a uniform key. It gives a swelling song as it ascends, and a sinking one as it comes down; and even if it take but one wheel in the air, as that wheel always includes either an ascent or a descent, it varies the pitch of the song.

The song of the lark, besides being a most accessible and delightful subject for common observation, is a very curious one for the physiologist. Every one in the least conversant with the structure of birds must be aware that, with them, the organs of intonation and modulation are *inward*, deriving little assistance from the tongue, and none or next to none from the mandibles of the bill. The wind pipe is the musical organ, and it is often very curiously formed. Birds require that organ less for breathing than other animals having a windpipe and lungs because of the air-cells and breathing-tubes with which all parts of their bodies (even the bones) are furnished. But those diffused breathing organs must act with less freedom when the bird is making the greatest efforts in motion; that is when ascending or descending; and in proportion as these cease to act, the trachea is the more required for the purpose of breathing. The skylark thus converts the atmosphere into a musical instrument of many stops, and so produces an exceedingly wild and varied song.

Feathered Tribes of the British Islands.

THEODOR MÜGGE.—

MÜGGE, THEODOR, a German author, born in 1806 ; died in 1861. He was intended for a mercantile life, which he abandoned with the design of serving in Peru under Bolivar. He got no farther than London, where he learned that the Spaniards had been expelled from Peru. Returning to Berlin, he studied philosophy and history, with the view of fitting himself for a professorship in the University. The publication by him, in 1831 of *France and the Last Bourbons*, and *England and Reform*, put an end to his hopes of advancement in the University, and the expression of his political views in pamphlets and newspapers led to his arrest and prosecution. In 1850 he founded a liberal paper, the *National Journal*, of which he edited the department of literary criticism. He wrote a great number of sketches, tales, and novels, which have been collected in thirty-three volumes. Among them are : *A Picture of Life* (1829), *The Chevalier* (1835), *Sketches and Tales* (1836), *Stories and Essays* (1838), *Toussaint l'Ouverture* (1840), *The Provost of Sylt* (1851), *Christmas Eve* (1853), *The Eldest Son of the Family* (1853), and *Afraja* (1854).

· ON A STRANGE COAST.

It was with no friendly glance that John of Marstrand looked upon the savage coasts, and the foaming sea, as he stepped out of the cabin. The damp fog flew so violently about him, and beat in such heavy drops upon his face and clothes, that he shuddered with cold, and closely buttoned up his coat ; then he nodded to the helmsman, who to the salutations of the morning, added some good-natured remark, which the wind carried away before it could reach the ear.

“ What do you think now of this country ? ”

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said the helmsman, with a proud, inquiring glance, as the young nobleman approached him. "Is it not magnificent? See, there is the promontory of Kunnen, and directly beyond sweeps the polar-circle; farther to the left, in the deep Grimmfiord, you can perceive the gigantic Jökuln islands, which, in ice-pyramids, seemed to run far down into the sea. When the morning sunbeams strike upon them, they glow like molten silver. There is the way to the Salten—you have certainly heard of the salt stream? And here on this side of those low rocks, you will soon discover the Westfiord. The Westfiord! Do you hear, man? the great fiord with its fishes! Hurrah! What say you? Have you ever seen anything so beautiful?"

"Foolish Björnarne!" exclaimed John, with a jesting smile; "you seem to think we are entering into paradise. You talk as if these gloomy, snow-covered crags bloomed with almond trees; as if this stormy, icy sea was fanned by the softest zephyrs, and its miserable, oil-reeking fish-swarms were fragrant with perfume." He turned to the south, and continued, with a suppressed sigh, "No tree, no bush, no flower, no green leaf, no singing-bird, nor blade of grass waving to the breeze. Nothing but horror, darkness, fog storms, rocks, and the raging sea."

"If the land is so displeasing to you, you better have remained where you were."

The young Dane looked upon the helmsman, and the expression of his countenance revealed the answer which he gently murmured. "If," whispered he, between his teeth, "I were not obliged to seek my fortune in these wilds, cursed would be the plank which carried me hither."

A melancholy silence, and the manner in which he buried his face in his hands, moved the boasting Björnarne. "You must not," said he, "give yourself up to such sad thoughts—it is not so dreary here as it seems. When the summer comes, the barley ripens even in Trom-

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søe; flowers bloom in the gardens; currants and blackberries grow luxuriantly in all the clefts and ravines; and upon the fielders the mountain bramble covers the earth for miles with purple and scarlet. You must learn to know and love the land where you have chosen to dwell. I would not change it for any other in the world; for there is none more beautiful or better to be found."

Provoked by the derisive smile of the Dane, he proudly proceeded: "Boast, as you please, of your trees and plains; have you such rocks, such fiords, and such a prolific sea? Have you bears and reindeers to hunt? Have you a fishery like this, where, with every haul of the seine, millions of creatures are drawn from the deep; where twenty thousand men, for months, lead a joyous life upon the heaving billows?"

"No good Bjørnarne, we do not, indeed, possess all this," replied John of Marstrand, with a depreciating sneer.

"You shall see it," exclaimed the Norman joyfully. "The fog is falling, and if you could hear, you would already now, in the roar of the waves, understand the strange sound which rushes through the Westfiord.

"There, before us, lies Ostraagoen; here is the old wife of Salten, and over there the old man with the white head. There now you catch a glimpse of his hat. There rise the peaks of Hindøen, there gleam the glaciers of Tjelloen, and now comes the sun; look up!"

And as he spoke, the illuminating orb triumphantly broke through the thick veil of cloud, and, as with a magic spell, lit up a countless array of islands, rocks, and gulfs. The Westfiord opened before the astonished vision of the Dane, and exhibited land and sea in all their glory and splendor. Upon one side lay the coast of Norway, with its snowy summits. Salten loomed up behind, with its needle-like peaks, stretching with their inaccessible ice-covered declivities into the heavens, and its

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG.—

I would not live alway—thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain
Scarce the victory's mine ere I'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
fears,

And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent
tears;

The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway. No, welcome the tomb :
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its
gloom ;

[head;
Where He deigned to sleep I'll, too, bow my
Oh, peaceful the slumbers on that hallowed bed !
And then the glad dawn to follow that night,
When the sunlight of glory shall beam on my
sight,

When the full matin song, as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through
the skies.

Who, who would live alway—away from his
God,

Away from yon heaven, his blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;
Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to
greet ;

While the songs of salvation exultingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul.

That heavenly music ! What is it I hear ?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in the air ;
And see, soft unfolding, those portals of gold !
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold !
Oh, give me, oh, give me the wings of a dove !
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions
above !

Aye, 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions
would soar,

And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore !

MULFORD, ELISHA, an American clergyman and author, born at Montrose, Pa., in 1833, died at Cambridge, Mass., in 1885. He graduated at Yale in 1855, studied theology in the Union Theological Seminary of New York, and at Halle and Heidelberg, Germany, and entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1859. From 1861 to 1864 he had charge of parishes at Darien, Conn., and South Orange, N. J. For the next thirteen years he lived in Montrose unconnected with any parish. In 1877 he became rector of a church at Freundsville, Pa. He retained his parish until 1881, when he went to Cambridge, as lecturer on Apologetics, in the Episcopal Theological School. He published two notable works: *The Nation the Foundation of Civil Order and Political Life in the United States* (1870), and *The Republic of God, an Institute of Theology* (1881).

RIGHTS.

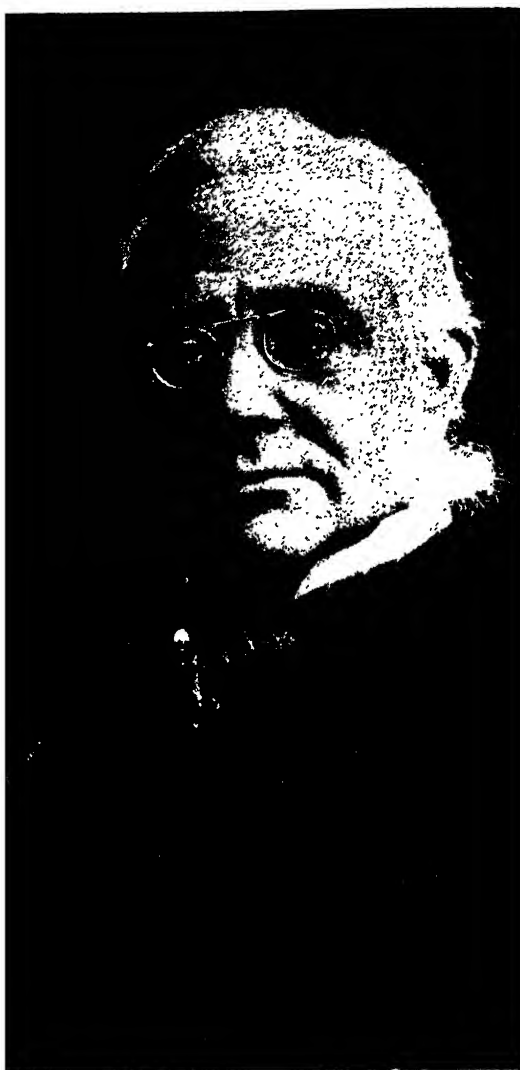
Rights have their correspondence in duties; they may be arbitrarily separated, but it cannot be without the defect or the distortion of the one or the other. Since rights have a moral content, to every right a duty corresponds; but it does not follow that a right corresponds, also to every duty, since there are immediate duties in the relations of life, as for instance, the duty of a child to its parents.

Rights and duties have the same ground in personality. Rights have not their ground in duties, and do not proceed as if only derivative from them. A right is a condition, in which there may be the fulfilment of a duty; but a right is not simply the means for the fulfilment of a duty, only the instrument by which a duty is performed, and having apart, from that no significance. Rights no less than the

FRIEDRICH MAX MÜLLER.—

MÜLLER, FRIEDRICH MAX, a German philologist, the son of the poet Wilhelm Müller, was born at Dessau in 1823. He studied philology at Leipsic, where he took his degree in 1843. Subsequently he went to Paris to continue his study of the Sanskrit and cognate languages, and especially to fit himself for editing the *Rig Veda*, the great Sanskrit poem. In 1846 he went to England for the same purpose. The East India Company offered to pay the expense of the publication of the *Rig Veda*, the first volume of which appeared in 1849, the sixth and last in 1874, each volume containing more than twelve hundred quarto pages. In 1850 the University of Oxford invited him to deliver courses of lectures on Comparative Philology. In 1854 he was elected Taylorian Professor; in 1856 he was made a curator of the Bodleian Library, and in 1858 was made a Fellow of All Souls' College. In 1868 the University founded a new professorship of Comparative Philology, Max Müller being expressly named as the first professor. He resigned the professorship in 1875, intending to return to Germany; but the University induced him to remain for the purpose of editing "The Sacred Books of the East," of which forty nine volumes have been published.

A whole page would be required to give the bare titles of his works, most of which are written in English. Notable among these are: *Lectures on the Science of Language*, delivered at the Royal Institution in 1861 and 1863, *The Origin and Growth of Religion, as Illustrated by the Religions of India*, delivered in the Chapter House of Westminster in 1878. He has



MAX MÜLLER.

FRIEDRICH MAX MÜLLER.—

written largely in magazines and reviews, mainly upon subjects connected with philology. Many of these have been from time to time collected in a series of volumes entitled *Chips from a German Workshop*, from which we make some extracts. Among his later works are: *The Science of Thought* (1887), *Biographies of Words* (1888), and *Natural Religion* (1889), *Physical Religion* (1891), *Anthropological Religion* (1892), *India; What can it Teach us?* (1893). In 1857 he published a novel entitled *Deutsche Liebe*.

REFORMS IN SPELLING.

Spelling and the reform of spelling are problems which concern every student of the Science of Language. It does not matter whether language be English, German, or Dutch. In every written language the problem of reforming its antiquated spelling must sooner or later arise; and we must form some clear notion whether anything can be done to remove or alleviate a complaint inherent in the very life of a language. If my friends tell me that the idea of a reform in spelling is entirely Quixotic; that it is a mere waste of time to try to influence a whole nation to surrender its historical orthography, and to write phonetically, I bow to their superior wisdom as men of the world.

But, as I am not a man of the world, but rather an observer of the world, my interest in the subject, my convictions as to what is right and wrong remain just the same. If I read the history of the world rightly, the victory of reason over unreason, and the whole progress of our race have generally been achieved by such fools as ourselves "rushing in where angels fear to tread," but after a time the track becomes beaten, and even the angels are no longer afraid. I hold and have confessed much more Quixotic theories on language than this belief—that what has been done before by Spaniards and Dutchmen—what is at this very moment being done by Germans—namely

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to reform their corrupt spelling—may be achieved even by Englishmen and Americans.
—*Chips from a German Workshop.*

ABOLISHING SOME LANGUAGES.

I have expressed my belief that the time will come when not only the various alphabets and systems of spelling, but many of the languages themselves which are now spoken in Europe—to say nothing of the rest of the world—will have to be improved away from the face of the earth and abolished.

I know that nothing rouses the ire of a Welshman or a Gael so much as to assert the expediency—nay, necessity of suppressing the teaching of their language at school. It seems madness to hint that it would be a blessing to every child born in Holland, in Portugal, or in Denmark—nay, in Sweden and even in Russia—if instead of learning a language which is for life a barrier between them and the rest of mankind, they were at once to learn one of the great historical languages which confer intellectual and social fellowship with the world. If as a first step in the right direction four languages only—namely English, French, German, Italian (or, possibly Spanish)—were taught at school, the saving of time (and what is more precious than time?) would be infinitely greater than what has been effected by railways and telegraphs.

But I know that no name in any of the doomed languages would be too strong to stigmatize much folly. We should be told that a Japanese only could conceive such an idea; that for a people deliberately to give up its language was a thing never heard of before; that a nation would cease to be a nation if it changed its language; that it would, in fact, commit the “happy despatch,” *à la Japonaise*. All this may be true; but I hold that language is meant to be an instrument of communication, and that, in the struggle for life, the most efficient instrument of communication must

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certainly carry the day, as long as “natural selection,” or, as we formerly called it, “reason,” rules the world.

The following figures may be of use in forming an opinion as to the fate of the great languages of Europe :—

In 1873 *Portuguese* was spoken (in Portugal and Brazil) by about 14,000,000 people ; *Italian* by 26,000,000 ; *French* (in France, Belgium, Switzerland, etc.) by 40,000,000 ; *Spanish* (in Spain and South America) by 44,000,000 ; German by 44,000,000 ; Russian by 56,000,000 ; English (in Europe, America, Australia, and the colonies) by 79,000,000.

According to De Candolle, the population doubles as follows:—In America (among the German races) in 25 years ; in South America in 28 years ; in England in 56 years ; in Russia in 100 years ; in Spain in 112 years ; in Italy in 135 years ; in France in 140 years. Therefore in two hundred years—barring accidents—Italian will be spoken by about 54,000,000 ; French by 72,000,000 ; German by 158,000,000 ; Spanish (in Europe by 37,000,000 ; in South America by 468,000,000) by 505,000,000 ; English (in Europe by 179,000,000 ; in the United States and the British dependencies 1,659,000,000) by 1,818,000,000.

But I shall say no more on this ; for as it is I know I shall never hear the end of it, and shall go down to posterity—if for nothing else—at least for this, the most suicidal folly in a student of language ; a folly comparable only to that of Leibnitz who actually conceived the possibility of one universal language.—*Chips from a German Workshop.*

THE DAWN AS A SOURCE OF MYTHOLOGY.

The dawn is really one of the richest sources of Aryan mythology ; and another class of legends, embodying the strife between winter and summer, the return of spring, the revival of nature, is in most languages but a reflection and amplification of the more ancient stories

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telling of the strife between night and day, the return of the morn, the revival of the whole world. . . .

There is no sight in nature more elevating than the dawn even to us, whom philosophy would wish to teach that *nil admirari* is the highest wisdom. . . . The darkness of night fills the human heart with despondency and awe, and a feeling of fear and anguish sets every nerve trembling. There is man like a forlorn child, fixing his eyes with breathless anxiety upon the East, the womb of day, where the light of the world has flamed up so many times before. . . . The doors of heaven seem slowly to open, and what are called the bright flocks of the dawn step out of the dark stable, returning to their wonted pastures. Who has not seen the gradual advance of this radiant procession,—the heaven like a distant sea tossing its golden waves,—when the first rays shoot forth like the brilliant horses racing round the whole course of the horizon,—when the clouds begin to color up, each shedding her own radiance over her more distant sisters ! Not only the east, but the west, and the south, and the north, the whole temple of heaven is illuminated, and the pious worshipper lights in response his own small light on the altar of his hearth, and stammers words which express but faintly the joy that is in nature and in his own throbbing heart. . . .

If the people of antiquity called those eternal lights of heaven their gods, their bright ones ("deva"), the dawn was the first-born among all the gods,—Protogeneia,—dearest to man, and always young and fresh. But if not raised to an immortal state, if only admired as a kind being, awakening every morning the children of man, her life would seem to be short. She soon fades away, and dies when the fountain-head of light rises in naked splendor, and sends his first swift glance through the vault of heaven. We cannot realize that sentiment with which the eye of antiquity dwelt on these

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sights of nature. To us all is law, order, necessity. We calculate the refractory power of the atmosphere, we measure the possible length of the dawn in every climate, and the rising of the sun is to us no greater surprise than the birth of a child. But if we could believe again, that there was in the sun a being like our own, that in the dawn there was a soul open to human sympathy,—if we could bring ourselves to look for a moment upon those powers as personal, free, and adorable, how different would be our feelings at the blush of day! That Titanic assurance with which we say, the sun *must* rise, was unknown to the early worshippers of nature, or if they also began to feel the regularity with which the sun and the other stars performed their daily labor, they still thought of free beings kept in temporary servitude, chained for a time, and bound to obey a higher will, but sure to rise, like Herakles, to a higher glory at the end of their labors. . . .

Sunrise was the revelation of nature, awakening in the human mind that feeling of dependence, of helplessness, of hope, of joy and faith in higher powers, which is the source of all wisdom, the spring of all religion. But if sunrise inspired the first prayers, called forth the first sacrificial flames, sunset was the other time when, again, the heart of man would tremble, and his mind be filled with awful thoughts. The shadows of night approach, the irresistible power of sleep grasps man in the midst of his pleasures, his friends depart, and in his loneliness his thoughts turn again to higher powers. When the day departs, the poet bewails the untimely death of his bright friend, nay, he sees in his short career the likeness of his own life. Perhaps, when he has fallen asleep, his sun may never rise again, and thus the place to which the setting sun withdraws in the far West rises before his mind as the abode where he himself would go after death, where "his fathers went before

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him," and where all the wise and the pious rejoice in a "new life" with "Yama and Varuna." Or he might look upon the sun, not as a short-lived hero, but as young, unchanging, and always the same, while generations after generations of mortal men were passing away. And hence, by the mere force of contrast, the first intimation of beings which do not wither and decay—of immortals, of immortality! Then the poet would implore the immortal sun to come again, to vouchsafe to the sleeper a new morning. The god of day would become the god of time, of life and death. Again, the evening twilight, the sister of the dawn, repeating, though with a more sombre light, the wonders of the morning, how many feelings must it have roused in the musing poet—how many poems must it have elicited in the living language of ancient times! Was it the dawn that came again to give a last embrace to him who had parted from her in the morning? Was she the immortal, the always returning goddess, and he the mortal, the daily dying sun? Or was she the mortal, bidding a last farewell to her immortal lover, burnt, as it were, on the same pile which would consume her, while he would rise to the seat of the gods?

Let us express these simple scenes in ancient language, and we shall find ourselves surrounded on every side by mythology full of contradictions and incongruities, the same being represented as mortal or immortal, as man or woman, as the poetical eye of man shifts its point of view, and gives its own color to the mysterious play of nature.—*Chips from a German Workshop*, Vol. II.

WILHELM MÜLLER.—

MÜLLER, WILHELM, a German poet, born at Dessau in 1794; died in 1827. He entered the University of Berlin in 1812, but left it the following year to serve in the war of Liberation. The war over, he returned to complete his studies, giving much attention to philology and history. In 1817 he began a two years' tour on the continent, and on his return to Dessau became a teacher in the Normal school. He translated into German Marlowe's *Faustus*, and Fauriel's *Modern Greek Popular Songs*, published a collection in ten volumes of poems of the seventeenth century, and wrote many original poems, the first volume of which, entitled *Blumenlese aus den Minnesängen*, appeared in 1816. He published *Lyrische Spaziergänge* in 1827. After his death a new volume, *Vermischte Schriften*, was published, and in 1837 a collection of his poems was edited by Schwab. Another volume, *Ausgewählte Gedichte*, appeared in 1864.

An appreciative and impartial essay on his work is to be found in the first series of *Chips from a German Workshop*, by his son, F. Max Müller.

SONG BEFORE BATTLE.

Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame
no blight shall know,
As long as through heaven's free expanse the
breezes freely blow,
As long as in the forest wild the green leaves
flutter free,
As long as rivers, mountain-born, roll freely to
the sea,
As long as free the eagle's wing exulting cleaves
the skies,
As long as from a freeman's heart a freeman's
breath doth rise.

WILHELM MÜLLER.—

Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame
no blight shall know,
As long as spirits of the free through earth and
air shall go ;
Through earth and air a spirit band of heroes
moves always,
'Tis near us at the dead of night and in the
noontide's blaze,
In the storm that levels towering pines, and in
the breeze that waves
With low and gentle breath the grass upon our
fathers' graves.

There's not a cradle in the bounds of Hellas
broad and fair,
But the spirit of our free-born sires is surely
hovering there.
It breathes in dreams of fairy-land upon the
infant's brain,
And in his first sleep dedicates the child to
manhood's pain ;
Its summons lures the youth to stand, with
new-born joy possessed,
Where once a freeman fell, and there it fires
his thrilling breast,
And a shudder runs through all his frame ; he
knows not if it be
A throb of rapture, or the first sharp pang of
agony.

Come, swell our banners on the breeze, thou
sacred spirit band,
Give wings to every warrior's foot and nerve to
every hand.
We go to strike for freedom, to break the op-
pressor's rod,
We go to battle and to death for our country
and our God.
Ye are with us, we hear your wings, we hear
in magic tone
Your spirit-voice the pæan swell, and mingle
with our own.

Ye are with us, ye throng around,—you from
Thermopylæ,

WILHELM MÜLLER.—

You from the verdant Marathon ; you from
the azure sea,
By the cloud-capped rocks of Mykale, at
Salamis,—all you
From field and forest, mount and glen, the
land of Hellas through

Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame
no blight shall know,
As long as through heaven's free expanse the
breezes freely blow,
As long as in the forest wild the green leaves
flutter free,
As long as rivers, mountain-born, roll freely
to the sea,
As long as free the eagle's wing exulting
cleaves the skies,
As long as from a freeman's heart a freeman's
breath doth rise.

Transl. of Max Müller.

THE SUNKEN CITY.

Hark ! the faint bells of the sunken city
Peal once more their wonted evening chime !
From the deep abysses floats a ditty,
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories
There lie buried in an ocean grave,—
Undescried, save when their golden glories
Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who had seen them glisten,
In whose ears those magic bells do sound,
Night by night bides there to watch and listen,
Though death lurks behind each dark rock
round.

So the bells of memory's wonder-city
Peal for me their old melodious chime ;
So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
Sad and pleasant, from the bygone time.

Domes and towers and castles, fancy builded,
There lie lost to daylight's garish beams,—
There lie hidden till unveiled and gilded,
Glory-gilded, by my mighty dreams !.

WILHELM MÜLLER.—

And then hear I music sweet upknelling
From full many a well-known phantom band,
And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling
Far off in the spirits' luminous land !

Transl. of James Clarence Mangan.

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

- "The rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go ;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.
- "The clouds are passing far and high,
We little birds in them play ;
And everything, that can sing and fly,
Goes with us, and far away.
- "I greet thee, bonny boat ! Whither, or whence,
With thy fluttering golden band ?"—
- "I greet thee, little bird ! To the wide sea
I haste from the narrow land.
- "Full and swollen is every sail ;
I see no longer a hill,
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,
And it will not let me stand still.
- "And wilt thou, little bird, go with us ?
Thou may'st stand on the mainmast tall,
For full to sinking is my house
With merry companions all."
- "I need not and seek not company,
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone ;
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,
Bonny boat I have wings of my own.
- "High over the sails, high over the mast,—
Who shall gainsay these joys ?
When thy merry companions are still, at
last,
Thou shall hear the sound of my voice.
- "Who neither may rest, nor listen may,
God bless them every one !
I dart away, in the bright blue day,
And the golden fields of the sun.

Translation of HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

BARON MÜNCHAUSEN.—

MÜNCHAUSEN, HIERONYMUS KARL, FRIEDRICH, BARON VON, born in Bodenwerder, Hanover, Germany, in 1720 ; died there in 1797. For many years he served as a cavalry officer in the Russian army, and passed the last part of his life in his native town. He delighted in relating marvellous stories of his adventures in the campaign against the Turks in 1737-9, and this gained him the reputation of being one of the greatest liars that ever lived. These stories are said to have been first compiled by Rudolf Erich Raspe, a man of letters, born in Hanover in 1737, who was discharged from his offices of professor of archæology and curator of the museum in Cassel on the charge of stealing medals. He fled to England, and engaged in literary pursuits in London, where he published these stories anonymously under the title, *Baron Münchhausen's Narrative of his Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia*, (1785). A second edition was printed in Oxford in 1786 ; a third, entitled *Gulliver Revived*, in 1796, and six editions in London, in 1802. The work was first published in Germany in 1787, under the supervision of the poet Burger, who was long thought to be the author. Many of the stories in the later editions are taken from Henry Bebel's *Facetiæ* (Strassburg, 1508), from Castiglione's *Cortegiano* and Bildermann's *Utopia*, which are included in Lange's *Deliciæ Academicæ*, (1765) and from Lucian's *True History*. The best English edition is by Teignmouth, illustrated by Gustave Doré, and with an addition by Théophile Gautier. The best German edition is entitled *Des Freiherrn von Münchhausen wunderbare Reisen und Aben-*

BARON MÜNCHHAUSEN.—

teuer, with an introduction by Adolf Ellissen (1849). A German version of the English edition was published as *Münchhausen's Lügenabenteuer* (1846). Similar stories are called in Germany *Münchhausiaden*. The work occasioned Adolf Schrödter's picture representing Münchhausen relating his stories to eager listeners, and to Karl Lebrecht Immermann's novel *Münchhausen* (1838-9).

SOME STRANGE ADVENTURES.

I was not always successful. I had the misfortune to be overpowered by numbers, to be made prisoner of war; and, what is worse, but always usual among the Turks, to be sold for a slave (the Baron was afterwards in great favor with the Grand Seignior, as will appear hereafter). In that state of humiliation my daily task was not very hard and laborious, but rather singular and irksome. It was to drive the Sultan's bees every morning to their pasture-grounds, to attend them all the day long, and against night to drive them back to their hives. One evening I missed a bee, and soon observed that two bears had fallen upon her to tear her to pieces for the honey she carried. I had nothing like an offensive weapon in my hands but the silver hatchet which is the badge of the Sultan's gardeners and farmers. I threw it at the robbers, with an intention to frighten them away, and set the poor bee at liberty; but, by an unlucky turn of my arm, it flew upwards, and continued rising till it reached the moon. How should I recover it? how fetch it down again? I recollected that Turkey beans grew very quick, and ran up to an astonishing height. I planted one immediately; it grew, and actually fastened itself to one of the moon's horns. I had no more to do now but to climb up by it into the moon, where I safely arrived, and had a troublesome piece of business before I could find my silver hatchet in a place where everything has the brightness of silver: at last, how-

BARON MÜNCHAUSEN.—

ever, I found it in a heap of chaff and chopped straw. I was now for returning: but, alas! the heat of the sun had dried up my bean; it was totally useless for my descent: so I fell to work, and twisted me a rope of that chopped straw, as long and as well as I could make it. This I fastened to one of the moon's horns, and slid down to the end of it. Here I held myself fast with the left hand, and with the hatchet in my right, I cut the long, now useless, end of the upper part, which, when tied to the lower end, brought me a good deal lower: this repeated splicing and tying of the rope did not improve its quality, or bring me down to the Sultan's farm. I was four or five miles from the earth at least when it broke; I fell to the ground with such amazing violence, that I found myself stunned, and in a hole nine fathoms deep at least, made by the weight of my body falling from so great a height: I recovered, but knew not how to get out again; however, I dug slopes or steps with my finger nails (the Baron's nails were then of forty years' growth), and easily accomplished it.

Peace was soon after concluded with the Turks, and, gaining my liberty, I left St. Petersburg, at the time of that singular revolution, when, the Emperor in his cradle, his mother, the Duke of Brunswick, her father, Field-Marshal Munich, and many others were sent to Siberia. The winter was then so uncommonly severe all over Europe that ever since the sun seems to be frost-bitten. At my return to this place I felt on the road greater inconveniences than those I had experienced on my setting out.

I travelled post, and, finding myself in a narrow lane, bid the postilion give a signal with his horn, that the other travellers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might; but his endeavors were in vain; he could not make the horn sound, which was unaccountable, and rather unfortunate, for soon after we found ourselves in the presence of another coach coming the other way; there

BARON MÜNCHHAUSEN.—

was no proceeding; however, I got out of my carriage, and being pretty strong, placed it, wheels and all, upon my head: I then jumped over a hedge about nine feet high (which, considering the weight of the coach, was rather difficult) into a field, and came out again by another jump into the road beyond the other carriage. I then went back for the horses, and placing one upon my head, and the other under my left arm, by the same means brought them to my coach, put to, and proceeded to an inn at the end of our stage. I should have told you that the horse under my arm was very spirited and not above four years old; in making my second spring over the hedge, he expressed great dislike to that violent kind of motion by kicking and snorting; however, I confined his hind legs by putting them into my coat pocket. After we arrived at the inn, my postilion and I refreshed ourselves: he hung his hat on a peg near the kitchen fire; I sat on the other side. Suddenly we heard a *tereng! tereng! teng! teng!* We looked round, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn; his tunes were frozen up in the horn, and came out now by thawing, plain enough, and much to the credit of the driver; so that the honest fellow entertained us for some time with a variety of tunes, without putting his mouth to the horn—*The King of Prussia's March—Over the Hill and over the Dale*—with many other favorite tunes. At length the thawing entertainment concluded, as I shall this short accounts of my Russian travels.

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CLARA MÜLLER MUNDT.—

MUNDT, CLARA MÜLLER, a German novelist, who wrote under the pseudonym, *Louise Mühlbach*, was born in 1814; died in 1873. She was the daughter of the Oberbürgermeister of New Brandenburg, who gave her a good education. While in Italy, in 1836, she met Theodor Mundt, a young author, to whom she was married in 1838. They lived in Berlin until he was appointed professor in the university of Breslau. Mundt died in Berlin, in 1861, and from that time until her death his wife resided there. Her house was the resort of many distinguished persons, and her salons became famous. Her numerous books were of three classes: romantic stories, holding moral or social themes; stories of every-day life; and historical novels. They became very popular, and were translated into several languages. Among them are:—*First and Last Love* (1838), *Voyage Birds* (1840), *Fortune and Money* (1842), *Gisela* (1843), *Eva* (1844), *Sketches of Travel* (1846), *Court Histories* (1847), *Aphra Behn* (1849), *Berlin and Sans Souci*, *The Nursling of Society* (1850), *Frederick the Great and his Court* (1853), *Joseph II. and his Court* (1858), *Queen Hortense*, *Andreas Hofer*, *Old Fritz and the New Era*, *The Empress Josephine*, *Napoleon and Blücher* (1858–9), *Two Paths*, *Archduke Johann and his Times* (1860–2), *Letters from Switzerland*, *Louisa of Prussia and her Times*, *Henry VIII. and Catherine Parr* (1864), *Germany in Storm and Stress* (1867), *From Solferino to Königgrätz* (1869–70), *Letters from Egypt* (1871), and *From Königgrätz to Chiselhurst* (1873).

AN INNOCENT OFFENDER.

The Emperor was popular everywhere except at court. His candor was unacceptable, and his occasional sarcasms had stung the pride of the royal family. The King never pardoned him the unpalatable advice he had bestowed relative to the hospitals, the Invalides, and the military schools. The Queen, too, was irritated to see that, whereas her brother might have expressed his disapprobation of her acts in private, he never failed to do so in presence of the court. The consequence was, that like the King and the rest of the royal family, Marie Antoinette was relieved when this long-wished-for visit of the emperor was over. This did not prevent her from clinging to his neck, and shedding abundant tears as she felt his warm and loving embrace. The Emperor drew her close to his heart, whispering meanwhile, "remember that we must see each other in private. Send some one to me to conduct me to the room in the palace which you call your asylum."

"How!" said the Queen with surprise, "you have heard of my asylum? Who told you of it?"

"Hush Antoinette, you will awaken the King's suspicions, for all eyes are upon us! Will you admit me?"

"Yes, I will send Louis to conduct you this afternoon," and, withdrawing herself from her brother's arms the Queen and the royal family took leave of Count Frankenstein.

His carriages and his suite had all left Paris, and Joseph, too, was supposed to have gone long before the hour when he was conducted to the Queen's "asylum" by her faithful servant Louis. This "asylum" was in an obscure corner of the Tuilleries, and to reach it the Emperor was introduced into the palace by a side-door. He was led through dark passages and up narrow staircases until they reached a small door which Louis opened with a key which he took from his pocket. He clapped his hands three times, and, the signal being

CLARA MÜLLER MUNDT.—

answered, he made a profound inclination to the Emperor.

"Your Majesty can enter. The Queen is there."

Joseph found himself in a small simple apartment, of which the furniture was of white wood covered with chintz. On the wall was a hanging *etagère* with books; opposite, an open harpsichord, and in the recess of the window a table covered with papers. The Emperor hastily surveyed this room, and no one coming forward he passed into another. Here he found his sister, no longer the magnificent Queen whose rich toilettes were as proverbial as her beauty, but a lovely, unpretending woman, without rouge, without jewels, clad in a dress of India muslin, which was confined at the waist by a simple sash of pale lilac ribbon. Marie Antoinette came forward, with both hands outstretched. "I am dressed as is my custom," said she, "when the few friends I possess come to visit me here—here in my asylum, where sometimes I am able to forget that I am Queen of France."

"You have no right ever to forget it, Antoinette, and it was expressly to remind you of this that I asked for a private interview with my sister."

"You wished to see this asylum of which you have heard, did you not?" said the Queen with a shade of bitterness. "I have been calumniated to you as I have been to the King and to the French people. Oh! I know how my enemies are trying to make my subjects hate me! I know that about these very rooms, lewd songs are sung on the Pont-neuf which make the Count de Provence hold his sides with laughter!"

"Yes, Antoinette, I have heard these things, and I come hither expressly to visit this 'asylum.'"

"Well, Joseph, it is before you. The room through which you passed and this one form my suite. The door yonder, leads to the apart-

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ments of the Princess de Lamballe, and I have never opened it to enter my retreat except in her company."

"You had never the right to enter it at all. A retreat of this kind is improper for you, and woe to you, Antoinette, if ever another man beside myself should cross its threshold! It would give a coloring of truth to the evil reports of your powerful enemies."

"Gracious God of heaven!" cried the Queen pale with horror, "what do they say of me?"

"It would avail you nothing to repeat their calumnies, poor child. I have come hither to warn you that some dark cloud hangs over the destiny of France. You must seek means to disperse it, or it will burst and destroy both you and your husband."

"I have already felt a presentiment of evil, dear brother, and for that very reason I come to these little simple rooms, that I may for a few hours forget the destiny that awaits me, the court which hates and vilifies me—and, in short, my supremest sorrow, the indifference of my husband."

"Dear sister, you are wrong. You should never have sought to forget these things. You have too lightly broken down the barriers, which etiquette, hundreds of years ago, had built around the Queens of France."

"This from *you*, Joseph, you who despise all etiquette?"

"Nay, Antoinette, I am a man, and that justifies me in many an indiscretion. I have a right to attend an opera-ball unmasked, but you have not."

"I had the King's permission, and was attended by my ladies of honor, and the princes of the royal family."

"An Emperor may ride in a hackney-coach, if the whim strike him, but not a queen, Antoinette."

"That was an accident, Joseph. I was returning from a ball with the Duchess de Duras, when our carriage broke and Louis was

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obliged to seek a hackney-coach, or we would have returned to the palace on foot."

"Let it pass then. An Emperor or a King, were he very young, might indulge himself in a game of blind-man's-buff without impropriety, but when a Queen ventures to do as much, she loses her dignity. Nevertheless, you have been known to romp with the other ladies of the court, when your husband had gone to his room and was sound asleep."

"But whoever went to bed as early as the King?" said Marie Antoinette, deprecatingly.

"Does he go to bed too early, Antoinette? Then it is strange that on one evening when you were waiting for him to retire so that you and your ladies might visit the Duchess de Duras, you should have advanced the clock by half an hour, and sent your husband to bed at half-past ten, when of course he found no one in the apartments to wait upon him. All Paris has laughed at this mischievous prank of the Queen. Can you deny this, my thoughtless sister?"

"I never tell an untruth, Joseph, but I can confess that I am astonished to see with what police-like dexterity you have ferreted out every little occurrence of my private life."

"A Queen has no private life. She is doomed to live in public, and woe to her if she cannot account to the world for every hour of her existence! If she undertake to have secrets, her very lackeys may misrepresent her innocence and make it crime."

"Good heavens, Joseph," cried the Queen, "you talk as if I were a criminal, before my accusers."

"You *are* a criminal my poor young, sister. Public opinion has accused you and accusation there is synonymous with guilt. But I—who give you so much pain, come as your friend and brother, speaking hard truths to you, dearest, by virtue of the tie which binds us to our mother. In the name of that incomparable mother, I implore you to be discreet,

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and to give no cause to your enemies for misconstruction of your youthful follies ! Take up the load of your royalty with fortitude, and when it weighs heavily upon your poor young heart, remember that you were not made a Queen to pursue your own happiness, but to strive for that of your subjects, whose hearts are still with you in spite of all that your enemies have done or said. Give up all egotism, Antoinette,—set aside your personal hopes, live for the good of the French nation, and one of these days you will believe, with me, that we may be happy without individual happiness.”

The Queen shook her head and tears rolled down her cheeks. “No, no, dear Joseph, a woman cannot be happy when she is unloved. My heart is sick with solitude, brother. I love my husband, and he does not return my love. If I am frivolous, it is because I am unhappy. Believe me when I tell you that all would be well if the King would but love me.”

“Then, Antoinette, all shall be well,” said a voice behind them, and starting with a cry of surprise and shame, the Queen beheld the King. “I have heard all,” said Louis, closing the door and advancing towards Joseph. With a bright, affectionate smile, he held out his hand, saying as he did so, “Pardon me, my brother, if I am here without your consent, and let me have a share in this sacred and happy hour.”

“Brother,” repeated Joseph sternly, “you say that you have overheard us. Since you have no love for her, you are no brother to me, for she, poor child, is the tie that unites us. Look at her, sire, look at her sweet, innocent, tear-stricken face ! What has she done that you should thrust her from your heart, and doom her to confront alone the sneers and hatred of your cruel relatives ? She is pure, and her heart is without a stain. I tell you so—I, who in unspeakable anxiety have watched her through hired spies. Had I found her guilty, I would have been the first to condemn her—but Antoinette is good, pure, virtuous,

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and she has but one defect—want of thought. It was your duty to guide her, for you received her from her mother's hands, a child—a young, harmless, unsuspecting child. What has she ever done that you should refuse her your love ? ”

“ Ask rather, what have I done that my relatives should have kept us so far asunder ? ” replied Louis, with emotion. “ Ask those who have poisoned my ears with calumnies of my wife, why they should have sought to deny me the only compensation which life can offer to my royal station—the inestimable blessing of loving and being loved.—But away with gloomy retrospection ! I will say but one word more of the past. Your Majesty has been watched and your visit here discovered. I was told that you were seeking to identify the Queen with her mother's empire—using your influence to make her forget France and plot dishonor to her husband's crown. I resolved to prove the truth or falsehood of these accusations myself. I thank heaven that I did so, for from this hour I shall honor and regard you as a brother.”

“ I shall reciprocate, sire, if you will promise to be kind to my sister.”

The King looked at Marie Antoinette, who, seated on the sofa whence her brother had risen, was weeping bitterly. Louis went towards her, and taking both her hands in his, he pressed them passionately to his lips. “ Antoinette,” said he tenderly, “ you say that I do not love you. You have not then read my heart—which filled to bursting with love for my beautiful wife, dared not ask for response, because I had been told that you—you—But, no, I will not pain you with repetition of the calumny. Enough that I am blessed with your love, and may at last be permitted to pour out the torrent of mine !—Antoinette, will you be my wife ? ”—*Joseph II. and his Court.* ADELAÏDE DE V. CHAUDRON.

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THEODORE THORNTON MUNGER.—

MUNGER, THEODORE THORNTON, an American clergyman and author, born at Bainbridge, N. Y., in 1830. He graduated at Yale in 1851, and at the theological seminary in 1855, and was pastor of Congregational churches in Dorchester, Haverhill, and Lawrence, Mass., from 1856 until 1875. In 1875-6 he established a Congregational church in San José, Cal., and from 1876 until 1885 was pastor of that in North Adams, Mass. Since that date he has been pastor of the United Church, New Haven, Conn. He was made a Fellow of Yale in 1887, and the degree of D.D. was given to him by Illinois College in 1883. He has contributed to the *Century Magazine*, and is the author of *On the Threshold* (1881), *The Freedom of the Faith* (1883), *Lamps and Paths* (1885), *The Appeal to Life* (1887).

EVOLUTION.

In accepting evolution it is well to remember that we make no greater change than has several times been made in all the leading departments of human knowledge. In sociology the despotic idea yielded to the monarchical idea, which in turn is now yielding to the democratic idea. In philosophy the deductive method has yielded to the inductive. In religion the priestly idea is yielding to the ministerial. So, in accepting evolution as the general method of creation in place of that which has prevailed, we only repeat the history of the exchange of the Ptolemaic system for the Copernican, and of those new theories of astronomy and geology which forced us to redate the age of the world and of man's life upon it. The wrench to faith and the apparent violation of experience are different, but no more violent than were those of the past. The present incompleteness of evolution has its

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analogy in the Copernican system, which waited long for the additions of Kepler and Newton; and geology is still an unfinished story. Nor are we justified in withholding our assent to evolution because we cannot each one for ourselves verify its proofs. The vast majority of men could not now verify the Copernican system; it has not even won recognition in human speech. The sun "rises" and "sets," and will so be spoken of while men watch its apparent motion. Evolution is an induction from many sciences,—chemistry, astronomy, mathematics, geology, botany, biology,—and it is impossible that any but the special student should critically make the induction. But the Copernican system was an induction from mathematics, and even from those higher forms of it that ordinary men have never traced. Its acceptance was, and is still an act of faith. Belief in evolution should be easier because it is confirmed by several sciences working on independent lines. It is not the biologist alone who proposes evolution, but the astronomer, the chemist, the geologist, the botanist, and the sociologist. I cannot examine and test their conclusions. I do not, however, thus make myself the slave of their opinions, for these opinions run off into other fields where I may be as good a judge as they. I may represent a science as real as theirs, and possibly larger and more authoritative. Hence, in accepting evolution as a probably true history or theory of the method of creation, we do not necessarily yield to all the assumptions and inferences that are often associated with it. It is not above criticism, like the germ-seeds of which science treats, each one of which threatens to possess the whole earth, and would do so if not checked by other growths, so evolution—shall we say through affinity with its chief theme?—threatens to take possession of the universe. But its myriad thistle-down, blown far and wide by every breeze, meets at last the groves of oak

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and pine that limit and define its spread. All about these various sciences stands the greater science—philosophy—under which they are included, from which they draw their life, and to which they must bow. Evolution is to be feared not in its bare doctrine of development, but in the scope and relations assigned to it. If it be regarded as supreme, it gives its own law of necessity to all else. But if it is subordinate to philosophy, if it is considered as under thought-relations, if it is held as finite and relative, it carries no danger to morals, or religion, or faith. It may possibly modify but it cannot overthrow them, simply because they stand in a larger order.

But evolution is not to be accepted in a simply negative way,—because it can no longer be resisted. We are under no obligation to accept any truth until it is serviceable. It is possible to conceive of truths that would be of no value to men,—such as the constitution of other orders of beings; if made known, it might be passed by. But evolution, properly regarded, is becoming tributary to society, and seems destined to clarify its knowledge, to enlarge and deepen its convictions, to set it upon true lines of action, and to minister to the Christian faith.

Among the important services it has begun to render is that it is removing a certain empirical thread that has been interwoven with previous theories. The unity of creation has never been seriously denied except by extreme thinkers of the dualistic school. But the principle of unity has not been recognized until of late. The bond or ground of unity was justly found in God, but that conception merely asserted that because God is one there is unity in all created things. This may be faith, but it is not philosophy. May not faith become also philosophy? Unity exists not only because one God created all things, but because He works by one process, according to one principle. As knowledge broadens and wider gen-

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eralizations are made, we find a certain likeness of process in all realms that indicates one law or method, namely, that of development or evolution. One thing comes from another, assumes a higher and a finer form, and presses steadily on towards still finer and higher forms. We find the same method in matter, in brute life, in humanity, in social institutions, in government, in religions, in the progress of Christianity: Let not this thought disturb us. Do we not see that otherwise the universe could have no unity? If God worked on one principle in the material realm, on another in the vital, on another in the social, governmental and moral realm, there would not be a proper universe. These realms might indeed be regulated and kept from conflict, but they would break up the universe into parts separated by chasms, render knowledge difficult, vain, and disjointed, and create a certain antagonism opposite to the nature of mind. Man would be correlated, not to a universe, but to separate systems and orders, and these varied correlations would have no underlying unity. It would be difficult to prove the unity of God as against a harmonious polytheism or sovereign Jove. We might believe in one God, but we could not prove our faith. If matter has one principle in its process, and life another, and morals another, why not as many gods? It has not been easy to keep dualism out of philosophy. But with one principle or method in all realms, we have a key that turns all wards of the universe, opens all its doors in the past, and will open all in time to come. Knowledge becomes possible and harmonious; a path opens everywhere; the emphasis of the whole universe is laid on the unity of God.—*The Appeal to Life.*

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SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON.—

MURCHISON, SIR RODERICK IMPEY, a British geologist, born in Ross-shire, Scotland, in 1792; died at London in 1871. He obtained a commission in the army in 1807, served during a part of the Peninsular war, and retired in 1815, with the rank of captain of dragoons. By the advice of Humphrey Davy he devoted himself to the study of geology, and in 1825 read his first paper before the Geological Society. Shortly afterwards he began a systematic examination of the lower fossiliferous rocks of England and Wales. He applied the name "Silurian" to a series of rocks intermediate between the Cambrian and Devonian formations. His most important work, *The Silurian System*, appeared in 1839, a revised edition of which was published in 1854, under the title *Siluria*. Between 1840 and 1844, at the invitation of the Emperor Nicholas, he made geological explorations over a considerable portion of the Russian empire, the results of which were embodied in his *Geology of Russia in Europe and the Ural Mountains* (1845). In 1846 he was chosen President of the British Association, and in 1855 Director of the British Geological Survey. He was knighted in 1846, and created a baronet in 1866. He seems to have been the first to perceive the real configuration of the African continent.

THE LOWER SILURIAN ROCKS.

The geologist appeals to the book of nature, where its leaves have undergone no great alteration. He sees before him an enormous pile or series of early subaqueous sediment, originally composed of mud, sand, or pebbles, the successive bottoms of which have been derived from pre-existing rocks; and in these

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lower beds, even where they are little altered, he can detect no remains of former creatures. But lying upon them, and therefore evolved after, other states succeed in which some few relics of a primeval ocean are discernible; and these again are everywhere succeeded by newer deposits in which many fossils occur. In this way evidences have been fairly obtained to show that the sediments which underlie the strata containing the lowest fossil remains constitute in all countries which have been examined, the natural base or bottom-rock of the deposits named Silurian.—*Siluria*.

When, in 1854, the great accessions of gold from California and Australia were pouring in, Murchison predicted that “the present large flows of gold into Europe will begin to diminish within a comparatively short period;” and he gave his reasons for believing that the then existing relation between the values of gold and silver would never be changed. He says:—

THE RELATIVE PRODUCTION OF GOLD AND SILVER.

The fear that gold may be greatly depreciated in value relatively to silver is unwarranted by the date registered in the crust of the earth. Gold is, after all, in its native distribution, by far the most restricted of the precious metals. Silver and argentiferous lead, on the contrary, expand so largely downwards into the bowels of the rocks as to lead us to believe that they must yield enormous profits to the skilful miner for ages to come; and the more so in proportion as better machinery and new inventions shall lessen the difficulties of subterranean mining. It may indeed be well doubted whether the quantities of gold and silver procurable from regions unknown to our progenitors will prove more than sufficient to meet

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the exigencies of an enormously increased population and our augmenting commerce and luxury. But this is not a theme for the geologist; and I would simply say that Providence seems to have originally adjusted the relative values of these two precious metals, and that their relations, having remained the same for ages, will long survive all theories. Modern science, instead of contradicting, only confirms the truth of the aphorism of the patriarch Job, which thus shadowed forth the downward persistence of the one, and the superficial distribution of the other: "Surely there is a vein for silver. The earth hath dust of gold."

Of the character of Murchison's work his biographer, Professor Geikie, says:

"If it be true, as Bacon asserted, that 'writing maketh an exact man,' it is no less true that mapping makes an exact geologist. . . . Murchison wisely resolved not to trust merely to eye and memory, but to record what he saw as accurately as he could upon maps. And there can be no doubt that by so doing he gave his work a precision and harmony which it could never have otherwise possessed, and that, even though still falling into some errors, he was enabled to get a firmer hold of the structure of the country which he had resolved to master than he could have obtained in any other way. For, to make his maps complete, he was driven to look into all manner of out-of-the-way nooks and corners, with which, but for that necessity, he might have been little likely to make acquaintance.

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WILLIAM MURE.—

MURE, WILLIAM, a Scottish author, born in Ayrshire in 1799; died at London in 1860. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh; afterwards studied in Germany, and made a visit to Greece. His earlier works are: *Remarks on the Chronology of the Egyptian Dynasties* (1829), *Dissertation on the Calendar of the Zodiac of the Ancient Egyptians* (1832), *Journal of a Tour in Greece* (1838). He was Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow in 1847-8, and represented Renfrewshire in Parliament from 1846 to 1855. His most important work, *A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece* (1850-57) was left unfinished at his death, having been brought down to the time of Xenophon.

THE ORIGIN OF WRITING IN GREECE.

That the Hellenes were indebted for their first knowledge of the art of writing to the Phœnicians is a tradition of the historical value of which we have historical proof, altogether distinct from its own antiquity or universality, in the characters of the Greek alphabet. In regard to the period at which a knowledge of these characters was first communicated to the Greeks, we are left—as on other points of earliest Hellenic culture—altogether dependent on mythical sources. There are, however, few national legends which, on the twofold grounds of internal probability and the inveterate conviction of the enlightened native public in its favor, can advance stronger claims to the character of historical fact than that which ascribes the introduction of the alphabet to the Oriental colonies, figured, in the name and person of the hero Cadmus, as having settled in Greece—chiefly in Bœotia—at an early mythical period.

This legend is at least broadly distinguished

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by the above-mentioned more solid characteristics from various other traditions of mere local or poetical origins, invented in honor of certain heroes or tribes, and according to which there is scarcely a Greek patriarchal chief celebrated for ingenuity in the elementary sciences, to whom the discovery of this essentially Phœnician art has not been attributed. Such are Prometheus, Orpheus, Musæus, Linus, Chiron, Palamedes. There is one point, however, on which all these traditions, to whatever extent they may differ on other points, are unanimous. They all agree in tracing the first origin of writing in Greece to remote mythical eras.

THE UNITY OF THE HOMERIC POEMS.

It is probable that, like most other great painters of nature, Homer was indebted to previous tradition for the original sketches of his principal heroes. These sketches, however, could have been little more than outlines which, as worked up into the finished portraits of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, must rank as his own genuine productions.

In every branch of imitative art this faculty of representing to the life the moral phenomena of our nature in their varied phases of virtue, vice weakness, or eccentricity, is the highest and rarest attribute of genius; and rarest of all as exercised by Homer through the medium of dramatic action, where the characters are never formally described, but made to develop themselves by their own language and conduct. It is this, among his many great qualities, which chiefly raises Homer above all other poets of his own class; nor, with the single exception, perhaps, of the great English dramatist, has any poet ever produced so numerous and spirited a variety of original characters of different ages, ranks, and sexes. Still more peculiar to himself than their variety is the unity of thought, feeling and expression—often of minute phraseology—with which they are individually sustained, and yet without an

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appearance of effort on the part of their author. Each describes himself spontaneously when brought upon the scene, just as the automata of Vulcan, in the *Odyssey*, though indebted to the divine artist for the mechanism on which they move, appear to perform their functions by their own unaided powers. That any two or more poets should simultaneously have conceived such a character as Achilles is next to impossible.

Still less credible is it that the different parts of the *Iliad*, where the hero successively appears as the same sublime, ideal being, under the influence of the same combination of virtues, failings, and passions—thinking, speaking, acting, and suffering according to the same single type of heroic grandeur—can be the production of more than a single mind. Such evidence is perhaps even stronger in the case of the less prominent actors, in so far as it is less possible that different artists should simultaneously agree in their portraits of mere subordinate incidental personages than of heroes whose renown may have rendered their characters a species of public property. Two poets of the Elizabethan age might, without any conceit, have harmonized to a great extent, in their portrait of Henry V. ; but that the correspondence should have extended to the imaginary companions of his youth—the Falstaffs, Bardolphs, Quickleys—were incredible. But the nicest shades of peculiarity in the inferior actors of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are conceived and maintained in the same spirit of distinction as in Achilles or Hector.

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MARY NOAILLES MURFREE.—

MURFREE, MARY NOAILLES ("Charles Egbert Craddock," *pseud.*), an American novelist, born at Grantlands, near Murfreesborough, Tenn., about 1850. She is the great-granddaughter of Col. Hardy Murfree of North Carolina, who served in the Revolutionary war, and whose name was given to the town, Murfreesborough, that grew near the tract of land on which he settled, when he emigrated to Tennessee in 1807. In early youth Miss Murfree became lame, owing to paralysis, and, unable to enter into the pleasures of active life, devoted herself to study. The civil war brought misfortune to her family, which removed to St. Louis, Mo., and about this time she began to write stories of life in the Tennessee mountains. These were published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, under the pen name of "Charles Egbert Craddock." Her stories, which are strong and full of local color, have been published in book-form, and include: *In the Tennessee Mountains* (1884), *Where the Battle was Fought* (1885), *Down the Ravine* (1885), *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains* (1885), *In the Clouds* (1886), *The Story of Keedon Bluffs* (1887), *The Despot of Broomsedge Cove* (1888), *In the Stranger People's Country* (1891), *His Vanished Star* (1894), *Phantoms of the Foot-Bridge* (1895).

Her sister, FANNY MURFREE, is the author of a novel, *Felicia* (1891).

AN INTERRUPTED CONFESSION.

The congregation composed itself to listen to the sermon. There was an expectant pause. Kelsey remembered ever after the tumult of emotion with which he stepped forward to the table and opened the book. He turned to the New Testament for his text,—turned the leaves with a familiar hand. Some ennobling phase

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of that wonderful story which would touch the tender, true affinity of human nature for the higher things,—from this he would preach to-day. And yet, at the same moment, with a contrariety of feeling from which he shrank aghast, there was skulking into his mind all that grewsome company of doubts. In double file they came: fate and free agency, free will and fore-ordination, infinite mercy and infinite justice, God's loving kindness and man's intolerable misery, redemption, and damnation. He had evolved them all from his own unconscious logical faculty, and they pursued him as if he had, in some spiritual necromancy, conjured up a devil—nay, a legion of devils. Perhaps if he had known how they had assaulted the hearts of men in times gone past; how they have been combated and baffled, and yet have risen and pursued again; how, in the scrutiny of science and research men have passed before their awful presence, analyzed them, philosophized about them, and found them interesting; how others, in the levity of the world, having heard of them, grudged the time to think upon them,—if he had known all this, he might have felt some courage in numbers.

As it was, there was no fight left in him. He closed the book with a sudden impulse. "My frien's," he said, "I stan' not hyar ter preach ter day, but fur confession."

There was a galvanic start among the congregation, then intense silence.

"I hev los' my faith!" he cried out, with a poignant despair. "God ez 'gin it—ef thear is a God—he's tuk it away. You-uns kin go on. You-uns kin b'lieve. Yer paster b'lieves, an' he'll lead ye ter grace,—leastwise ter a better life. But fur me thar's the nethermost depths of hell, ef"—how his faith and his unfaith now tried him!—"ef thar be enny hell. Leastwise—Stop, brother," he held up his hand in deprecation, for Parson Tobin had risen at last, and with a white, scared face. Nothing like this had ever been heard in all the length and

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breadth of the Great Smoky Mountains,—“bear with me a little; ye’ll see me hyar no more. Fur me thar is shame, ah! an’ trial, ah! an’ doubt, ah! an’ despair, ah! The good things o’ life hev not fallen ter me. The good things o’ heaven air denied. My name is ter be a by-word an’ a reproach ’mongst ye. Ye’ll grieve ez ye hev ever hearn the Word from me, ah! Ye’ll be held in derision! An’ I hev hed trials,—none like them ez air comin’, comin’ down the wind. I hev been a man marked fur sorrow, an’ now fur shame.” He stood erect; he looked bold, youthful. The weight of his secret, lifted now, had been heavier than he knew. In his eyes shone that strange light which was frenzy, or prophecy, or inspiration; in his voice rang a vibration they had never before heard. “I will go forth from ’mongst ye, —I that am not of ye. Another shall gird me an’ carry me where I would not. Hell an’ the devil hev prevailed agin me. Pray fur me, brethren, ez I cannot pray fur myself. Pray that God may yet speak ter me—speak from out o’ the whurlwind.”

There was a sound upon the air. Was it the raising of the wind? A thrill ran through the congregation. The wild emotion, evoked and suspended in this abrupt pause, showed in pallid excitement on every face. Several of the men rose aimlessly, then turned and sat down again. Brought from the calm monotony of their inner life into this supreme crisis of his, they were struck aghast by the hardly comprehended situations of his spiritual drama enacted before them. And what was that sound on the air! In the plenitude of their ignorant faith, were they listening for the invoked voice of God?

Kelsey, too, was listening in anguished suspense. It was not the voice of God, that man was wont to hear when the earth was young; not the raising of the wind. The place of the golden sunshine was supreme. Even a tiny cloudlet, anchored in the limited sky, would not sail to-day.

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On and on it came. It was the galloping of horse,—the beat of hoofs, individualized presently to the ear,—with that thunderous, swift, impetuous, advance that so domineers over the imagination, quickens the pulse, shakes the courage.

It might seem that all the ingenuity of malignity could not have compassed so complete a revenge. The fulfilment of his prophecy entered at the door. All its spiritual significance was annihilated: it was merged into a prosaic material degradation when the sheriff of the county strode, with jingling spurs, up the aisle, and laid his hand upon the preacher's shoulder. He wore his impassive official aspect. But his deputy, following hard at his heels, had a grin of facetious triumph upon his thin lips. He had been caught by the nape of the neck, and in a helpless rodent-like attitude had been slung out of the door by the stalwart man of God, when he and Amos James had ventured to go to the meeting-house in liquor; and neither he nor the congregation had forgotten the sensation. It was improbable that such high-handed proceedings could be instituted to-day, but the sheriff had taken the precaution to summon the aid of five or six burly fellows, all armed to the teeth. They, too, came tramping heavily up the aisle. Several wore the reflection of the deputy's grin; they were the "bold, bad men," the prophet's early associates before "he got religion, an' sot hisself ter consortin' with the saints." The others were sheepish and doubtful, serving on the posse with a protest under the constraining penalties of the law. The congregation was still, with a stunned astonishment, the preacher stood as one petrified, his eyes fixed upon the sheriff's face. The officer, with a slow, magisterial gesture, took a paper from his breast-pocket, and laid it upon the Bible.

"Ye kin read, Pa'son," he said, "ye can read the warrant fur yer arrest."

The deputy laughed a trifle insolently. He

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turned, swinging his hat,—he had done the sacred edifice the reverence of removing it,—and surveyed the wide-eyed, wide-mouthed people, leaning forward, standing up, huddled together, as if he had some speculation as to the effect upon them of these unprecedented proceedings. Kelsey could read nothing. His strong head was in a whirl; he caught at the table, or he might have fallen. The amazement of it, the shame of it!

“Who does this?” he exclaimed, in sudden realization of the situation. Already self-convicted of the blasphemy of infidelity, he stood in his pulpit in the infinitely ignoble guise of a culprit before the law.

Those fine immaterial issues of faith and unfaith, where were they? The torturing fear of futurity, and of a personal devil and a material hell, how impotent! His honest name—never a man had borne it that had suffered this shame; the precious dignity of freedom was riven from him; the calm securities of his self-respect were shaken forever. He could never forget the degradation of the sheriff's touch, from which he shrank with so abrupt a gesture that the officer grasped his pistol, and every nerve was on the alert. Kelsey was animated at this moment by a pulse as essentially mundane as if he had seen no visions and dreamed no dreams. He had not known how he held himself,—how he cherished those values, so familiar that he had forgotten to be thankful till their possession was a retrospection.

He sought to regain his self-control. He caught up the paper; it quivered in his trembling hands; he strove to read it. “Rescue! I never rescued Rick Tyler!”

The words broke the long constraint. They were an elucidation, a flash of light. The congregation looked at him with changed eyes, and then looked at each other. Why did he deny? Were not the words of his prophecy still on the air? Had he not confessed himself an evil-doer, forsaken of God, and bereft of grace?

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His prophecy was matched by the details of his experience. Had he done no wrong he could have foreseen no vengeance.

"Rick Tyler ain't wuth it," said one old man to another, as he spat on the floor.

The widow of Joel Byers, the murdered man, fell into hysterical screaming at Rick Tyler's name, and was presently borne out by her friends and lifted into one of the wagons.

"It air jes' ez well that the sher'ff takes Pa'son Kelsey, arter that thar confession o' his'n," said one of the dark-browed men, helping to yoke the oxen. "We couldn't hev kep' him in the church arter sech words ez his'n, an' church discipline ain't a goin' ter cast out no sech devil ez he air possessed by."

Brother Jake Tobin, too, appreciated that the arrest of the preacher in his pulpit was a solution of a difficult question. It was manifestly easier for the majority of the state of Tennessee to deal with him than for the little church on the Big Smoky.

"Yer sins hev surely fund ye out, Brother Kelsey," he began, with the air of having washed his hands of all responsibility. "God would never hev fursook ye ef ye hedn't fursook the good cause fust. Ye air ter be cast down—ye who hev stood high."

There was a momentary silence.

"Will ye come?" said the sheriff, smiling fixedly, "or had ye ruther be fetched?"

The deputy had a pair of handcuffs dangling officiously. They rattled in rude contrast with the accustomed sounds of the place.

Kelsey hesitated. Then, after a fierce internal struggle, he submitted meekly, and was led out from among them.—*The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.*

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.—

MURRAY, DAVID CHRISTIE, an English author, born at West Bromwick, Staffordshire, in 1847. He was educated at a private school in his native town, and became a reporter for the *Birmingham Morning News*. Removing to London in 1873, he served on the staff of the *Daily News*, and afterwards of the *World*. During the Russo-Turkish war he was special correspondent for the *Scotsman* and the *Times*. On his return to London, he abandoned journalism and began to write his novels, which have a wide circulation. These include: *Life's Atonement* (1879), *Joseph's Coat* (1880), *Val Strange* and *Coals of Fire* (1881), *Hearts* and *By the Gate of the Sea* (1881), *The Way of the World* (1883), *Rainbow Gold*, *A Bit of Human Nature*, *The Weaker Vessel*, *Cynic Fortune*, *Model Father*, *First Person Singular*, *Schwartz* (1889), *John Vale's Guardian* (1890), and in collaboration with H. Herman, *Wild Darrie*, *One Traveller Returns*, *A Dangerous Catspaw*, (1889), and *Paul Jones's Alias*, *The Bishop's Bible* (1890), *Bob Martin's Little Girl* (1892), *A Wasted Crime* (1893), *The Making of a Novelist* (1894), *The Martyred Fool*, *The Investigations of John Pym*, *A Rising Star*, and *Mount Despair* (1895).

AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.

The supper was finished, and Mr. Lester intimated that he should be happy to place Eugene Hungerford in possession of the deeds, bonds, notes, and other securities, which constituted the three millions. The other party adjourned to the drawing-room.

"I believe there is only one person not present who has had any contingent interest in the property," said Mr. Lester, who being an eminent man, was of course disposed to be formal and precise in the discharge of a duty so important as that which now devolved upon him.



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Dr. Lynch," added the lawyer. "His contingent interest ceases to-day."

"It is quite proper that he should be present, being an interested party, and I have taken the liberty to invite him to come here at nine o'clock," continued Mr. Lester. "You will pardon me for inviting this unwelcome guest, Mr. Hungerford, but I deemed it best that he should be here," he added, in a low tone to Eugene, who stood by his side.

"I am entirely satisfied."

"I do not think he will come," said Mr. Lester. "His contingent interest no longer exists, and I doubt if he will care to see all the property slip into your hands." The eminent trustee chuckled a little. He was so well satisfied that the doctor would not come, that he had not even deemed it worth while to say before that he had invited him.

"Dr. Lynch is not present," continued the eminent trustee, "and we will proceed without him."

"Dr. Lynch," said Parkinson, throwing open the door at this moment.

"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Lester, faintly.

"I am here at the request of Mr. Lester," said Dr. Lynch, as Eugene stepped forward to receive the guest.

Eugene made no reply; he was courteous, but he said no more than was necessary to greet the guest. He gave him a seat.

"By the terms of John Hungerford's will," Mr. Lester began again, "a document drawn up with great care by my learned legal friend, whom you all have the pleasure of meeting on this interesting occasion, it was provided that the income of the three millions of dollars, the entire estate of the testator, should be paid over to Eugene Hungerford, his nephew, as fast as it accrued. This clause, I believe, has been faithfully and legally carried out, and the trustees have the receipts for all the moneys paid over to Mr. Hungerford."

Mr. Lester paused and wiped his forehead

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with his handkerchief. It was important business, and it must look important. "By the terms of John Hungerford's will, it further appears," he continued, "that if, when testator's nephew, Eugene, had attained the age of thirty years, he was the father of a son, who had been duly named for his father's uncle, the whole three millions should be paid over to the nephew. In order to comply with the terms of the will, and entitle Mr. Hungerford to absolute possession of the property, these questions must be answered. First: Is Eugene Hungerford legally married? Second: Has he a son? Third: Is this son named John Hungerford? During the day, the trustees, with the valuable assistance of the distinguished legal gentleman, who drew up the original will, have considered these three questions, embodying the conditions on which they were to constitute Mr. Hungerford the sole owner of the property, and they are happy to say that they find full, complete, legal evidence which satisfies them that the three conditions have been duly and properly met.

"The trustees find that Mr. Hungerford was duly married to the estimable lady known as his wife." Mr. Lester was so intent upon being verbose that he quite forgot his early view of the marriage. "They were united by Rev. John Porter. There is no room to doubt the legality of the marriage; but, unpleasant as it is, this matter must be mentioned."

Mr. Lester made this apology, because, glancing at Mary, he saw that her face was quite red, and that she was annoyed by the consideration of the question.

"There being no doubt on this point—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Lester," interrupted Dr. Lynch, in a bland and almost supercilious tone, "but there is some doubt about it."

All eyes were directed towards the doctor. Eugene looked stern and indignant; the conduct of the unwelcome guest appeared like a premeditated insult to him. Dick Birch's

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fingers were involuntarily clutched together; he was in condition to lay violent hands on the doctor. Julia placed her finger on his arm; and this prevented him from executing the purpose in his mind.

"Dr. Lynch, do I understand you to raise an objection to the legality of the marriage?" asked Mr. Lester, now quite startled out of propriety by the unexpected event.

"I do raise an objection," replied the doctor, who was already revelling in the misery he intended to produce.

"What objection?"

"The marriage was not legal," he replied, triumphantly, as he glanced at Eugene.

"The ceremony was performed by the reverend gentleman now present; the marriage is duly recorded, and there are plenty of witnesses of the fact."

"I appeal to your legal adviser, at your side, to say whether or not these are sufficient to constitute a legal marriage!" said Dr. Lynch, apparently bent upon prolonging the joy of his triumph, and upon keeping the parties in suspense as long as he could.

"If the parties are competent to marry, they are sufficient," said the lawyer.

"But the parties to this marriage were not competent. . . . The lady was not competent to marry. She was the wife of another man."

"Her husband was dead."

"I beg your pardon. He was living."

"Why don't you prove it?" demanded Dick Birch.

"I will."

Dr. Lynch went out of the room, opened the front door, and presently appeared with the stranger whom he had met at his office.

"Here is my proof," said he, pointing to the stranger.

It was Eliot Buckstone.—*The Way of the World.*

LINDLEY MURRAY.—

MURRAY, LINDLEY, a British grammarian, born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1745; died near York, England, in 1826. His father removed in 1753 to New York, where he engaged in mercantile business. The son was destined to a business life, and after receiving a good education was placed in his father's counting-room; but after urgent solicitation his father consented to his entering upon the study of law. He was admitted to the bar; but the breaking out of the war of the Revolution put an end for the time to his practice, and he entered upon mercantile business, with such success that at the close of the war he found himself in possession of a considerable fortune. He then retired from business. Having gone to England for his health, he found life there so congenial that he purchased a small estate at Howgate, near York, where he passed the remaining forty years of his life, devoting himself to reading, and writing. His first work, published anonymously in 1787, was entitled *The Power of Religion on the Mind*. Almost accidentally he was led into the writing of works relating to the Grammar of the English language. His first work on this subject appeared in 1795. This proved so successful that it was from time to time enlarged, and his *English Grammar* soon superseded all others, both in England and America. He produced several other works subsidiary to this, among which was an *English Reader*, made up of selections from the best of authors. None of his literary work was undertaken for pecuniary profit. He was childless, and all the money received from his books was devoted to benevolent pur-

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poses. By his will he directed that, after the death of his wife, his property should be invested in the hands of trustees in New York, the income to be expended for philanthropic uses. He wrote an *Autobiography*, bringing his life down to the year 1809, which was published after his death.

MOTIVES FOR WRITING.

In the course of my literary labors I found that the mental exercise which accompanied them was not a little beneficial to my health. The motives which excited me to write, and the objects which I hoped to accomplish, were of a nature calculated to cheer the mind, and to give the animal spirits a salutary impulse. I am persuaded that if I had suffered my time to pass away with little or no employment, my health would have been still more impaired, my spirits depressed, and perhaps my life considerably shortened. I have therefore reason to deem it a happiness, and a source of gratitude to Divine Providence, that I was enabled under my bodily weakness and confinement, to turn my attention to the subjects which have so many years afforded me abundant occupation. I think it is incumbent upon us, whatever may be our privations, to cast our eyes around, and endeavor to discover whether there are not some means yet left us of doing good to ourselves and to others; that our lights may in some degree shine in every situation, and, if possible, be extinguished only with our lives. The quantum of good which, under such circumstances we do, ought not to disturb or affect us. If we perform what we are able to perform, how little soever it may be, it is enough; it will be acceptable to Him who knows how to estimate exactly all our actions by comparing them with our disposition and ability.—*Autobiography*.

THE PURPOSE OF HIS "GRAMMARS."

I was often solicited to compose and publish

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a *Grammar of the English Language* for the use of some teachers who were not perfectly satisfied with any of the existing Grammars. I declined for a considerable time complying with this request, from a consciousness of my inability to do the subject that careful justice which would be expected in a new publication of that nature. Being much pressed to undertake the work, I at length turned my attention seriously to it. I conceived that a Grammar containing a careful selection of the most useful matter, and an adaptation of it to the understanding and the gradual progress of learners, with a special regard to the propriety and purity of the examples and illustrations, would be some improvement on the English Grammars which had fallen under my notice.

With this impression I ventured to produce the first edition of a work on this subject. It appeared in the spring of the year 1795. I will not assert that I have accomplished all that I proposed. But the approbation and the sale which the book obtained have given me some reason to believe that I have not altogether failed in my endeavors to elucidate the subject, and to facilitate the labors of both teachers and learners of English Grammar. In a short time after the appearance of the work a second edition was called for. This unexpected demand induced me to revise and enlarge the book. It soon obtained an extensive circulation; and the repeated editions through which it passed in a few years encouraged me at length to improve and extend it still further; and in particular to support, by some critical discussions, the principles upon which many of its positions are founded.—*Autobiography.*

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WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON MURRAY.—

MURRAY, WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, an American author, born in Guilford, Conn., in 1840. After graduation at Yale in 1862, he was licensed to preach, and in 1864-8 was pastor of churches in Greenwich and Meriden, Conn. In 1868 he was called to the pastorate of the Park Street Congregational Church, Boston, Mass., engaged in lecturing; and from 1869 until 1873 delivered Sunday evening talks in the Boston Music-Hall, which were popular. He resigned his charge in 1874, to engage in business and to preach to independent congregations. His works are *Adventures in the Adirondacks* (1868), *Music-Hall Sermons* (1870-3), *Words Fitly Spoken* (1873), *The Perfect Horse* (1873), *Sermons delivered from Park Street Pulpit* (1874), *Adirondack Tales* (6 vols. 1877), *How Deacon Tubman and Parson Whitney kept New Year, and other Stories* (1887), *The Story of Mamelons, Daylight Land* (1888), *How John Norton the Trapper Kept His Christmas* (1891), *Mamelons and Ugava*, a legend (1891).

THE CATASTROPHE.

It was a stormy night. The wind was blowing a gale; not a star was visible. The wind came from the southeast; raw, and damp with a briny dampness. The force of a thousand leagues of unimpeded violence was in it, it was full of lusty strength, of unchecked might, rageful and fierce. The centre of the storm movement was in the far Atlantic; but, as it swept round on its invisible axis in fearful revolutions, Long Island split the periphery of its power like a wedge, and sheared off a mighty column, which poured itself into and down the Sound, sweeping it from end to end. The waves ran high; they rose out of the darkness, vast volumes of on-rolling water, and rushed against the steamer's prow as if they would keel her over and drive her downward to destruction.

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Only a few of her full complement of passengers were on deck. Some were in the main saloon, gathered in knots for comfort. Others sat moodily apart, communing with their fears; while not a few were in their state-rooms, or down below in their berths, sick and thoroughly frightened. The air was full of foreboding. The prevalent feeling was that of alarm. The plunge of the vessel as she dived downward into the hollow of the sea; the tremulous shocks that shook her from stem to stern; the quivering that convulsed her huge frame, and tried her timbers in all their joints as the great sea struck her; the groaning of the machinery, and now and then the rush of waters overhead as some sea swept over her bulwarks,—revealed to those that were within the saloon, or lay stretched in their berths, that the gale was at its height.

A few of the passengers were on deck; some were sailors, and from habit kept an exposed position; others while not seamen, were sufficiently familiar with voyaging, and of such a temperament, that a position on deck and the sight of a storm were more congenial to them than the protected parlors. Among these our friends could be numbered. It was not in accordance with the temperament or habits of Herbert and the Trapper to stay between decks when such a storm was raging, and the lad could not remain separate from his companions. Indeed, his behavior and remarks revealed the fact that he was familiar with the different portions of the vessel, and with the proper management of such a craft in a storm. He evidently had knowledge of the machinery, knew the name and use of all the equipments, and showed no inconsiderable acquaintance with the force and action of wind and waves, and even with the reefs and islands of the coast along which the course of the vessel was now directed.

“I don’t know what we should do if anything should happen,” said Herbert; “the clerk

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told me there were six hundred passengers aboard, and at the tables to-night I thought I had never seen so many women and children in one boat at a time. I don't know what would become of them, or any of us for that matter, in a sea like this if——"

"Fire! FIRE! F-I-R-E!"

The effect of such a cry on shipboard at night in the midst of such a gale, on a crowded steamer, can never be known to those who have not heard it; nor communicated to those who quietly sit in safety and at ease, reading its description on the printed page. In the great saloon, when the awful sound swept through it, men engaged in conversation stopped—looked with startled interrogation into each other's eyes, with faces that on the instant turned white as ashes. Women with a sudden gesture placed their hands above their hearts as if they had received a sudden stab. Some continued sitting as they had been, as if stiffened to the position. Others, with their hands still on their hearts, sank back in a dead swoon. Children stopped their play and stood staring at their elders. The sick in their berths stilled their groans and lay straight on their cots as if dead, listening with pent breath.

On deck all was hurry and confusion incident to such an emergency. Hose were being fitted, pumps got in motion, the crew was being told off into companies, and the proper officers put over them. The captain was a brave man, and skilful; the officers supported him nobly, and most of the crew obeyed the voices of discipline. The places of those who faltered were more than made good by volunteers, amid whom the Trapper and the Lad were efficiently prominent. Brave men and braver women were among the passengers, who exerted themselves to still the tumult. The captain himself went into the main saloon on his way to the engineer's room, and addressed the passengers in brave and hopeful words. He said they were in danger,—that

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he did not deny;—but that he had been in great danger before, and came out all right; the ship was on fire he admitted; but he stated that the pumps were working well, and if they could not subdue the flames, he hoped to keep them under until he could make harbor.

The captain passed on and entered the engineer's room; counselled a moment with the chief, and then with three carpenters began to explore the forward hold of the vessel, to find the location and the extent of the fire. It took but a brief search to discover that the whole forward part of the ship beneath was a mass of flames. The freight was of combustible material, and thoroughly ignited. The captain looked at the dreadful spectacle for an instant, while the lines of his face grew absolutely rigid, and said:—

"My God! The ship is a furnace!"

He stood another instant in profound thought, during which his quick and fearless mind had considered all the contingencies, and without speaking to the three men that were with him, he started for the deck and pilot-house. He summoned the chief engineer and his officers around him, and stated what he had discovered, —laid the whole subject in a few terse words before them and said:—

"Gentlemen, in twenty minutes the saloons will be like an oven, and the windows of the pilot-house will be cracking. Have you anything to suggest?"

The first officer, a sailor from boyhood, whose head and beard were a heavy gray, said promptly:—

"Captain, we must beach her."

The officers looked their assent.

"It is our only course," said the captain, "Pilot, said he, turning to the man, "can you beach her?" The other deliberated a moment, and said:—

"Captain, I am ready to take any responsibility that a man in my position should take. I am ready to execute any order you give; but

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I will not take the responsibility of running this steamer, with six hundred passengers aboard on to a coast that I know nothing of, beyond the knowledge I have of the lights, the reefs, and the harbors. It would be a mere chance if I got her within half a mile of the shore.

Not a man spoke. They felt as if the horror of death were shutting down around them. They were brave, they were calm. They showed no sign of fear. They could meet death as men should meet it; but they could not tell how to escape it. Suddenly the captain's face lighted, with the light which was the expectation of a hope, of a conjecture, of a possibility. He darted out of the pilot-house, swung himself down among the crew, who were busy with the pumps and the hose, and with a concentration of voice that penetrated the roar of the storm like a knife, shouted:—

"Is there a man here who knows this coast?"

When the captain dropped among them the men stopped their work and stood staring at him. Only the old Trapper and Herbert, each of whom stood above the forward hatch, hose in hand, directing the streams that the pumps sent through the swelling tubes downward, kept their position. The captain waited a moment, while the light faded from his countenance as no response came, and then as if in very despair, he shouted:—

"I say, is there a man here who knows this coast? For God's sake, some of you speak!"

Again, no reply came, and he was on the point of turning away, when the Lad, who had been kneeling under the protection of the bulwark trying to stop a rent which the pressure had made in the hose that the old Trapper was tending, rose out of the shadow and approaching the captain said:—

"Yes, sir, I know the coast."

"Who are you," said the captain, incredulously, "that claim such knowledge? Are

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you not the youth I saw with the old hunter at the table to-night? How should you, born in the interior, know about this coast?"

"I was not born in the woods," responded the Lad. "I was born within ten miles of where we are, and I know every rock and reef and point, for I have fished on them all; and I know every beach, for I used to play on them when a boy."

Lightning is scarce quicker than was the motion of Herbert, as he darted forward into the smoke, which was rolling up in great volumes from the front part of the boat.

By this time the forward half of the vessel was almost one sheet of flame. A column of fire rose out of the forward hatch fifty feet into the air, but was mercifully blown onward by the flame. From this the Trapper and the Lad were at least safe, but the flames were now breaking over all restraint. The deck itself was being burnt through, and sections were falling into the hole. The stanchions and timbers of the bulwarks were already in full blaze. The outer edges of the upper deck were girdled with fire. The roof of the pilot house had begun to kindle. The flames were already eating their way toward the stern, and would soon be in the rear of the two men who were standing half hidden in smoke at a point which would soon be the very centre of the conflagration. But they never flinched. They stood in the exact position where they were when Henry left them; the Trapper still holding the trumpet in his hand, and the Lad still gazing steadfastly ahead.

"Tell them to port two points," said the Lad quietly.

The old man placed the trumpet to his lips, and through the brazen tube his voice poured steady and strong:—

"The boy says: 'Tell 'em to port two p'int's'."

The vessel swayed suddenly to port; and as she leapt away the Lad said:—

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"Tell them to hold her steady as she is."

Again the old man lifted his trumpet, and called:—

"The boy says, 'Tell 'em to hold her steady as she is.'"

For a minute not a word was spoken. The steamer tore on through the gloom, lighting her path with the flames. The roof of the pilot-house dropped in, and the smoke and cinders hid the two men from the sight of those, who with prayers on their lips and with agonized faces, were gazing at them from behind.

Suddenly out of the smoke and fire came the tones of the trumpet:—

"The lad says, '*Tell 'em I hear the surf on the beach.*'"

Suddenly the starboard half of the upper deck fell with a crash. As it fell those behind saw the Lad turn to the Trapper—saw him totter—saw him steady himself—saw his companion catch him by the arm—saw the old hero, with the sleeve of his coat, that was itself smoking, wipe the cinders from his lips as he lifted the trumpet to his mouth; and out of the black, eddying smoke, as it swept over the three and hid them from sight, bellowed the words, strong as trumpet could send them:—

"The lad says:—'*Tell 'em I see the surf on the beach! Hold her steady as she is.*' God—"

The sentence was never completed. The flat-bottom of the vessel touched the sand—slid along it—and was driven by the momentum of her movements half her length up the beach. Then she rolled over with a great lurch; her smoke stacks went down with a crash, carrying the upper deck on which they stood with them, and the three men sank from sight in the smoke and fire.—*Adirondack Tales.—The Man Who Didn't Know Much.*

LOUIS CHARLES ALFRED DE MUSSET.—

MUSSET, LOUIS CHARLES ALFRED DE, a French poet, born at Paris in 1810 ; died there in 1857. After leaving school he hesitated for a while between adopting medicine, law, or art as a profession, but finally devoted himself to literature, his first volume, *Les Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie* (1830), excited attention from its lax moral tone as well as from its unmistakable genius. In 1833 appeared *La Spectacle dans un Fauteuil* and *André del Sarto*. In his *Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle* (1836), he gives, under fictitious names, an account of his *liaison* with Madame Dudevant ("George Sand"). A new edition, put forth in 1859, led her to publish *Elle et Lui*, to a rejoinder by Paul de Musset, the brother of Alfred, *Lui et Elle*, and to a sur-rejoinder by George Sand, none of which are altogether edifying reading. In 1842 he was appointed to a position in the office of the Ministry of the Interior ; he was ousted from it at the revolution of 1848, but was restored to it after the establishment of the Empire in 1852. Much of De Musset's poetry is altogether free from any loose taint. He also wrote many clever prose tales, and several dramatic compositions, *La Nuit de Mai*, *La Nuit d'Août*, *La Nuit d'Octobre*, and *La Nuit de Décembre*, published in 1835, are among his finest poems. A complete illustrated edition of his *Works*, with a biographical sketch by his brother, in ten volumes, was published in 1866.

VENICE.

In Venice not a barque
Is stirring,—all is dark,
For through the gloomy night
Breaks ne'er a light.

LOUIS CHARLES ALFRED DE MUSSET.-

The lion, gaunt and grand,
Seated upon the strand,
Scans the wide waters o'er
Forevermore.

While many a ship and boat,
In groups around him float,
Like herons, lulled to sleep
Upon the deep.

Over the misty sea,
Fluttering lazily,
Streamers and sails unfurled;
Clinging and curled.

Now the moon's dreamy light
Is flooding all the night,
From many a glimmering cloud
Her airy shroud—

Just as some novice would
Draw on her ample hood,
Yet leaving still, I ween,
Her beauty seen.

And the still water flows
Past mighty porticoes,
And stairs of wealthy knights,
In lordly flights.

And the pale statues gleam
In the pure light, and seem
Like visions of the past
Come back at last.

All silent, save the sound
Of guards upon their round,
As on the battled wall
Their footsteps fall.

More than one damsel strays
Beneath the pale moon's rays,
And waits, with eager ear,
Her cavalier;

More than one girl admiring
The charms she is attiring;
More than one mirror shows
Black dominoes.

LOUIS CHARLES ALFRED DE MUSSET.—

La Vanina is lying,
With languid raptures dying,
Upon her lover's breast
Half lulled to rest.

Narcissa, Folly's daughter!
Holds Festival on the water,
Until the opal morning
Is softly dawning.

Who then in such a clime
But has a madcap time?
Who but to love can give
Life, while he live?

Let the old Doge-clock strike
And hammer as it like,
And count with jealous spite
The hours of night.

But we will count instead
On full lips rosy red,
So many kisses earned;
And then returned;

Count all your charms, my dear;
Count every happy tear,
That loving hearts must borrow
From joy and sorrow.

Transl of HARRY CURWEN.

TO PÉPA.

Pépa! when the night has come,
And Mamma has bid good-night,
By the light half-clad and dumb,
As thou kneelest out of sight,—

Laid by cap and sweeping vest
Ere thou sinkest to repose,
At the hour when half at rest,
Folds thy soul as folds a rose,—

When sweet sleep, the sovereign mild.
Peace to all the house has brought,
Pépita! my charming child!
What, O what, is then thy thought?

LOUIS CHARLES ALFRED DE MUSSET.—

Who knows ! Haply dreamest thou
Of some lady doom'd to sigh,
All that hope a truth deems now,
All that Truth shall prove a lie.

Haply of those mountains grand
That produce—alas ! but mice ;
Castles in Spain ; a Prince's hand ;
Bon-bons, lovers, or cream-ice.

Haply of soft whispers breathed
'Mid the mazes of a ball ;
Robes, or flowers, or hair enwreathed ;
Me ;—or nothing, Dear, at all.

THE PIÉDELEUS.

THE good man Piédeleu was from the province of Beauce. There he had spent his life, and there he fully intended to die. He was the old and honest farmer of the estate of la Honville, near Chartres, an estate belonging to Madame Doradour. He never in his life had seen either a forest or a mountain, having left his farm only to visit the neighboring city ; and Beauce, as every one knows, is but one immense plain. It is true that he had seen a river, the Eure, which flowed near his house. As for the sea, he believed in it as he did in Paradise,—that is to say, he thought one must first go and see it.

Thus did he find in this world but three things worthy of admiration : the Cathedral-steeple at Chartres, a handsome girl, and a fine wheat field. His erudition consisted simply in knowing that it is warm in summer, cold in winter, and that the market price of grain is subject to fluctuation. But when, in the mid-day sun, at the hour when the husbandmen take their rest, the worthy farmer left his broad farmyard to speak a few kind words to his crops, it was a great treat to see his massive form stand out against the horizon. It seemed then that the blades of wheat stood up straighter and prouder than before, that the ploughshares shone more brilliantly. At his coming, the

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farm boys, stretched in the shade eating their dinner, uncovered their heads respectfully whilst biting into the broad slices of bread and cheese; the oxen ruminated in a good-humored way; the horses pranced under the hand of the master patting their rounded flanks. "Our country is the granary of France," the good man often said; then he lowered his head, marching, looked at his straight-cut furrows, and lost himself in contemplation. Mistress Piédeleu, his wife, had given him nine children, of whom eight were boys, and, if each of the eight were not six feet high, he lacked but little of it. It is true that such was the size of the good-man, and the mother was five feet five inches: she was the handsomest woman thereabouts.

The eight boys, strong as bullocks, the terror and admiration of the village, obeyed their father as slaves. They were, so to speak, the first and most zealous of his servants, doing in turn the work of carters, ploughmen, and threshers. It was a fine sight to see those eight sturdy fellows, either when, with sleeves tucked up, the two-pronged fork in their hands, they would build up a haystack, or, when marching to Mass on Sunday, arm-in-arm, the father heading the procession; or, finally, when at nightfall, the work done, they sat around the long kitchen table exchanging remarks over their smoking soup and merrily touching their big tin cups.

In the midst of that family of giants had come into the world a small creature, full of health, but quite petite. It was the ninth child of Mistress Piédeleu, Marguerite, whom they called Margot. Her head hardly reached the elbow of any of her brothers, and when her father wanted to kiss her he never failed to lift her from the ground and place her on the table. Little Margot was hardly sixteen; her turned up nose, her well-cut mouth, neatly filled and always smiling, the sun-warmed hue of her complexion, her chubby arms and her

delicately rounded figure, gave her the look of cheerfulness itself; in truth she was the joy of the family. Seated among her brothers she shone and pleased the sight as a blue-bell in the midst of a bouquet of wheat-ears. "My faith," the good man would say, "I don't know now my wife managed to get me that child; she is a real gift of Providence; all the same, that little bit of a girl will make me laugh all my life."

Already Margot managed the household; Mother Piédeleu, though still quite hale and hearty, had confided those duties to her, so as to accustom her early to order and economy. Margot arranged and locked up the linen and the wine, and had the care of the pots and pans, which, however, she did not deign to wash; but she laid the covers, poured the drink, and sang a song when asked. The maid-servants of the house never spoke of her but as *Mademoiselle Marguerite*, for she had her little proud ways. Moreover, as people say, she was as good as a picture. I do not mean that she was not coquettish; she was young, pretty, and a daughter of Eve. But woe to the boy were he one of the village cocks, that would have dared to press her waist too hard; it would have fared ill with him: the son of a farmer, named Jerry,—a bad case they called him,—having kissed her one day at the dance, had been rewarded with a sounding slap.

His Reverence the "Curé" showed Margot a marked esteem. When he had an example to quote, he always chose her. He even did her the honor to mention her name in the sermon, pointing her out as a model to his flock. If the so called progressive enlightenment of the Nineteenth Century had not suppressed the *rosières*—that old and honest custom of our ancestors,—Margot would have worn the garland of white roses, and that alone would have been worth a dozen sermons; but our gentlemen of '89 have suppressed that

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with the rest. Margot knew how to sew, and even to embroider; her father wished her, besides, to learn how to read and write, and she had also been taught spelling, a little grammar, and some geography. A Carmelite nun had had charge of her education. So Margot had become the oracle of the place; as soon as she opened her mouth the peasants would gape. She told them that the earth was round, and they took her word for it. They gathered about her on Sundays, when she danced on the green, for she had had a dancing-master, and her *pas de bourrée* threw every one in ecstasies. In a word, she managed to be beloved and admired at the same time,—a difficult feat indeed.—*Margot.*

PALE STAR OF EVEN.

Pale star of even, on thy distant quest
Lifting thy radiant brow from twilight's veil,
From out thy azure palace in the west,
What seest thou in the dale?
The storm recedes, the winds are lulled to rest,
The shivering trees weep on the grass
beneath,
The evening butterfly, with gilded crest,
Flits o'er the fragrant heath.
What seekest thou on Nature's sleeping breast?
Down toward the mountains thou art sinking
fast,
Sinking and smiling, sweet and pensive guest;
Thy tremulous gaze has almost looked its last.
Sad, silvery tear on evening's mantle brown,
Slow gliding downward to the verdant steep,
The shepherd sees thee, as across the down
He homeward leads his lingering flock of
sheep.
Star, at this silent hour so strangely fair,
Through boundless night, oh, whither dost
thou go?
To seek beside the shore a reedy lair,
Or, like a pearl, sink in the gulf below?
Oh, if thy glowing tresses thou must wet
In ocean's brine, fair star, if thou must die,

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Ere thou forsake us, stay a moment yet;
Sweet star of love ! ah, do not leave the sky !

VERGISS MEIN NICHT.

Remember ! when the morn with sweet affright
Opens her portals to the king of day ;
Remember ! when the melancholy night
All silver-veiled, pursues her darkling way ;
Or when thy pulses wake at pleasure's tone ;
When twilight shades to gentle dreams invite,
List to a voice which from the forest lone
Murmurs, Remember !

Remember ! when inexorable fate
Hath parted finally my lot from thine,
When absence, grief, and time have laid their
weight
With crushing power on this heart of mine,
Think of my love, think of my last farewell,
Absence nor time can constancy abate,—
While my heart beats its every throb shall tell
Remember !

Remember ! when beneath the chilly ground
My weary heart has found a lasting sleep,
And when in after time, above the mound,
The pale blue flower its gentle watch doth
keep,
I shall not see thee more, but ever nigh,
Like sister true, my soul will hover round,
List to a voice which through the night will
sigh.
Remember !

FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY MYERS.—

MYERS, FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY, an English poet, essayist, and critic, born at Keswick in 1843. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was made a Fellow in 1865. He has published *St. Paul*, a poem (1870), *Poems* (1871), *Wordsworth*, in the *English Men of Letters* series (1881), *The Renewal of Youth and other Poems* (1882), two volumes, *Essays Modern* and *Essays Classical* (1883), *Science and a Future Life* (1893). He is a contributor to the leading English *Reviews*, and to the *Proceedings* of the English Society for Psychical Research.

THE CONSOLING POWER OF POETRY.

It is the especial privilege of poetry that by her close intermingling of ethical and artistic sentiment she can bring definite consolation to some of the deepest sorrows of men. Painting can fill our minds with ennobling images, but in the hour of our tribulation these are apt to look coldly at us, like dead gods. Music can exalt us into an unearthly and illimitable world, but the treasures which we have grasped there melt away when we descend from that remote empyrean. Poetry can meet our sorrows face to face, can show us that she also knows them, and can transform them into "something rich and strange" by the suggestive magic of her song. And since there does without doubt exist a kind of transference and metastasis of the emotion, since the force of any strong feeling can to some extent be led off into other channels, the work of Art in the moral work like the work of Science in the material world, is to transform the painful into the useful, the lower into the higher forms of force; to change scorn and anger into a generous fervency, and love that is mixed with sorrow into a sacred and impersonal flame. And of all sorrows the sorrow of bereavement needs this aid the most. For to some troubles a man may become

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indifferent by philosophy, and from some he may become through virtue free, but this one sorrow grows deeper as the character rises and the heart expands; and an object more unique and lovable is mourned with a more inconsolable desire.

And to such mourners those who trust in an ultimate reunion may often speak with an effective power. For on whatever evidence or revelation men may base this faith for themselves, it does yet unconsciously in great part rest for each man upon the faith of those around him, upon the desire of great hearts and the consenting expectation of the just.

It is a belief which only in a certain moral atmosphere finds strength to grow; it is chiefly when the conviction of spiritual progress through sorrow is dominant and clear that men are irresistibly led to believe that in this crowning sorrow also courage must conquer, and constancy must be rewarded, and love which as yet has known no bar or limit shall find no limit in the grave. Be this persuasion well founded or not, to those "who have intelligence of love" human life without such hope would be itself a chaos or a hell.—*Essays Modern.*

LOVE AND FAITH.

Lo, if a man magnanimous and tender,
Lo, if a woman, desperate and true,
Make the irrevocable sweet surrender,
Show to each other what the Lord can do,—
Each, as I know, a helping and a healing,
Each to the other strangely a surprise,
Heart to the heart its mystery revealing
Soul to the soul in melancholy eyes,—
Where wilt thou find a riving or a rending
Able to sever them in twain again?
God hath begun, and God's shall be the ending,
Safe in his bosom and aloof from men.
Her thou mayst separate but shalt not sunder,
Tho' thou distress her for a little while;—
Rapt in a worship, ravished in a wonder,
Stayed on the steadfast promise of a smile.

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Scarcely she knoweth if his arms have found her
Waves of his breath make tremulous the air—
Or if the thrill within her and around her
Be but the distant echo of his prayer.

Nay, and much more ; for love in his demanding
Will not be bound in limits of our breath,
Calls her to follow where she sees him standing
Fairer and stronger for the plunge of death.

Waketh a vision and a voice within her
Sweeter than dreams and clearer than complaint,

“ Is it a man thou lovest, and a sinner ?
No ! but a soul, O woman, and a saint ! ”

Well,—if to her such prophecy be given,
Strong to illuminate when sight is dim,
Then, tho’ my Lord be holy in the heaven
How should the heavens sunder me from
Him ?

She and her love,—how dimly has she seen him
Dark in a dream and windy in a wraith !
I and my Lord,—between me and between Him
Rises the lucent ladder of my faith.

Ay, and thereon, descending and ascending,
Suns at my side and starry in the air,
Angels, His ministers, their tasks are blending,
Bear me the blessing, render Him the prayer,
The Renewal of Youth and other Poems.

SIMMENTHAL.

Far off the old snows ever-new
With silver edges cleft the blue
Aloft, alone, divine ;
The sunny meadows silent slept,
Silence the sombre armies kept,
The vanguard of the pine.

In that thin air the birds are still,
No ringdove murmurs on the hill
Nor mating cushat calls ;
But gay cicadas singing sprang,
And waters from the forest sang
The song of waterfalls.

FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY MYERS.—

O Fate ! a few enchanted hours
Beneath the firs, among the flowers,
 High on the lawn we lay,
Then turned again, contented well,
While bright about us flamed and fell
 The rapture of the day.

And softly with a guileless awe
Beyond the purple lake she saw
 The embattled summits glow ;
She saw the glories melt in one,
The round moon rise, while yet the sun
 Was rosy on the snow.

Then, like a newly-singing bird
The child's soul in her bosom stirred ;
 I know not what she sung :—
Because the soft wind caught her hair,
Because the golden moon was fair,
 Because her heart was young.

I would her sweet soul ever may
Look thus from those glad eyes and gray,
 Unfearing, undefiled :
I love her ; when her face I see,
Her simple presence wakes in me
 The imperishable child.

The Renewal of Youth and other Poems.

ON A GRAVE AT GRINDELWALD.

Here let us leave him ; for his shroud the snow,
For funeral-lamps he has the planets seven,
For a great sign the icy stair shall go
 Between the heights to heaven.
One moment stood he as the angels stand,
High in the stainless eminence of air ;
The next, he was not, to his fatherland
Translated unaware.

The Renewal of Youth and other Poems.

LADY CAROLINA OLIPHANT NAIRNE.—

NAIRNE, LADY CAROLINA OLIPHANT, a Scottish poet, born in Perthshire, in 1766; died in 1845. Her family were Jacobites, From her great beauty she was called in youth 'the Flower of Strathearn.' Regretting the coarseness of many popular songs, she undertook to furnish new words for the beautiful tunes, and attained eminent success; her authorship was not disclosed till near her death. In 1800 she married a cousin, who in 1824 became the fifth Lord Nairne. She edited the *Scottish Minstrels*, six volumes (1821-4). *Lays from Strathearn* were edited by Finlay Dunn about 1846, and her *Life and Songs*, by C. Rogers (1869).

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud an' he's great
His mind is ta'en up wi' things o' the state
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favor wi' wooin' was fashous to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well,
McClish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha'-Lee,
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered as guid as new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword an' cocked hat,
An' wha could refuse the Laird wi' all that?

He took the gray mear, and rade cannily,
An' rapt at the yett o' Claverse-ha'-Lee;
"Gae, tell mistress Jean to come speedilie ben;
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine
"An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put off her apron, an' on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.

An' when she cam ben, he bowed fu' low,
An' what was his errand he soon let her know.

LADY CAROLINA OLIPHANT NAIRNE.—

Amazed was the Laird when the lady said na,
An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfounded he was ; nae sigh did he gie ;
He mounted his mear ; he rode cannily ;
An' aften he thought, as he gaed thro' the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa'
 To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither could nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean ;
She was baith guid and fair, Jean ;
O, we grudged her right sair
 To the land o' the leal !

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean ;
My soul lang's to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
 To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean ;
This world's care is vain, Jean :
We'll meet an aye be fain
 In the land o' the leal.

SIR WM. PATRICK FRANCIS NAPIER.—

NAPIER, SIR WILLIAM PATRICK FRANCIS, a British soldier and military historian, born at Castletown, Ireland, in 1785; died near London in 1860. He entered the army in 1800, at the age of fifteen, and in 1807 accompanied Sir John Moore, with the rank of captain, in the expedition to Portugal, and afterwards to Spain. He served during the entire Peninsular war. He was made colonel in 1811, major-general and Knight Commander of the Bath in 1841, lieutenant-general in 1851, and general in 1859, and was for some years Governor on the island of Guernsey. His principal works are: *The History of the War in the Peninsula* (1828–1840), *The Conquest of Scinde* (1845), and *The Life and Opinions of Sir Charles Napier*, his brother (1857). In 1855 he also put forth *English Battles and Sieges in the Peninsula*, consisting mainly of amplified passages from his earlier work.

BATTLE OF CORUNA AND DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

When Laborde's division arrived the French force was not less than 20,000 men; that of the British was about 15,000 infantry and 1,800 cavalry, and 40 pieces of artillery; but the cavalry was in such a condition as to be practically of little use. Marshal Soult made no idle evolutions of display. Distributing his lighter guns along the front of his position, he opened a fire from the heavy battery on his left, and instantly descended the mountain with three columns covered by a heavy line of skirmishers. The British pickets were driven back in disorder, and the village of Elora was carried by the first French column, which then divided and attempted to turn Baird's right by the valley, and break his front at the same time. The second column made against the

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English centre, and the third attacked Hope's left at the village of Palavia Abaxo. Soult's heavier guns overmatched the English six-pounders, and swept the position to the centre.

But Moore, seeing that the enemy, according to his expectations, did not show any body of infantry beyond that moving up the valley to outflank Baird's right, ordered Paget to carry the whole of the reserve to where the detached regiment was posted, and, as he had before arranged with him, turn the left of the French columns, and menace the great battery. Fraser he ordered to support Paget; and then throwing back the Fourth regiment, which formed the right of Baird's division, opened a heavy fire upon the flanks of the troops penetrating the valley; while the Fiftieth and Forty-second regiment met those breaking through Elvina.

The ground about that village was intersected by stone walls and hollow roads. A severe scrambling fight occurred, and the French were forced back with great loss; and the Fifteenth Regiment, entering the valley with the retiring mass, drove it, after a second struggle in the street, quite beyond the houses. Seeing this, the General ordered a battalion of the guards to fill the void in the line made by the advance of these regiments; whereupon the Forty-second, mistaking his intention, retired; and at that moment the enemy, being reinforced, renewed the fight in the village. Major Napier—the author's eldest brother—commanding the Fiftieth, was wounded and taken prisoner, and Elvina then became the scene of another contest, which being observed by the Commander-in-chief, he addressed a few animating words to the Forty-second, and caused it to return to the attack. Paget had now descended into the valley, and the line of skirmishers, being thus supported, vigorously checked the advance of the enemy's troops in that quarter, while the Fourth Regiment galled their flank. At the same time the centre and the left of the army became engaged. Baird

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was severely wounded, and a furious action ensued along the line, in the valley and along the hills.

Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon-shot. The shock threw him from his horse with violence; yet he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front—no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he saw the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm hanging by a piece of skin; the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh; the muscles of the breast torn into long strips, interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge, a staff-officer, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, "It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me;" and in that manner, so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the field.

Notwithstanding this disaster, the troops gained ground. The reserve, overthrowing everything in the valley forced La Houssaye's dismounted dragoons to retire, and thus, turning the enemy, approached the eminence on which the great battery was posted. On the left Colonel Nicholls, at the head of some companies of the Fourteenth, carried Palavia Abaxo, which General Foy defended but feebly. In the centre the obstinate dispute for Elvina terminated in favor of the British; and when the night set in their line was considerably advanced beyond the original position of the morning, while the French were falling back in confusion. If Fraser's division had

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been brought into action along with the reserve, the enemy could hardly have escaped a signal overthrow, for the little ammunition which Marshal Soult had been able to bring up was nearly exhausted; the river Ebo was in full tide behind him, and the difficult communication by the bridge of El Burgo was alone open for retreat.

On the other hand, to fight in the dark was to tempt fortune. The French were still the most numerous, their ground strong; and their disorder facilitated the original plan of embarking during the night. Hope, upon whom the command had devolved, resolved therefore to ship the army; and so complete were the arrangements that no confusion or difficulty occurred. The pickets kindled fires to cover their retreat, and were themselves withdrawn at daybreak, to embark under the protection of Hill's brigade, which was in position under the walls of Coruña.

When morning dawned the French, seeing the British position abandoned, pushed some batteries to the heights of St. Lucia, and about mid-day opened a battery on the shipping in the harbor. This caused great confusion amongst the transports; several masters cut their cables, and four vessels went on shore; but the troops were rescued by the men-of-war's boats; the stranded vessels were burned, and the fleet got out of the harbor. Hill then embarked at the citadel, which was maintained by a rear-guard under Beresford until the 18th, when, the wounded being all on board, the troops likewise embarked; the inhabitants faithfully maintaining the town meanwhile, and the fleet sailed for England.

The loss of the British—never officially published—was estimated at 800; of the French at 3,000. The latter is probably an exaggeration; yet it must have been great, for the English muskets were all new, the ammunition fresh; and whether from the peculiar construction of the muskets, the physical strength and

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coolness of the men, or all combined, the English fire is the most destructive known. The nature of the ground also barred artillery movements, and the French columns were exposed to a fire which they could not return because of the distance of their batteries.

Thus ended the retreat to Coruña. From the spot where he fell, Sir John Moore was carried to the town by his soldiers. His blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound was great; yet the unshaken firmness of his mind made those about him, seeing the resolution of his countenance, express a hope of his recovery. He looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and said, "No, I feel that to be impossible." Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn round that he might behold the field of battle; and when the fire indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed.

When brought to his lodgings the surgeons examined his wound. There was no hope. The pain increased, and he spoke with difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten, and, addressing his old friend, Colonel Anderson, said, "You know I always wished to die this way." Again he asked if the enemy were defeated; and being told that they were, said, "It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French." His countenance continued firm, his thoughts clear. Once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated, but he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not, even in this moment, forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion.

When life was just extinct, with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, "I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!"—*The War in the Peninsula.*

THOMAS NASH.--

NASH, THOMAS, an English author born 1564; died in 1600. He seems to have been a fair type of the "Bohemian" of his time, spending his life, as he says, "in fantastical satirism, in whose veins I misspent my spirit, and prodigally conspired against good hours." Among his satires are: *Martin's Month's Mind* (1589), *Return of the Renowned Cavalier Pasquil of England* (1589), *Pasquil's Apology* (1590), *Strange News of the Intercepting Certain Letters* (1592). His best-known dramatic composition, *Summer's Last Will and Testament* was played before Queen Elizabeth in 1592. He also wrote with Marlowe, the tragedy of *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, *The Supplication of Pierce Penniless to the Devil* (1592), and *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, a prose tract (1593), contain forcible descriptions of the agonies of repentance.

SPRING.

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant
king,
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in
a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-wee, to-witt a-woo!
The palm and May make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all
day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-wee, to-witt a-woo!
The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-wee, to-wit a-woo.

THE DECAY OF SUMMER.

Fair summer droops, droop men and beast
therefore;

THOMAS NASH.—

So fair a summer look for nevermore.
All good things vanish less than in a day ;
Peace, plenty, pleasure, suddenly decay.
Go not yet away, bright soul of the sad year ;
The earth is hell when thou leavest to appear.
What ! shall these flowers that decked thy
 garland erst
Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed ?
O, trees, consume your sap in sorrow's source !
Streams, turn to tears your tributary course !
Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year ;
The earth is hell when thou leavest to appear.

PERILS OF POWER.

I never lov'd ambitiously to climb,
Or thrust my hand too far into the fire.
To be in heaven sure is a blessed thing,
But, Atlas-like, to prop heaven on one's back
Cannot but be more labor than delight.
Such is the state of men in honor placed :
They are gold vessels made for servile uses ;
High trees that keep the weather from low
 houses,
But cannot shield the tempest from themselves.
I love to dwell betwixt the hills and dales,
Neither to be so great as to be envied,
Nor yet so poor the world should pity me.
 Summer's Last Will and Testament.

JOHN NEAL.—

NEAL, JOHN, an American author, born at Portland, Maine, in 1798; died there in 1876. He was bred to trade, and entered into partnership with John Pierpont, the poet, in Baltimore. They failed in 1816, and Neal turned to literary pursuits and legal studies. Beginning with a review of Byron, he published *Keep Cool*, a novel aimed against duelling (1817), *The Battle of Niagara and Other Poems* (1818), and *Otho*, a tragedy (1819). In 1819 he was admitted to the bar, and within the next four years prepared an Index to the fifty volumes of Niles' *Register*, wrote part of a history of the American Revolution, and dashed off four novels *Logan*, *Randolphe*, *Errata*, and *Seventy-six*. In 1824 he went to England, and contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, sketches of American literature and politics. *Brother Jonathan*, a novel, appeared in 1825. In 1827 he returned to Portland, where he practised law till 1850. His later novels are *Rachel Dyer* (1828), *Authorship* (1833), *The Down-Easters* (1833), *True Womanhood* (1839). Among his graver works are *Bentham's Morals and Legislation* (1830), *One Word More* (1854), *Wandering Recollections of a Somewhat Busy Life* (1870), *Portland Illustrated* (1874).

CHILDREN.

Even fathers and mothers look upon children with a strange misapprehension of their dignity. Even with the poets, they are only the flowers and blossoms, the dewdrops or the playthings, of earth. . . . Flowers! They are the flowers of the invisible world: indestructible, self-perpetuating flowers, with each a multitude of angels and evil spirits underneath its leaves,

JOHN NEAL.—

toiling and wrestling for dominion over it. Blossoms ! They are the blossoms of another world, whose fruitage is angels and archangels. Or, dewdrops ! They are dewdrops that have their source, not in the chambers of the earth, nor among the vapors of the sky, which the next breath of wind, or the next flash of sunshine, may dry up forever, but among the everlasting fountains and inexhaustible reservoirs of mercy and love. Playthings ! If the little creatures would but appear to us in their true shape for a moment ! We should fall upon our faces, before them, or grow pale with consternation, or fling them off with horror and loathing.

A SUNRISE.

Now comes the sun forth ! not in blaze of fire,
With rainbow-harnessed courses, that respire
An atmosphere of flame. No chariot whirls
O'er reddening clouds. No sunny flag unfurls
O'er rushing smoke. No chargers in array
Scatter through heaven and earth their fiery
spray.

No, no ! he comes not then in pomp and light,
A new creation bursting out of night !
But he comes darkly forth, in storms arrayed,
Like the red tempest marshalled in her shade,
When mountains rock, and thunders traveling
round
Hold counsel in the sky, and midnight trumps
resound.

JOHN MASON NEALE.—

NEALE, JOHN MASON, an English clergyman and author, born in 1818; died in 1866. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1840, and was warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead, from 1846. In 1856 he founded the Sisterhood of St. Margaret, which was the object of much persecution. His publications number some seventy stories, hymns, and works of ecclesiastical instruction or devotion. His *History of the Holy Eastern Church* won acknowledgments from the Czar and the Metropolitan of Moscow. His *Commentary on the Psalms, from Primitive and Mediæval Writers* (3 vols.) was completed by Dr. Littledale. Among his other works of graver character are *Heirolodus, or the Church Tourists* (1843), *Mediæval Preachers* (1857), *History of the Jansenist Church of Holland* (1858), and *Essays on Liturgiology and Church History* (1863). His lighter works, which have an equally serious motive, include *Herbert Tresham* (1843), *Duchenier, or the Revolt of La Vendée* (1848), *The Farm of Aptonga, The Egyptian Wanderers* (1854), *Stories of the Crusades* (1856), and a multitude of short stories for the young, as *The Triumphs of the Cross* (1845-6), *The Followers of the Lord* (1851), *Lent Legends* (1855), and *Tales of the Apostles' Creed* (1857). Most of them have been reprinted in six volumes as *Tales of Church History*. His contributions to hymnology are of the first importance. His *Hymns for Children* (1842-46), *Hymns for the Sick* (1843), and other original verses, were surpassed by his translations. *Mediæval Hymns and Sequences* (1851), contributions to *The Hymnal Noted* (1857), and *The*

JOHN MASON NEALE.—

Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix, embrace most of his versions from the Latin : the latter contains the hymn, *Jerusalem the Golden* familiar wherever English hymns are sung. His *Hymns of the Eastern Church* (1862), opened a new field, and contained many lyrics of great beauty. His *Sequences, Hymns and Other Ecclesiastical Verses* appeared in 1866, after his death, and included his longest poem, *The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus*. He was notable not only for extreme church views, great learning, and enormous industry, but for peculiar manliness and saintliness of character. "His life was divided between excessive literary toil and exhausting labors of piety and benevolence." His life, written long since, has not yet been published.

THE STORM.

Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars labored heavily,
Foam glimmered white;
Mariners trembled;
Peril was nigh:
Then said the Christ of God,
"Peace ! it is I !"

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest !
Peril can none be,
Sorrow must fly,
Where saith the Light of light,
"Peace ! it is I !"

Jesus Deliverer !
Come Thou to me !
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea !

JOHN MASON NEALE.—

Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of truth,
“Peace ! it is I ! ”

THE PURE IN HEART.

Blessed are the pure in heart :
They have loved the better part,
When life's journey they have trod,
They shall go to see their God.

Till in glory they appear,
They shall often see Him here,
And His grace shall learn to know
In His glorious works below.

When the sun begins to rise,
Spreading brightness through the skies,
They will love to praise and bless
Christ, the Sun of Righteousness.

In the watches of the night,
When the stars are clear and bright,
“Thus the just shall shine,” they say,
“In the Resurrection Day.”

God in everything they see ;
First in all their thoughts is He.
They have loved the better part,
Blessed are the pure in heart !

DIFFUSION OF THE NICENE CREED.

If we could have soared far above this earth within a fortnight after the termination of the Council, what should we have seen passing below us for the name and glory of the Consubstantial ?

Who is this that, day after day, is traversing the fertile plains of Galatia ? The second hay harvest is smiling around him ; the maize, big, full-eared, waving in the breeze, spreads measurelessly before him ; he tracks many a mile the smiling waters of the Halys ; he sees the ruined castles of the Macedonian dynasty, that are reflected in its smooth bosom ; the dragon-fly sports amidst its reeds, the moor-hen cowers amidst

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its banks, the bittern booms from its bulrushes. Now Mount Ophlimus is golden in the sunrise, now he leaves it behind him and it is purple in the sunset; now the midnight winds make wild music in the glens of the Ante-Taurus; now the great Euphrates flows on before him, exulting in its strength; now he sees the moon in the ripples of the lake of Ooromiah; now the Caspian basks in the autumn sunshine before him. It is John, Bishop of Persepolis, who proclaims the tidings of the Consubstantial to Persia.

Who is this that, on a glorious autumn evening, passes the north-eastern African headland, runs into the long bay of Carthage, sees the sun go down behind the sandhills,—which he fires into the hue of molten iron—and the palm-trees wave softly in the breeze; that passes the ruined temples of the rival of Rome, and goes forth into the oases of the great African desert? It is Cæcilian, Metropolitan of Carthage.

Who is this that lands in the busy port of Barcinone, and sees the glorious sunset on the Orospeidan range? Who proclaims the Consubstantial in the churches of Toledo, and skirts the bank of the gold-bearing Tagus? Who lingers in the lovely vales of Galloecia, that earthy paradise, when the pendent grapes festoon the roads, and the fire-flies dart from the hedges, and the luscious oranges hang amidst their snowy blossoms, and myrtle and olive and heliotrope perfume the air? It is Hosius, Bishop of Cordova.

Who lands at busy Massilia, and hears the Greek of Athens; ascends the Rhone to his bridal meeting with the Arar; proclaims the faith in regal Lugdunum; preaches to the half-civilized Sequani and Lingares; tells of the Consubstantial in Lutetia and along the banks of the Sequana; skirts the coasts of the British ocean to Bononia; ventures, inspired by the love of Christ, to cross it to the Portus Lemanianus, along the Watling Way to Lon-

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dinium, by the Ermine street to Durolipons, thence by the Via Devana to Mediolanum and distant Deva? Gorgeous sunsets he saw across the ocean of Rutunian forests, purple loveliness round the Welsh ridges; and everywhere he taught that Christ was co-equal and co-eternal with the Father, and preached the faith of Nicæa. It is Vitus, Roman legate.

Who is this in the snow-sailed *cercuous* that darts from island to island of the blue *Ægean*, to the cove beautiful with its fishing village, and ruined temple, and rising church; to the vineyard, to the maize-field, to the corn-land, to the shelly beach, to the broad white tracts of sand? who that rambles through groves once dedicated to the worship of idols, now, with the 'sound of the going' in their summits, singing anthems to the one true God? Delian Apollo, Chian Aphrodite, Methymnæan Zeus, Lesbian Dionysus, in the ground once sacred to you, Alexander of Byzantium preaches the Consubstantial.

And lastly, who is this that is drawing near the scene of man's redemption? Libanus with its cedars makes a bed for the last rays of the sun; Mount Carmel, breasting the Mediterranean, marks his base with snowy foam for many a mile; the hills of Ebal and Gerizim are silent in the noontide glare; now the City of Palm-trees is passed; now, rising on the horizon Mount Moriah is the pilgrim's goal; now he passes the excavation where the Saviour of the world was crucified, and where they hope to find His cross; and now he enters the Judicial Gate, and follows the Via Dolorosa to the centre of the city. It is Macarius of Jerusalem.

Thus, as soon as the Fathers of the Council ceased speaking, "their sound went out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world."—*The Quay of the Dioscuri.*

AUGUST NEANDER.—

NEANDER, AUGUST, a German theologian, born at Göttingen in 1789; died at Berlin in 1850. His parents were Hebrews, in humble circumstances, and his original name was David Mendel. Soon after his birth, his parents went to Hamburg, where they had friends by whose aid the boy was enabled to study at the institution styled "the Johanneum," where his personal peculiarities caused no little ridicule; but those who came to know him recognized in him a youth of high promise. At the age of seventeen he renounced Judaism, and was publicly baptized as a Christian, as Johann August Wilhelm Neander, names which he took from several of his friends, among whom was Wilhelm Neumann, whose name he simply translated into Greek (*Neos*, "New," and *Andros*, "Man,") so that *Neander*, which is simply "Newman," came to be the name by which he was to be known. In 1811 he began to lecture upon theology at Heidelberg, and in the following year was called to the newly-founded University of Berlin as Professor of Church History. His lectures—partly in spite of, and perhaps somewhat in consequence of, his personal eccentricities—were for many years a marked feature in the University. He lectured upon nearly every branch of exegetical and systematic theology, the historical element everywhere predominating. His various works (of which a uniform edition was completed in 1866, in 13 volumes) are essentially a reproduction of his prelections. His *General History of the Christian Religion* down to the Council of Basel, appeared in separate volumes between 1825 and 1852, and

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has been admirably translated by Prof. Joseph Torrey, of the University of Vermont. Other works of Neander are: *Julian the Apostate* (1812), *St. Bernard* (1813), *Gnosticism* (1818), *St. Chrysostom* (1822), *Tertullian* (1825), *History of the Apostolic Age* (1833), *Life of Jesus Christ* (1837), *Christian Life* (1840). After his death were published, *History of Christian Doctrine* (1857), and *The Epistles to the Corinthians* (1859). His valuable library was purchased for the Theological Seminary of Rochester, N.Y.

POLICY OF THE EMPEROR JULIAN.

It was a topic on which Julian often declaimed, that the gods regard only the disposition of their worshippers. He declared that no godless person ought to take part in the holy sacrifices until he had purified his soul by prayer to the gods, and his body by the prescribed lustrations. Yet he was quite satisfied if he could but induce goodly numbers to sacrifice, without troubling himself any further about their dispositions. And to promote this object he spared neither money nor places of honor; though we must admit that the Christian emperors had done the same thing, and in a manner still less becoming, with regard to Christianity.

As Julian was in the habit of appointing zealous pagans to the high sacerdotal and civil offices—and as the latter were aware that nothing would serve them better with the emperor, than zeal for the spread of paganism—as they were incited by the double stimulus of their own fanaticism and of their wish to please the emperor—so it was a matter of course that individual instances of oppression and persecution of Christians would easily happen, which might proceed even to cruelty.

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ANTIOCH OF SYRIA.

Julian became still more embittered against the Christians in the summer of 362, during his stay at Antioch. In this city Christianity had for a long time been the prevailing religion ; insomuch that Libanius remarked on the spot that only a few old men remained who were still familiar with the ancient pagan festivals when Julian came to the government. In this great capital of Asia—which, while maintaining the form of Christianity, had become the seat of mingled Oriental and Roman splendor, licentiousness, and corruption of manners—Julian the emperor was resolved to affect the ancient simplicity which was wholly abhorrent to the prevailing manners, and in such a place could only expose him to the jeers and sarcasms of the disaffected. His zeal in the pagan worship, in which he would fain set an example to his subjects, only made him ridiculous to the higher classes, and hated by the people of this ancient Christian city.

JULIAN AS A PAGAN DEVOTEE.

Frugal in his expenses for the maintenance of his court, he spared no cost in offering sacrifices. He often slaughtered a hecatomb of cattle ; and it was his delight to bring the victims to the priests with his own hands, followed by a train of old women, who still clung to paganism. Wherever an ancient temple was to be found on the mountains around Antioch, Julian clambered to the spot, however steep and rugged the path, for the purpose of presenting an offering. He was seen standing at the altar under the open sky, though the rain poured down in torrents, and all the others present sought protection under the roof of the temple, although his attendants besought him to pay some regard to his health. The greater his zeal for the pagan worship, the more confidently he had hoped that, when the heathen sanctuaries, which had so long been closed, were reopened, he should witness

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the same enthusiasm among the people of Antioch by which he was himself inspired; and the more painful it must have been to him to find his expectations so completely disappointed.

JULIAN'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

True, multitudes of the people and of the higher classes assembled in the temples and groves which he visited; not, however, for the sake of the gods, but for the purpose of seeing the emperor and being seen by him, as he himself must have known. He was saluted on these occasions with the loud shout of "Long live the emperor!" just as if he had made his appearance in the theatre. Hence he was led to address to the people of Antioch an admonitory discourse, complaining that they converted the temple into a theatre, to which they resorted rather for his own sake than on account of the gods.

Yet soon the voice of praise with which he had been received out of respect for his own person was exchanged for that of mockery and disdain; for an injudicious regulation, the object of which was to force a reduction of the price of provisions to a degree disproportionate to the produce of the year, and the result of which was directly the reverse of what was intended, made him hated both among the higher class and the populace; and his attempts to injure Christian sanctuaries alienated the popular feeling. And he was obliged to hear men express their longing for the return of the *Kappa* and the *Chi*, that is, the reign of Constantius and Christianity.—*History of the Christian Religion*, Vol. III.

GERARD DE NERVAL.—

NERVAL, GÉRAUD DE, a French author, born in Paris in 1808; died there in 1855. His name was Gérard Labrunie, but he is better known by the assumed name of de Nerval. He was the son of an army surgeon, who confided him to the care of an uncle at Ermenonville. Later his father took his education in hand and sent him to the College of Charlemagne in Paris. His first literary work published was a volume of political poems in 1826, followed, a year later, by *Poésies Diverses* and *Satires Politiques*, most of them after the manner of the earlier French poets. He then translated *Faust*. His translation received the approbation of Goethe who prophesied well of his literary success. In 1832 he founded *Le Monde Dramatique*, which he conducted for several years. He contributed to other journals and reviews, in conjunction with Méry wrote the plays *Le Chariot d'Enfant*, *Le Roi de Bicêtre*, *Filles du Feu*, and with Alexandre Dumas, *Piquillo*, *L'Alchimiste* and *La Reine de Saba*. From the year 1841 he was subject to attacks of insanity. In the intervals of semi-recovery he gave lectures and attended to the publication of his works. *Les Illuminés, ou les Précurseurs du Socialisme* (1852), is an analysis of his mental condition after one of these attacks. In 1855 he committed suicide by hanging. Among his works not previously mentioned are: *Tartufe chez Molière* (1831), *Scènes de la Vie Orientale* (1845-50), *Voyage en Orient* (1852), *Loreley*, *Souvenirs d'Allemagne* (1852-55), *Petits Châteaux de Bohême* (1853), *La Main de Gloire*, a novel (1853), and *Aurelia, ou le Rêve et la Vie* (1855). His complete

GÉRARD DE NERVAL.—

works were published in five volumes in 1868. The following extract is from a sketch entitled *Sylvie* :

A RURAL FETE.

I chanced to be at Loisy again at the celebration of the annual feast. Once more I joined the Knights of the Bow, and took my place in the company of which I had once been a member. The fête had been organized by a few young people belonging to the old families, that still possessed some of those old châteaux hidden in the forest, which have suffered more from time than from revolution. From Chantilly, Compeigne, and Senlis joyous cavalcades flocked to take their place in the rustic procession of the Companies of the Bow. After the long march through the villages and hamlets, after the mass at the church, the trials of skill, and the distribution of the prizes, the victors were escorted to a repast given in an island shaded by limes and poplars, that stood in the midst of one of the lakes, nourished by the Nonette and the Thève. Boats, all gay with flags, bore us to the island, the selection of which had been determined by the existence of an old temple with columns that could serve for the banquet-hall. There, as at Ermenonville, the country is dotted with these light edifices of the end of the eighteenth century, when philosophical millionaires were inspired in their plans by the dominant taste of the day. I imagined that the temple must have been originally dedicated to Urania. Three columns had given way and carried down in their fall a part of the architecture, but the interior of the hall had been swept, garlands had been suspended between the columns, and a new youth had been given to the modern ruin that belonged to the paganism of Boufflers and Chaulieu rather than to that of Horace.

The sail across the lake had been devised, perhaps, to recall the "Voyage to Cythera" of Watteau. Our modern costumes alone

spoiled the illusion. The enormous bunch of flowers was lifted from the wagon that bore it and was placed in a large boat; the train of young girls dressed in white, who, according to custom, accompanied it, took its place on the benches, and this graceful *Theoria*, revived from the days of antiquity, was reflected in the calm waters of the pool that separated it from the banks of the island, which flashed vermilion in the rays of the sun, with its thickets of hawthorn, its colonnades, and its open masses of foliage. All the boats soon reached the land. The basket of flowers, borne in ceremony, occupied the centre of the table, and each guest took his place, the most favored ones by the side of the girls; to enjoy this privilege it sufficed to know her relatives. This was the cause why I found myself by Sylvie. Her brother had met me during the festivities, and reproached me for not having visited them for so long a time. I pleaded as an excuse that my studies kept me in Paris, and assured him that I had come for that very purpose. "No," said Sylvie, "the truth is he has forgotten me. We are village folk, and Paris is far above us." I tried to stop her mouth with a kiss, but she still pouted, and her brother had to interfere before she offered me her cheek with an indifferent air. I felt no pleasure in this kiss, a favor obtained by many others, for in such a patriarchal country, where all travelers exchange greetings, a kiss is merely a mark of politeness among honest people.

A surprise had been prepared by the arrangers of the festivity. At the end of the repast a wild swan, hitherto held captive beneath the flowers, flew up from the depths of the immense basket, and bearing on his powerful wings a tangle of garlands and crowns, ended by scattering them on every side. While he darted joyously towards the last gleams of the sun, we snatched up the chaplets at random, and each crowned the brow of his fair neighbor. I had the good fortune to obtain one of

the finest, and Sylvie smilingly allowed me to kiss her, this time more tenderly than before. I understood that I had thus effaced the recollections of another occasion. My admiration this time was undivided, she had become so beautiful. She was no longer the little village girl whom I had scorned for one greater and fitter for the graces of the world. Everything in Sylvie had gained ; the charm of her black eyes, so winning in childhood, had become irresistible ; and her smile, beneath the arched orbit of her brows, had something Athenian in it when it suddenly illuminated her regular and placid features. I admired this countenance worthy of ancient art, in the midst of the baby-faces of her companions. Her hands, delicately tapering, her arm, that had become white as it had rounded, and her graceful figure made her quite another creature from what she had been before. . . .

Everything else, too, was in my favor ; the friendship of her brother, the enchanting impression of the fête, the evening hour and the place, where, by a tasteful fancy, an image of the stately gallantries of other days had been reproduced. As far as we could, we escaped from the dance to talk of our recollections of childhood, and to admire side by side the reflections of the sky on the shadowy groves and the still waters. Sylvie's brother had to tear us away from these contemplations by telling us it was time to return to the distant village where she dwelt.

HENRY NEVILLE.—

NEVILLE, HENRY, an English political philosopher, born in 1620 ; died in 1694. In 1681 he published *Plato Redivivus*, being a dialogue, somewhat after the manner of Plato, concerning the origin and nature of government. This work has been pronounced to be “the most remarkable treatise on political philosophy which appeared in the interval between the Restoration of Charles II. and the Revolution of 1688.” The treatise leans strongly to a Republic rather than to a Monarchy.

GOVERNMENT FOUNDED IN PROPERTY.

The modern despotical powers have been acquired by one of these two ways: either by pretending by the first founder thereof that he had a divine mission, and so gaining not only followers but even easy access in some places, without force, to empire and afterwards dilating their power by great conquests (thus Mohammed and Ghenghis Khan began and established the Saracenic and Tartarean kingdoms) ; or by a long series of wisdom in a prince, or chief magistrate of a mixed monarchy, and his council, who, by reason of the sleepiness and inadvertency of the people have been able to extinguish the great nobility, or render them inconsiderable ; and so by degrees taking away from the people the protectors, rendering them slaves.

So the monarchies of France and some other countries have grown to what they are at this day ; there being left but a shadow of the Three Estates in any of these monarchies, and so no bounds remaining to the regal power. But since property remains still to the subjects, these governments may be said to be changed, but not founded or established, for there is no maxim more infallible and holding in any science than this in politics, that “Empire is founded in property.” Force or fraud may alter a government, but it is property that must

HENRY NEVILLE.—

found and eternize it. Upon this undeniable aphorism we are to build most of our subsequent reasonings. In the meantime we may suppose that hereafter the great power of the King of France may diminish much, when his enraged and oppressed subjects come to be commanded by a prince of less courage, wisdom, and military virtues, when it will be very hard for any such king to govern tyrannically a country which is not entirely his own. . . .

The King of France, knowing that his people have, and ought to have, property, and that he has no right to their possessions, yet takes what he pleases from them without their consent, and contrary to law. I do not affirm that there is no government in the world but where rule is founded in property ; but I say there is no natural, fixed government where it is not so. And when it is otherwise the people are perpetually complaining and the King in perpetual anxiety, always in fear of his subjects, and seeking new ways to secure himself: God having been so merciful to mankind that he has made nothing safe for princes but what is just and honest.—*Plato Redivivus.*

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MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.—

NEWCASTLE, MARGARET, DUCHESS OF, an English author, born in 1624; died in 1673. She was one of the maids of honor to Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of King Charles I. She accompanied the Queen to France when the troubles broke out in England. There she met the Duke (then Marquis) of Newcastle, to whom she was married in 1745. During the period of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate they resided in Antwerp. The Duchess says complacently of herself: "It pleased God to command His servant, Nature, to endue me with a poetical and philosophical genius even from my very birth." Her husband was quite agreed with her, and entertained no meaner opinion of his own genius. As early as 1553 the noble couple put forth a volume of *Poems and Fancies*, which was in time followed by half a score more folio volumes made up of plays, poems, orations, and philosophical fancies. After the Restoration they returned to England, where the Duchess distinguished herself by her harmless eccentricities. She says, "I took great delight in attiring myself, in fine dressing and fashions, especially such fashion as I did invent myself." She thought her husband the greatest man that ever lived—greater even than Julius Cæsar; and while he was yet living wrote, both in Latin and English, a life of him, a work of which Charles Lamb said: "It is a jewel for which no casket is rich enough." They died within a short period of each other; and a stately monument was erected in Westminster Abbey, with an inscription written by her Ladyship:

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT.

Here lies the loyal Duke of Newcastle and

MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.—

his Duchess. Her name was Margaret Lucas, younger sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester: a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant and all the sisters virtuous.

In one of her latest productions the Duchess says with frank good-humor :—

REASONS FOR WRITING.

I imagine all those who have read my former works will say I have writ enough unless they were better. But say what you will, it pleaseth me; and since my delights are harmless, I will satisfy my humor :

For had my brain as many fancies in't
To fill the world, I'd put them all in print;
No matter whether they be well or ill exprest,
My will is done, and that pleases woman best.

The Duchess wrote an Autobiography which, edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, was printed in 1714. The following from *Mirth and Melancholy*, shows her Ladyship at her best :—

DESCRIPTION OF MELANCHOLY.

Her voice is low, and gives a hollow sound;
She hates the light, and is in darkness found;
Or sits with blinking lamps or tapers small,
Which various shadows make against the wall.
She loves nought else but noise which discord
makes;
As croaking frogs whose dwelling is the lakes,
The raven's hoarse, the mandrake's hollow
groan,
And shrieking owls which fly i' the night
alone;
The tolling bell which for the dead rings out;
A mill whose rushing waters run about;
The roaring winds which shake the cedars tall,
Plough up the seas, and beat the rocks withal.
She loves to walk in the still moonshine night,
And in a thick dark grove she takes delight.
In hollow caves, thatched houses, and low cells,
She loves to live, and there alone she dwells.

ROBERT HENRY NEWELL.—

NEWELL, ROBERT HENRY, an American author, born at New York city, in 1836. He early became a journalist, and was from time to time editorially connected with several journals. Between 1862 and 1868, under the *nom de plume* of "Orpheus C. Kerr," he published a series of humorous papers on the Civil War, which have been collected in four volumes, entitled, *The Orpheus C. Kerr Papers*. His other works are: *The Palace Beautiful and other Poems* (1865), *Avery Glibun, a Romance* (1867), *The Cloven Foot*, a burlesque of Dickens's *Mystery of Edwin Drood* (1870), *Versatilities*, verses serious and humorous (1871), *The Walking Doll*, a humorous novel (1872), *Studies in Stanzas* (1882), *There was Once a Man*, a story illustrating the converse of the Darwinian proposition (1884).

SPRING VIOLETS UNDER THE SNOW.

Nothing is lost that has beauty to save,
Purity rises in flowers from the grave,
And from the blossoms that fade on the tree
Falleth the seed of the blossoms to be.
Life unto Death is mortality's growth,
Something immortal is under them both.
Surely as cometh the winter, I know
There are spring violets under the snow.

See the Old Man in his great easy-chair,
Furrowed his forehead and white is his hair:
Yet, as he roguishly smiles to his dame,
Pointing her eyes to the lovers, whose shame
Makes them withdraw from the light of the fire,
Boyhood, light-hearted, reveals in the sire!
Surely as cometh life's winter, I know
There are spring violets under the snow.

See the Old Wife in her kerchief and cap,
Dropping her knitting-work into her lap,
While, with a laugh that is silent, she shakes,
And o'er her shoulder another peep takes:

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Years are full forty since she was a Miss,
Yet she's a girl in that overheard kiss !
Surely as cometh life's winter, I know
There are spring violets under the snow.
See the Old People, with nods of delight,
Stealing together away for the night,
Ever too fond and too cunning to own
Why they should leave the shy lovers alone ;
But their eyes, twinkling, are telling the truth,
Down in their hearts is an answering youth !
Surely as cometh life's winter, I know
There are spring violets under the snow !

The Palace Beautiful.

OUR GUIDING STARS.

The planets of our Flag are set
In God's eternal blue sublime,
Creation's world-wide starry stripe
Between the banner'd days of time.
Upon the sky's divining scroll,
In burning punctuation borne,
They shape the sentence of the night
That prophesies a cloudless morn.
The waters free their mirrors are ;
And fair with equal light they look
Upon the royal ocean's breast,
And on the humble mountain brook.
Though each distinctive as the soul
Of some new world not yet begun,
In bright career their courses blend
Round Liberty's unchanging sun.
Thus ever shine, ye stars, for all !
And palsied be the hand that harms
Earth's pleading signal to the skies,
And Heav'n's immortal Coat of Arms.

The Palace Beautiful.

BRUNI AND ITS RULER.

The city of Bruni or Borneo, whence Portuguese navigators, early in the sixteenth century extended the name to the whole immense island, called by its own people Pulo Kalamantan, has been described under the simile of a

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barbarian Cybele rising suddenly from the waters. In the last thirty-five years it must have undergone much change and modernization by neighborly community with the rapid development of European civilization in Sarāwak; but at the time herein treated of the Bornean Venice, with its two or three thousand houses, and, perhaps, five times that number of inhabitants, was yet one of the rudest and fiercest cities of the lawless Malay.

Spreading from a noble amphitheatre of swelling green hills to the shore of the wide, deep river of the same name, the fifteen feet rise and fall of the massive water, combined with the tides of several smaller streams confluenting it at that point, gave the town the usual Malayan characteristics of seeming to rise from the sea; its buildings being elevated upon piles, and its many tortuous highways and byways practicable to be traversed only in boats. The long rambling white palace, however, with its surroundings of barracks and offices, stood back upon one of the cleared hillsides overlooking the great level stretch of the jagged palm-leaf roofs and boat-dotted streets of savage Bruni, and upon an adjacent elevation, yet higher, appeared a structure that, if as barbaric, was more imposing.

As the latter is the architectural object immediately interesting us, it may be more particularly mentioned as having from the town below an aspect of at least a hundred feet of one-story whitened front, with a steep peaked roof of great interlapping *Nypa* palm-leaves; standing upon a terrace serrated with dingy six-pounder cannons, and flanked by two little summer-houses with conical tops. Upon ascending the difficult intervening acclivity, however, the seeming terrace was found to be a substantial stockade of heavy stakes and a tenacious triangular embankment of mixed soil and rattan inclosing the whole building in a defensive square some six feet high; the summer-houses were watch-towers at the corners, connected by a parapet walk, and occupied by sentries with

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alarm-gongs, while the long, irregular building itself, decked with a deep veranda on which glittered two brass guns taken from some crippled merchantman, was lifted bodily to the height of the palisade on massive trunks of former trees.

All over the open space within the fortifications stood or reclined groups of a Kadien Dyak body-guard and Malayan officers ; the latter in muslin turbans figured with gold-thread, light-blue blouses, petticoated from the waist by red sarongs, and loose trousers of striped nankeen, the former—handsomer and fairer in complexion—wearing head-dresses of pheasant's feathers set in bands of flexible bark, red jackets padded to resist spears, white and red plaided kilts, or sarongs like the Malays', and broad brass bands on the wrists, ankles and hanging from either distended ear-lobe. The inseparable betel-box hung at every waist. Two krisses were in the sarong of each officer, while the soldiery, excepting one here and there with a ship's musket, carried tall, oval shields and long lances of bamboo, and bore the "parangihlang," or war-sword, of their race.

Such was the home and virtual citadel of Usop, a putative uncle of Suttan of Borneo, and one of the most daring and powerful *pangerans* or princes at court. This shrewdly-intelligent follower of the Prophet had contracted many European ways from the unusual British visitor to his country in the preceding three or four years. He could sit easily upon a chair instead of a divan, drink wine, smoke English cigars and adroitly adapt his bearing and conversational key to the level of the respectful equality expected by those who deemed themselves his superiors through civilization. Adhering yet to the chewing of betel, he also knew how to forego it on occasions of social policy. He was a middle-aged, short, active, Oriental politician ; abler, perhaps, in secret scheming than in warlike action, but capable of great pertinacity in both.—*There Was Once a Man.*

FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN.—

NEWMAN, FRANCIS WILLIAM, an English author, born in London in 1805. He graduated with high honors at Worcester College, Oxford, in 1826, and was a fellow of Balliol till 1830, when he went to Bagdad on a religious mission, and for several years travelled and studied in the East. Returning to England, he was tutor in Bristol College 1834-40, Professor of Classics in Manchester New College 1840-6, and of Latin in University College, London, 1846-63, when he entered a banking firm. He was early alienated from the Church of England, but diverged in another direction than that taken by his famous brother, Cardinal Newman, and became a theist. His religious autobiography is given in *Phases of Faith, or Passages from the History of my Creed* (1850; enlarged 1853). Mr. Newman has also published *Catholic Union* (1844), *History of the Hebrew Monarchy* (1847), *The Soul, its Sorrows and Aspirations* (1849), *Lectures on Political Economy* (1851), *Regal Rome* (1852), *The Odes of Horace translated into unrhymed English Metres* (1853), a similar translation of the *Iliad* (1856), *Theism, Doctrinal and Practical* (1858), a *Text book of Modern Arabic* (1866), a *Grammar of the Berber Language, Miscellanies* (1869), *Europe of the Near Future*, (1870), *Anglo-Saxon Abolition of Slavery* (1889), *Memoir of Cardinal Newman* (1893), besides many treatises on scientific and other topics.

BIBLIOLATRY.

In former days, if any moral question came before me, I was always apt to turn it into the mere lawyerlike exercise of searching and interpreting my written code. Thus in reading how

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Henry VIII. treated his first queen, I thought over Scripture texts in order to judge whether he was right, and if I could so get a solution, I left my own moral powers unexercised. All Protestants see how mischievous it is to a Romanist lady to have a directing priest, whom she every day consults about everything, so as to lay her own judgment to sleep. We readily understand that in the extreme case such a woman may gradually lose all perception of right and wrong, and become a mere machine in the hands of her director. But the Protestant principle of accepting the Bible as the absolute law acts towards the same end, and only fails of doing the same amount of mischief, because a book can never so completely answer all the questions asked of it as a living priest can. The Protestantism which pities those as without chart and compass who acknowledge no infallible written code, can mean nothing else than that "the less occasion we have to trust our moral powers, the better;" that is, it represents it as of all things most desirable to be able to benumb conscience by disuse, under the guidance of a mind from without. Those who teach this need not marvel to see their pupils become Romanists.

Many who call themselves Christian preachers busily undermine moral sentiment by telling their hearers that if they do not believe the Bible (or the church) they can have no firm religion or morality, and will have no reason to give against following brutal appetite. This doctrine it is that so often makes men atheists in Spain, and profligates in England, as soon as they unlearn the national creed, and the school which has done the mischief moralize over the wickedness of human nature when it comes to pass, instead of blaming the falsehood which they themselves have inculcated.—*Phases of Faith.*

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RESULTS OF THE FALL OF THE ROMAN MONARCHY.

The great cause of the prosperity of the city was that the kings had headed the movement-party for enfranchising and elevating the lower classes. Every liberal measure from an *order* of men comes too late. Upon the destruction of royalty, the lower population discovered that they had lost their patron, and were exposed to hundreds of tyrants. All the early history of the Roman Republic is a long struggle of the commonalty to regain for itself a powerful protector; and after a time the success of the plebeians was complete. But Rome continued to conquer; hence, outside of the plebeians, fresh and fresh masses of subjects lay, who had no organs of protection until the Roman constitution was violently subverted, and emperors arose. From these at length the population of the provinces gradually obtained the gift of Roman citizenship, which ought to have been long before granted by free Rome, in order to preserve her own freedom. It was conquest that ruined the latter republic, and conquest (apparently) also that ruined royal Rome. When the victories of Ancus and Tarquin enlarged the state so rapidly, *not* to have enfranchised the new subjects would have weakened it from within; yet, *by* enfranchising them, Tarquin and Servius produced a discontent in the old citizens which exploded into violence, and wrecked the constitution under Tarquin the Proud. If Brutus and Collatinus, instead of abolishing the royalty, had restored it with all the formalities of interregal election, but with such limitations as experience suggested, we now see that it would have been far better for the plebeians of Rome. The wicked deed of Sextus Tarquinius did not need royal power: it might have been perpetrated by any man who wore a sword. But it was attributed to the inherent haughtiness of royal blood, and the question of raising some one else to the throne was never even moved at all.

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In consequence, the plebeians were suddenly left without legal representatives. No man of their body was capable of holding office, because he was essentially inadmissible to patrician religion. It was soon manifested that, while excluded from executive government possession of legislative power was a mockery: unfortunate war forced them to incur debt, and the penalties of debt were vigorously enforced. Art and skill migrated from Rome when her arms could no longer defend the industrious, and rudeness so great came on the city of the Tarquins, that sheep and oxen became the current coin of a community which but a little before had made a treaty of commerce with Carthage. Under an exclusive patrician caste, Rome sank more rapidly than she had risen; until tyrannical powers vested in tumultuous tribunes became an alleviation of the intolerable evils caused by the loss of the elective King.

For the destruction of the monarchy did not come in the ripeness of time, when monarchy had finished its work, and the lower people had gained power of self-defence. It was the explosion of rage against an institution, because of personal iniquity; and it became the prelude to a century and a half of suffering to the plebeians.—*Regal Rome.*

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.—

NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY (1801–1890), an English ecclesiastic and author, born in London. He was educated at Ealing and at Trinity College, Oxford, graduating in 1820; became a Fellow of Oriel in 1822, was ordained deacon in 1824, and priest in 1825; was vice-principal of St. Alban's Hall 1825–6, tutor of Oriel 1826–8, vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, 1828–43. Here, with Pusey, Keble, R. H. Froude, and Isaac Williams, he initiated the "Oxford Movement," and wrote *Tracts for the Times* and *Lyra Apostolica*. Of the 179 lyrics in the latter Newman wrote 109, largely during a Mediterranean trip in 1832–33. *Tract No.* 90, his twenty-fourth contribution to the series, appeared in Feb., 1841, and caused such an outcry as ended the publication and turned the author's feet toward Rome. He retired to Littlemore, where he held a chaplaincy; resigned his preferments in 1843, and submitted to the Church of Rome in 1845. In 1848 he founded the Oratory of St. Philip Neri in Birmingham, and became its Father Superior. In 1854–8 he was rector of the new Roman Catholic University at Dublin. In 1859 he returned to Birmingham, and opened a school at Edgbaston, at which place he died. In 1879 he was made Cardinal. Among his numerous publications are: *Arians of the Fourth Century* (1833), *The Prophetical Office of the Church* (1837), *Essays on Justification* (1837), *Theory of Religious Belief* (1844), *The Development of Christian Doctrine* (1845), *Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent* (1870), *History of Arianism* (1875), and many *Sermons*, *Lectures*, etc. His *Apologia pro Vita Sua* (1864), was called forth by an attack from Kingsley. *Loss and Gain*,

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or the *Story of a Convert* (1848), is also in some sense autobiographical. His only other professed work of fiction is *Callista, A Sketch of the Third Century* (1858). His *Verses on Various Occasions* (1868), exhibit great poetic talent, neglected for what the author considered more important labors.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
 Lead Thou me on !
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
 Lead Thou me on !
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years
So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel-faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

THE CALL OF DAVID.

Latest born of Jesse's race,
Wonder lights thy bashful face.
While the prophet's gifted oil
Seals thee for a path of toil,
We, thy Angels, circling round thee,
Ne'er shall find thee as we found thee
When thy faith first brought us near
In thy lion fight severe.
Go! amid thy flocks awhile
At thy doom of greatness smile;
Bold to bear God's heaviest load,
Dimly guessing of the road,—

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Rocky road, and scarce-ascended,
Though thy foot be angel-tended !

Double praise thou shalt attain.
In royal court and battle plain ;
Then comes heart-ache, care, distress,
Blighted hope, and loneliness ;
Wounds from friend and gifts from foe,
Dizzied fate, and guilt, and woe ;
Loftiest aims fly earth defiled,
Gleams of wisdom sin-beguiled,
Sated power's tyrannic mood,
Counsels shared with men of blood,
Sad success, parental tears,
And a dreary gift of years.

Strange that guileless face and form
To lavish on the scarring storm !
Yet we take thee in thy blindness,
And we harrass thee in kindness ;
Little chary of thy fame,—
Dust unborn may bless or blame,—
But we mould thee for the root
Of man's promised healing fruit,
And we mould thee hence to rise
As our brother to the skies.

WARNINGS.

When Heaven sends sorrow,
Warnings go first,
Lest it should burst
With storming might
On souls too bright
To fear the morrow.

Can science bear us
To the hid springs
Of human things ?
Why may not dream
Or thought's day-gleam
Startle, yet cheer us ?

Are such thoughts fetters,
While Faith disowns
Dread of earth's tones.

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Recks but Heaven's call,
And on the wall
Reads but Heaven's letters ?

PROSPERITY.

When mirth is full and free,
Some sudden gloom shall be ;
When haughty power mounts high,
The watcher's axe is nigh.
All growth has bound ; when greatest found,
It hastes to die.

When the rich town, that long
Has lain its huts among,
Builds courts and palace vast,
And vaunts,—it shall not last !
Bright tints that shine are but a sign
Of summer past.

And when thine eye surveys
With fond, adoring gaze
And yearning heart, thy friend,—
Love to its grave doth tend.
All gifts below, save Truth, but grow
Towards an end.

PENANCE.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be.
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love—
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

Dream of Gerontius.

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HOLINESS AND HEAVEN.

If a man without religion (supposing it possible) were admitted into Heaven, doubtless he would sustain a great disappointment. Before, indeed, he fancied that he could be happy there; but when he arrived there, he would find no discourse but that which he had shunned on earth, no pursuits but those he had disliked or despised, nothing which bound him to aught else in the universe, and made him feel at home, nothing which he could enter into and rest upon. He would perceive himself to be an isolated being, cut away by Supreme Power from those objects which were still entwined around his heart. Nay, he would be in the presence of that Supreme Power, whom he never on earth could bring himself steadily to think upon, and whom now he regards only as the destroyer of all that was precious and dear to him. Ah! he could not bear the face of the Living God; the Holy God would be no object of joy to him. "Let us alone! What have we to do with Thee?" is the sole thought and desire of unclean souls, even while they acknowledge His majesty. None but the holy can look upon the Holy One; without holiness no man can endure to see the Lord. . .

Holiness, or inward separation from the world, is necessary to our admission into Heaven, because Heaven is not a place of happiness, except to the holy. There are bodily indispositions which affect the taste, so that the sweetest flavors become ungrateful to the palate; and indispositions which impair the sight, tinging the fair face of nature with some sickly hue. In like manner, there is a moral malady which disorders the inward sight and taste; and no man laboring under it is in a condition to enjoy what Scripture calls "the fullness of joy in God's presence, and pleasures at His right hand for evermore."

Nay, I will venture to say more than this:—it is fearful but it is right to say it—that if we

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wished to imagine a punishment for an unholy, reprobate soul, we perhaps could not fancy a greater than to *summon it to Heaven*. Heaven would be hell to an irreligious man. We know how unhappy we are apt to feel at present, when alone in the midst of strangers, or of men of different tastes and habits from ourselves. How miserable, for example, would it be to have to live in a foreign land, among a people whose faces we never saw before, and whose language we could not learn. And this is but a faint illustration of the loneliness of a man of earthly dispositions and tastes, thrust into the society of saints and angels. How forlorn would he wander through the courts of Heaven! He could find no one like himself; he would see at every direction the marks of God's holiness, and these would make him shudder. He would feel himself always in His presence. He could no longer turn his thoughts another way as he does now, when conscience reproaches him. He would know that the Eternal Eye was upon him; and that Eye of holiness, which is joy and life to holy creatures, would seem to him an eye of wrath and punishment. God cannot change His nature, holy He must ever be; but while He is holy, no unholy soul can be happy in Heaven. Fire does not inflame iron, but inflames straw. It would cease to be fire if it did not. And so Heaven itself would be fire to those who would fain escape across the great gulf from the torments of hell. The finger of Lazarus would but increase their thirst. The very 'heaven that is over their head' will be 'brass' to them.—*Parochial Sermons.*

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JOHN PHILIP NEWMAN.—

NEWMAN, JOHN PHILIP, an American divine and author, was born in New York city in 1826. He became a Methodist minister, and was for some years pastor of the Metropolitan Church at Washington, D. C. He was chaplain of the Senate 1869-74. He was elected a bishop of the M. E. Church in 1888, and removed to Omaha, Neb. His published works include *From Dan to Beersheba; Thrones and Palaces of Babylon and Nineveh* (1875), *Christianity Triumphant* (1884), *America for Americans* (1887), *The Supremacy of Law* (1890).

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Lincoln stands forth on the page of history, unique in his character, and majestic in his individuality. Like Milton's angel, he was an original conception. He was raised up for his times. He was a leader of leaders. By instinct the common heart trusted in him. He was of the people and for the people. He had been poor and laborious; but greatness did not change the tone of his spirit, or lessen the sympathies of his nature. His character was strangely symmetrical. He was temperate, without austerity; brave, without rashness; constant, without obstinacy. He put caution against hope, that it might not be premature; and hope against caution, that it might not yield to dread or danger. His marvellous hopefulness never betrayed him into impracticable measures. His love of justice was only equalled by his delight in compassion. His regard for personal honor was only excelled by love of country. His self-abnegation found its highest expression in the public good. His integrity was never questioned. His honesty was above suspicion. He was more solid than brilliant; his judgment dominated his imagination; his ambition was subject to his modesty; and his



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John P. Newman

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love of justice held the mastery over all personal considerations. Not excepting Washington, who inherited wealth and high social position, Lincoln is the fullest representative American in our national annals. He had touched every round in the human ladder. He illustrated the possibilities of our citizenship. We are not ashamed of his humble origin. We are proud of his greatness.

We are to judge men by their surroundings, and measure their greatness by the difficulties which they surmounted. Every age has its heroes, every crisis its master. Lincoln came into power in the largest and most violent political convulsion known to history. In nothing is the sagacity and might of Lincoln's statesmanship more apparent than in his determination to save the Union of these States. This was the objective point of his administration. He denied State Sovereignty as paramount to National Sovereignty. States have their rights and their obligations; and their chief obligation is to remain in the Union. Some political philanthropists clamored for the overthrow of slavery, and advocated the dissolution of the Union rather than live in a country under whose government slavery was tolerated. But Lincoln was a wiser and a better philanthropist than they. He would have the Union, with or without slavery. He preferred it without, and his preference prevailed. How incomparably worse would have been the condition of the slave in a Confederacy with a living slave for its corner stone, than in the Union of the States! Time has vindicated the character of his statesmanship, that to preserve the Union was to save this great nation for human liberty, and thereby advance the emancipated slave to education, thrift, and political equality.—*From an Address delivered Feb. 12, 1894.*

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—

NEWTON, SIR ISAAC, an English philosopher, born at Woolsthorpe, Lancashire, in 1642; died at Kensington, near London, in 1727. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1661, but did not rank high in the regular course of study; he, however, made large acquirements in studies of his own choice, especially in mathematics and physics, and was elected a scholar of his college in 1666. The plague breaking out at Cambridge in 1666, Newton returned to his native place, where he appears to have conceived the idea of identity of the force of terrestrial gravity, and that which holds the planets in their orbits. But starting with the accepted estimate of the earth's mass, the result of his calculations did not substantiate his theory. This erroneous estimate having been rectified, Newton resumed his investigations four years later, and his theory of gravitation was triumphantly established. In 1669 he was made Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, and during the ensuing three years delivered an elaborate course of lectures upon optics, and soon acquired high repute as a philosophic inquirer. In 1695 he received the appointment of Warden of the Mint, and four years later was made Master of the Mint, with a salary of £1,600. He retained this position during the remaining twenty-eight years of his life, and his services were of high value in regulating the British system of coinage. During the later years of his life he was afflicted with a complication of disorders. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to him in 1731.

The strictly philosophical works of Newton belong rather to the domain of science



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than to that of literature. Foremost among these are: *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica* (usually cited as the *Principia*), first published in 1687, and *Opticks, a Treatise of the Refractions, Inflexions, and Colors of Lights* (1704). He also gave much attention to studies of a theological nature; his principal work in this department, being *Observations on the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse*, written as early as 1693, but not published until five years after his death. The most thorough *Life of Newton* is that by Sir David Brewster (1855), which embodies an exhaustive statement of his physical discoveries and theories. Newton was an undoubting believer in the Christian revelation. His own statement of his theological views shows that he must be ranked as Unitarian rather than as a Trinitarian, in the ordinary acceptance of the terms.

NEWTON'S CREED

(1.) There is one God, the Father, ever living, omnipresent, almighty, the Maker of heaven and earth, and one Mediator between God and man—the man Christ Jesus.—(2.) The Father is the invisible God, whom no eye hath seen, nor can see; all other beings are sometimes visible.—(3.) The Father hath life in himself, and hath given the Son to have life in himself.—(4.) The Father is omniscient, and hath all knowledge originally in his own breast, and communicates knowledge of future things to Jesus Christ; and none in heaven or earth, or under the earth, is worthy to receive knowledge of future things immediately from the Father, but the Lamb. And, therefore, the testimony of Jesus Christ is the spirit of prophecy, and Jesus is the Word or Prophet of God. (5.) The Father is immovable, no place being capable of becoming emptier or fuller of him than it is by the eternal necessity of na-

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ture; all other beings are movable from place to place.—(6.) All the worship—whether of prayer, praise, or thanksgiving—which was due to the Father before the coming of Christ, is still due to him; Christ came not to diminish the worship of his Father.—(7.) Prayers are most prevalent when directed to the Father in the name of the Son.—(8.) We are to return thanks to the Father alone for creating us, and giving us food and raiment and other blessings of this life; and whatsoever we are to thank him for, or desire that he would do for us, we ask of him immediately in the name of Christ.—(9.) We need not pray to Christ to intercede for us; if we pray the Father aright, he will intercede.—(10.) It is not necessary to salvation to direct our prayers to any other than the Father in the name of the Son.—(11.) To give the name of God to angels or kings is not against the First Commandment. To give the worship of the God of the Jews to angels or kings is against it. The meaning of the commandment is, “Thou shalt worship no other God but me.”—(12.) There is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him. This is, we are to worship the Father alone as God Almighty; and Jesus alone as the Lord, the Messiah, the Great King, the Lamb of God, who was slain, and hath redeemed us with his blood, and made us kings and priests.

THE DESIGN OF PROPHECY.

The folly of interpreters has been to foretell times and things by this Prophecy of Daniel, as if God designed to make *them* prophets. By this rashness they have not only exposed themselves, but have brought prophecy also into contempt. The design of God, when he gave them this and the other prophecies of the Old Testament was not to gratify men’s curiosity by enabling them to foreknow things, but to the end that, after they were fulfilled they might be interpreted by the event, and his

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own providence—not the wisdom and skill of the interpreters—be manifested to the world.

Observations on Daniel.

NATURE OF THE PROPHETICAL LANGUAGE OF SCRIPTURE.

For understanding the prophecies we are in the first place to acquaint ourselves with the figurative language of the prophets. This language is taken from the analogy between the world natural and an empire or kingdom considered as a world politic.

Accordingly, the whole world natural, consisting of heaven and earth, signifies the world politic, consisting of thrones and people; or so much of it as is considered in the prophecy. And the things in that world signify the analogous things in this. For the heavens, and the things therein, signify thrones and dignities, and those who enjoy them; and the earth, with the things thereon, the inferior people; and the lowest part of the earth, called Hades or Hell, the lowest or most miserable part of them. Whence, ascending towards heaven, and descending to the earth, are put for rising and falling in power and honor; rising out of the earth or waters, and falling into them, for the rising up to any dignities or dominion out of the inferior state of the people, or falling down from the same into that inferior state; descending into the lower parts of the earth, for descending to a very low and unhappy state; speaking with a faint voice out of the dust, for being in a weak and low condition; moving from one place to another, for translation from one office, dignity, or dominion to another; great earthquakes, and the shaking of heaven and earth, for the shaking of dominions, so as to distract and overthrow them; the creating of a new heaven and earth, and the passing away of an old one, or the beginning and end of the world, for the rise and reign of the body politic signified thereby.

In the heavens the sun and moon are, by the

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interpreters of dreams, put for the persons of kings and queens. But in sacred prophecy, which regards not single persons, the sun is put for the whole species and race of kings, in the kingdoms of the world politic, shining with regal pomp and glory; the moon for the body of the common people, considered as the king's wife; the stars for subordinate princes and great men; or for bishops and rulers of the people of God, when the sun is Christ; light for the glory, truth, and knowledge wherewith great and good men shine and illuminate others; darkness for obscurity of condition, and for error, blindness, and ignorance; darkening, smiting, or setting of the sun, moon, and stars, for the ceasing of a kingdom, or for the desolation thereof, proportional to the darkness; darkening the sun, turning the moon into blood, and falling of the stars, for the same; new moons, for the return of a dispersed people into a body politic or ecclesiastic. . . .

In the earth the dry land and congregated waters, as a sea, a river, a flood, are put for the people of several regions, nations, and dominions; embittering of waters for great affection of the people by war and persecution; turning things into blood, for the mystical death of bodies politic, that is, for their dissolution; the overflowing of a sea or river, for the invasion of the earth politic by the people of the waters; drying up of waters, for the conquest of their regions; fountains of waters, for cities, the permanent heads of rivers politic; mountains and islands, for the cities of the earth and sea politic, with the territories and dominions belonging to those cities; dens and rocks of mountains, for the temples of cities; the hiding of men in those dens and rocks, for the shutting of idols in their temples; houses and ships, for families, assemblies, and towns in the earth and sea politic; and a navy of ships of war, for an army of that kingdom that is signified by the sea. Animals also, and vegetables are put for the people of several regions and conditions;

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and particularly trees, herbs, and land animals for the people of the earth politic; flags, reeds, and fishes for those of the waters politic, birds and insects for those of the politic heaven and earth; a forest for a kingdom; and a wilderness for a desolate and thin people.

If the world politic, considered in prophecy, consists of many kingdoms, they are represented by as many parts of the world natural, as the noblest by the celestial frame; and then the moon and clouds are put for the common people; the less noble by the earth, sea, and rivers, and by the animals, or vegetables, and buildings therein; and then the greater and more powerful animals and taller trees are put for kings, princes, and nobles. And because the whole kingdom is the body politic of the king, therefore the sun, or a tree, or a beast, or a bird, or a man—whereby the king is represented—is put in a large signification for the whole kingdom, and several animals, as a lion, a bear, a leopard, a goat, according to their qualities, are put for several kingdoms and bodies politic, and sacrificing beasts, for the slaughtering and conquering of kingdoms; and friendship between beasts, for peace between kingdoms. Yet sometimes vegetables and animals are by certain epithets or circumstances extended to other significations; as a tree, when called the “tree of life” or “of knowledge;” and a beast, when called “the old serpent,” or worshipped.

Observations on the Apocalypse.

JOHN NEWTON.—

NEWTON, JOHN, an English clergyman, born at London in 1725; died there in 1807. He was the son of a prosperous shipmaster, with whom he made several voyages, and might have been reckoned as a "seaman." It was in the time when seamen might be legally impressed into the naval service; and Newton, at the age of nineteen was seized by a press-gang and placed on a man-of-war, where he was rated as midshipman. He deserted, but was caught, flogged, and so severely treated that he was glad to be exchanged into an African trading vessel, which he left at Sierra Leone, where he hired himself out to a slave-trader, in whose employment he remained until 1747, when his father, learning his whereabouts, caused him to be brought back to England. After that he commanded a Liverpool slave-ship for four years; and though he had, in the meantime, been "converted," he had, as he says, "never the least scruples as to the lawfulness" of his occupation, with which, however, he became disgusted. In 1755 he obtained the situation of Surveyor at the port of Liverpool. During this adventurous career he had not only come to be a religious man, but had applied himself seriously to the study of such subjects as are included in a scholastic education. He now took an active part in the religious movement set on foot by Wesley and Whitefield. He desired to be admitted to Holy Orders; but obstacles were thrown in his way, and it was not until 1764 that he was ordained as Priest and appointed to the rectorship of Olney. Here he remained for sixteen years, during which he formed that close intimacy with Cowper

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which is one of the most interesting features of their joint lives.

In 1779 Newton was appointed to the rectorship of the populous parish of St. Mary Woolnorth, London, which he retained until his death, being engaged in active labor until the close of his long life.

John Newton was for many years an acknowledged leader in what was styled the "Evangelical party" in the Anglican church. He preached and wrote much, and much that he wrote was not published until after his death. Among his works are numerous *Sermons* delivered at different periods of his ministry; a voluminous *Correspondence* public and private; a *Review of Ecclesiastical History* and a *Narrative*, of the principal incidents in his own life, especially of his religious experiences. But to after times he will be best known by the *Olney Hymns*. This was a series of religious poems, by Newton and Cowper, mainly composed during Newton's Olney rectorship, and published from time to time. The return of Cowper's mental malady prevented him from doing as much as had been designed; but among the fifty hymns by him are at least half a score which have become classical. Newton wrote some three hundred of these Olney hymns. Most of them are versified paraphrases of passages of Scripture; but a few of them rise almost to lyric fervor and have found a permanent place in our hymnology.

WALKING WITH GOD.

By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by His staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.

JOHN NEWTON.—

I travel through a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray ;
But He vouchsafes to be my guide,
And will not let me miss my way.

Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by His almighty hand.

The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares ;
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

With Him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as He is, I dare be free ;
Tell Him all my grief and pain,
And He reveals His love to me.

Some cordial from His word He brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints ;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end ;
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With Thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.

THE FRIEND CLOSER THAN A BROTHER.

One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's—
Costly, free and knows no end.
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends to save us
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.
This was boundless love indeed :
Jesus is a friend in need.

When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name ;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same ;

JOHN NEWTON.—

Still he calls them Brethren, Friends,
And to all their wants attends.

Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears for us ?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us, though we treat Him thus :
Though for good we treat Him ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

O for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love !
We, alas ! forget too often
What a friend we have above :
But when home our souls are brought,
We shall love Him as we ought.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It calms his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end !
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I will Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

RICHARD HEBER NEWTON.—

NEWTON, RICHARD HEBER, an American clergyman, born at Philadelphia in 1840. His father, Richard Heber (1813–1887), was for nearly half a century a prominent clergyman in Philadelphia, and the author of several esteemed religious books. The son was educated at the University of Pennsylvania; was ordained to the priesthood in 1866, and was for several years assistant to his father. In 1869 he became Rector of All Souls' Church, New York. Among his works are: *The Children's Church* (1872), *The Morals of Trade* (1876), *Womanhood* (1879), *Studies of Jesus* (1881), *Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible* (1883), *Book of the Beginnings* (1884), *Philistinism* (1885), *Social Problems* (1886), *Church and Creed* (1891). In his teaching he has in view the humanitarian rather than the dogmatic aspects of Christianity. His sentiments in regard to the sacerdotal function are expressed in an early anonymous brochure, *What of the Ministry?*

THE COLONEL'S IDEA OF THE MINISTRY.

To my mind the power of the Ministry does not consist in your beautiful service, in your Apostolical succession, in your *Quod ubique, quod omnibus*, and so forth, or any of that kind of mealy talk. You know that I am a Presbyterian, and we have that same stock of ecclesiastical furniture, and church drapery and fixings. I have been all through the glorying days about the Presbytery and the Synod, and who shall be Moderator, and the Church North and Church South, and the Westminster Catechism revised. All that sort of thing is done for me. This local triumphing over the mere "accidents" of the Church's institutions has no charms for me now, though once they seemed to me to be everything. The

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mechanical husks grow around every juicy, tasselled ear of corn. It is the shop-talk which always betrays whether the man is Master or only journeyman. And this shop-lingo don't belong to the Church Catholic or the Mount Zion Chapel alone. It was just as bad in the days of Brook Farm and Emerson's Transcendentalism as it is to-day with the higher life mystic. . . .

As for the "Apostolic College at Jerusalem," I don't care what they did. I am through for all time with this everlasting Katy-did, and Katy-didn't about Elders and Bishops, and Titus, and Crete, and the Desert Island. It's all like trying to lay a pipe from a mill-pond to your water-tank, when all the time, under your scientifically laid piping, there is a running stream which flows cheerily on at its own sweet will. Here are grieved sinners; men and women who want the guidance and comfort Jesus Christ, can give them. And when I say Jesus Christ I don't mean any ritualistic Jesus, any flowery term, or ecclesiastical door-hinge; but I mean the central fact of the Incarnation—God made flesh and dwelling amongst us. . .

See what a power there is in a true and helpful ministry. Messengers from heaven—helpers in the daily life—leaders of Christian thought for many hard-pressed, weary people, who have scarcely time to think out any definite religious thought for themselves. Here, it seems to me, is where the true vicarious power of the ministry comes in. It does seem so like St. Paul's words: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

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WILLIAM WILBERFORCE NEWTON.—

NEWTON, WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, an American clergyman and author, born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1843. He is a brother of the Rev. Richard Heber Newton, rector of All Souls' Church, New York. After graduation at the University of Pennsylvania in 1865, he studied in the Episcopal Divinity School, Philadelphia, was ordained deacon in 1868, and priest in 1869. For two years he was assistant to his father, the Rev. Richard Newton, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, and was subsequently rector of St. Paul's Church, Brookline, Mass., of Trinity Church, Newark, N. Y., of St. Paul's Church, Boston, and since 1881 of St. Stephen's Church, Pittsfield, Mass. He organized the American Congress of Churches, held in Hartford, Conn., in 1885, and in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1886. Among his numerous publications are : *New Tracts for New Times* (1877), *Essays of To-day* (1879), *The Interpreter's House* (1879), *The Palace Beautiful* (1880), *The Legend of St. Telemachus* (1882), *The Priest and the Man* (1883), *Paradise* (1883), (1885), *The Vine out of Egypt* (1887), *Ragnar the Sea-King* (1888), and *Dr. Muhlenberg*, in the series *American Religious Leaders* (1890).

AN EFFORT FOR LIBERTY.

But the day of hope came at last. One morning as Radbert and Tessaro were again doing sentinel duty on the seaward wall of the fortress at Tyre, Radbert flung his tasseled fez high into the air, and pointing with his lance towards the offing whispered to Tessaro, as he passed him on the battlement : " See ! the white sails of the Venetian navy ! Now is the day of our deliverance ! " Dotting the blue waters of

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the Mediterranean, like a flock of myriad water-fowl, the dancing sails and banners of the Venetian and the Genoese fleet came up in a grand sweep of three ships deep, and anchored in the harbor of Tyre. . . .

"There!" cried Radbert to Tessaro, as he found that they were unwatched and were alone, "see the spearman and the archers, and the knights, landing on the beach; and the horses, too, and the huge catapults. Nothing has been left undone by the Doge of Venice; and now we know the reason of all this delay. And see, Tessaro, away to the right, on that white bluff of sand, I can see the royal banner of Baldwin, King of Jerusalem! O, would to God that we were there and not here! How shall we fight against our brethren? how shall we seem to fight and yet spare them? or how shall we escape?"

"Do you think we can ever escape from Tyre, except it be by the flight of the spirit from the body?" asked the old man, in a weak and trembling voice, as he turned his white eye to look once more at the ships crowding into the harbor, and held his left hand over the sightless place where his other eye had once been.

"O, yes, Tessaro," replied Radbert; "I believe we shall be delivered now; it came to me the other night in a dream that I was home again, and that you were with me. But I do not know how it came about; I only know that the snare was broken and that we were delivered. Just see the vessels darting up and down the bay, and back and forth in the harbor! They seem to me like the white wings of God's good angels hovering over us for our protection. Why, I believe I can tell some of these ships. I am sure I have seen that three-sailed transport at Marseilles; and yonder lateen-sailed boat with the golden moon at the peak. I am sure is the Floating Swan of Master Lascaris."

"Lascaris! Lascaris, did you say?" cried Tessaro, with a hoarse, subdued whisper. "Mother

of God! young man, what do you know of Michael Lascaris?"

"I knew him once," said Radbert, scanning the eager features of his hitherto unapproachable companion. "He is a Greek master from Byzantium; he sails a Genoese galley, the Floating Swan. I made a voyage with him from Marseilles to Messina, and from thence to Alexandria."

"Tell me more! O, by all the saints in heaven—tell me more of the Greek! cried Tessaro, trembling like a leaf." Did he ever tell you aught of what happened to him at Palermo?"

Radbert held on to the parapet for a few moments, for his head began to swim as the long-forgotten story of the Palermo pirates rushed in upon his memory. At that very moment, as he leaned his arm upon the cold stone wall, he felt something hard in his long-disused money-belt press upon his skinny arm. Hastily rolling up the sleeve of his linen jacket, he unbuttoned the dirty yellow belt, and brought out to the light the locket which Lascaris exchanged for gold on the day the Floating Swan entered the harbor of Messina.

"There," he exclaimed, as he buried the locket in the bony palm of the old man's hand, "does not that tell the story? Will you not trust me now?"

The aged Tessaro sank upon the pavement in a swoon, with a convulsive groan. Radbert, seizing an earthen water-cooler, which stood in a covered way for the benefit of the officer of the post, dashed the water in his face, and soon the stricken man revived.

"Hush!" whispered Radbert, "here comes a guard; calm yourself and stand up or we shall be separated again just at the very time when it is necessary for our deliverance that we should keep together. There, now," he added, putting the heavy lance in his trembling arm, "hide the locket and take your place upon your round again."

The aged Tessaro, as if he had been stricken

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by paralysis, hereupon seized the lance in both arms, and with a shuffling step and a drooping quivering action of the mouth, went slowly on his way, just as the officer came out from the guard tower on the wall.

"What means this water?" cried the officer to Radbert, as he passed the spot. Felix explained that the old man had fainted, and added that the sun was very hot, at times, upon the walls.

"The cursed old dog!" said the officer. "Tyre is too full already with these prison miscreants. We must use up this rubbish in some of our sallies upon the Christians. These wretches will make good food for the swords of our enemies." And with a set of horrid curses the tiger-eyed Turk passed on.

Tessaro was very anxious to get near to Felix to know more about Lascaris and the locket. But for several days no opportunity was given to them, in the barracks by night or on the guard by day. During these days several expeditions were made from the king's camping-ground on the bluff shore to reconnoitre the walls. Knights with helmets barred, and with coats of mail, rode by in safe distance from the bow shots of the enemy upon the wall, and once or twice Radbert was quite sure he recognized the insignia of the Knights Templars and Hospitalers, as the horsemen galloped along below the walls. But how was he to escape? To Radbert's mind this one problem lay open before him by night and by day. At times he could scarcely sleep. He would lie awake in the close and wretched barracks, where he was immured at night with his snoring companions, with this one thought burning itself in upon his brain until he feared he would go mad. . . .

One night, as Radbert was sitting on the rushy floor of the stone barracks, hugging his knees with his hands and swinging back and forth, while all about him were asleep, Tessaro seized the lantern which hung overhead at the entrance of the stone cavern, and, carefully

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feeling his way along the floor full of sleeping prisoners, waved it at Radbert and motioned him to follow. Felix instantly obeyed.

"But the keeper?" he whispered; "he will awaken and find us."

"Not yet," replied Tessaro, "I have mixed a composing potion with his stew. I stole it from an open box in the guard room, and I flung it into his food and stirred it round with my dagger, when he ran to the walls yesterday to look at the knights who passed by, sounding their silver trumpets. He will wake no more this night. Great Jupiter! how I could have given him a hundred stabs, but what would it avail? But come with me. Listen! I have burrowed with my hands a hole in the ground just under the corner tower; and there are voices of men below—they are Christians, I can hear them, but I cannot see them."

"Put out the light, whispered Radbert; and they groped their way through the dark caverned passage until a fresh breath of wind told them that they were approaching the outer parapet. It was a wild and stormy night. The east wind blowing in from the Mediterranean was salt and wet. There were no lights on the fortress wall, and all was still save the shrill cry of a Mohammedan sentinel on a distant tower, calling out, like some gloomy bird, the long hours of the night. Felix felt a thrill of relief as the briny wind moistened his cheek. It seemed so fresh and full of freedom that he accepted this as an omen of good.

Presently they found by the guard-room tower two or three loose stones which Tessaro had used to cover up this hole in the wall. Groping their way into it, and covering their retreat by replacing the stones, they burrowed along until they found themselves upon an overhanging shelf of rock, with a stone wall of eighty feet below them, leading into a rocky ravine. They could see lights glancing among the bushes, and could distinctly hear suppressed voices. Radbert's heart beat violently, for it

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seemed as if now at last the moment of escape had come. What to do next was the question which taxed his quickly-acting mind. Presently he called, in a loud whisper:—

“We are Christian prisoners! in the name of God, help us!”

The lanterns swung below the precipice, and a voice answered in Radbert’s native tongue:—

“Who are you?”

“I am Felix Radbert of Lyons. I am a prisoner, and there is another prisoner with me, one named Tessaro. Help us; we want a rope.”

“Saints in heaven,” cried a familiar voice from the dark below, “are you there Felix? I am Genseric and here are Montreux and Martini, and Leitulf is in camp. How can we get you a rope?”

“Get me one from the nearest ship. Is the Floating Swan near by? if so ask Lascaris to help you. I will drop you a cord. But run; for God’s sake, be quick! day is coming on.”

“We will,” whispered Genseric; “wait till we return.”

The lanterns disappeared in the distance. Tessaro and Felix watched them until they were hidden from view by a turn in the road. Then Felix thought he saw lights moving on the water towards the spot where the ships were anchored but he was not sure about it.

In the meantime, Felix cast about in his mind how he was to get the rope, in case they should bring him one. He bethought him of the watch-tower under which they had made their escape. A Moslem banner floated from the flag staff on the summit and he remembered that there was a long cord to it. Telling Tessaro to wait until his return, Felix left his companion on the overhanging ledge, and groping his way back again, like a mole in his burrow, he reached the opening in the wall, and nimbly climbed up the parapet until he reached the top of the tower. By this time the wind had ended in a driving mist, and all was still

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on the fortress wall. Felix felt his way until his hands clutched the rope of the red flag beating itself against the tall flagstaff. Drawing his dagger, in a moment he cut the rope and coiled it round his left arm, while the hated flag covered him with its wet and heavy folds. Seizing the banner with his right hand, he wrapped it round his shoulders and instantly beat his retreat back to the entrance behind the stones. He paused a moment to listen and distinctly heard the tread of a sentinel going over the path he had just left. The man was chanting in a low tone a Moorish hymn of praise to Allah, which ended in the well-known refrain of death to the Christian host. Felix felt his heart beating like a sledge-hammer. He was so dizzy with excitement that he could scarcely breathe for fear of being discovered. It seemed to him as if it must be that this watcher on the wall would hear his heart beat and would discover his hiding place. But his fears were not realized and after the receding footsteps were lost in the distance Radbert, stumbling over the folds of the heavy banner, burrowed his way back again to the place where his companion was awaiting him.

The Priest and the Man.

THE NIBELUNGENLIED.—

NIBELUNGENLIED, THE, an ancient German epic poem, the date of which is commonly placed somewhere between the years 900 and 1200. In the opinion of some critics the poem is a connected whole, the production of a single bard. Schlegel guesses the author to have been Heinrich von Ofterdingen; Von der Hagen ascribes it to Walter von der Vogelweide, and a score of other names have been suggested. Karl Lachmann (1793–1851), the ablest editor of the *Nibelungenlied*, holds that it consists of twenty lays by perhaps as many different authors, originally wholly unconnected and of various periods, and put in its present form about the year 1200.

Viewing the poems as a connected whole, it consists of twenty "Adventures" or lays, the action covering a space of some thirty years. In the first lay we are told how King Gunther and his brothers, Gernot and Geiselher, hold their court at Worms. They have a sister, Chriemhild, famed for her beauty and coyness. Siegfried, son of the ruler of the Netherlands, sets out for Worms, resolved to win the fair princess. He is endowed with more than human strength, is invulnerable with the exception of a small leaf-shaped spot on one shoulder, and is, moreover, possessed of a *tarn kappe*, or cap of darkness, which renders him invisible when he wears it. He performs mighty deeds in behalf of King Gunther, and succeeds in winning the love of Chriemhild. In one of his early adventures he has gone to Norway, and possessed himself of an enormous treasure known as "the Nibelungen hoard," which he munificently presents to his bride.

This brings us to the end of the fifth lay.

THE NIBELUNGENLIED.—

A fierce quarrel springs up between Chriemhild and Brunhild, the wife of King Gunther. Chriemhild tells her sister-in-law that Siegfried has told her a secret which involves the character of Brunhild, who resolves to be revenged upon her supposed traducer. At her instigation Hagen, the stoutest of the Burgundian warriors, who had learned the only vulnerable spot in Siegfried, treacherously assassinates him; and moreover gets hold of the Nibelungen hoard which he secretly sinks in the waters of the Rhine, hoping to be able to reclaim it at some future day. This brings us through the tenth lay, which may be designated as the close of the first part of the *Nibelungenlied*.

Chriemhild remains for a long time a mourning widow at her brother's court, but all the while brooding vengeance upon the murderer of Siegfried. Then Etzel, King of the Huns, whose royal residence is at Vienna, having reports of the surpassing beauty of Chriemhild, sends an embassy to Worms, demanding her hand in marriage. She consents, for she sees in this a probable chance for the accomplishment of her vengeance. The marriage takes place with great pomp. After a while she persuades Etzel to invite Gunther and his brother, to visit them at Vienna. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of Hagen, the invitation is accepted, and a lordly train of the Burgundians (who are henceforth styled "the Nibelungen") sets out for Vienna. They number 10,000 warriors, among whom is Hagen. The fourteenth and fifteenth lays describe the long journey from the Rhine to the Danube, which is marked by

THE NIBELUNGENLIED.—

many supernatural events. The sixteenth and seventeenth lays describe the friendly manner in which the Nibelungen are greeted by Etzel, and their ominous reception by Chriemhild. The next two lays narrate the outbreak of hostilities between the Huns and their visitors.

The twentieth lay—(which is styled *The Nibelungen Noth—The Woe of the Nibelungen*,) brings the poem to a close. After fierce fighting, lasting several days, the remnant of the Nibelungen are forced back into the building which had served for a banqueting-hall. Fire is set to this; and, to quench their burning thirst, the Nibelungen drink the blood from the dead and dying. At the last all the Nibelungen are slain except Gunther and Hagen, who are overpowered, and brought fettered into the presences of Chriemhild and Etzel. We know of nothing of the kind in all poetry unless perhaps we may except the slaughter scene in the *Odyssey*—which equals this description, the closing part of which we give in the fairly good translation of Birch :—

THE DEATH OF GUNTHER, HAGEN, AND CHRIEMHILDA.

Then went Chriemhild to where Sir Hagen met
her sight;

I wot full ruthless proved her speech unto the
captive knight.

“ Will you return without delay that which you
took from me ?

Then you may reach with life your home in
Burgundy.”

Thereto replied the angered chief : “ Your
prayer is made in vain,

Most noble daughter of a King, for I an oath
have ta'en

THE NIBELUNGENLIED.—

That I will ne'er divulge the place where lies
the hoard concealed;
So long as either king doth live it will not be
revealed."

"Then I will make short work of it." So said
the lofty wife;
And gave behest that Gunther brave should
lose his life.

His head was hewn from off its trunk, which
by the hair she took,
And bore it to the Trongie chief, who mourn-
fully did look

Upon the ghastly head of his much-honored
king; [bring:

Then to Chriemhilda's prayer severe reproof did
"Thou hast indeed thy will fulfilled with
brother's blood

And went in such a way as I did fear you
would.

"Now is the noble Burgund king prepared for
early grave,
Like Giseler the young and good, and Gernot
the brave.

Where the said hoard lies hid is now known
but to God and me;
And shall from thee, cursed wife, forever hid-
den be."

Said she: "You've foul atonement made, in
purpose, deed, and word;

Therefore will I possess myself of Siegfried's
sword

That which he bore on thigh when last I saw
the chief,

Whose death has ever been to me a keen heart-
rending grief."

She drew it from the well-known sheath—Hagen
could not prevent;

To take the warrior's life was her unmasked
intent.

She swung it with both hands, and smote his
head from off its trunk.

King Etzel saw the deed, and from its horror
shrunk.

THE NIBELUNGENLIED.—

“Alas !” the Hun King sighing said, “how
does the matter stand,
That he, the boldest of all knights, should fall
by woman’s hand ?
He who in onslaught was the first, the bravest
that bore shield; [yield.”
Although he was mine enemy, I fain to sorrow
Then spake the ancient Hildebrand: “She shall
no gainer be
Through this same deed of deadly hate, whate’er
becomes of me.
Although he brought myself unto a very gasp
of breath, [Hagen’s death.”
I ne’ertheless will work revenge for valiant
Thereon did Master Hildebrand run at the fair
Chriemhild,
And smote so with his keen-edged sword that
he the Hun Queen killed.
Truly she felt abounding fear, and dreadfully
amazed :
What helped it that she loudly shrieked when
he his arm upraised ?
Where’er one looked, the dead were seen, lying
in clotted gore ;
In pieces hewed lay Chriemhild’s corpse upon
the floor. [weep anew ;
Dietrich and Etzel now began to grieve and
Then inwardly he wailed the loss of friends
and liege-men true.
Thus were the mighty of the earth by hand of
death laid low ;
The people all bemoaned aloud and much of
grief did know.
Thus in keen sufferings’ end was made of
Etzel’s festival :—
For joy and woe will ever be the heritage of all.
I cannot tiding give of what did afterwards
take place,
Further than this : Fair dames and knights
were seen with weeping face,
And all the trusty yeomanry wept for their
friends also. [Woe.
Thus have I brought to end the Nibelungen

GIOVANNI BATTISTA NICCOLINI.—

NICCOLINI, GIOVANNI BATTISTA, an Italian poet, born near Pisa, in 1785; died at Florence, in 1861. He studied in the University of Pisa, where he took a degree in jurisprudence, and in 1807 was made librarian and Professor of History and Mythology in the Academy of the Fine Arts in Florence. His first tragedy *Polissena* was given the prize of the Della Cruscan Academy, in 1810. His other dramas include: *Ino e Temisto*, *Medea*, *Edipo*, *Matilda* (1815), *Nabucco*, *Antonio Foscarini*, *Giovanni da Procida* (1830), *Ludovico il Moro* (1834), *Rosmunda* (1839), *Arnaldo da Brescia* (1845), and *Filippo Strozzi* (1847). He also wrote *Lessons on Mythology* (1855), and left an unfinished *History of the House of Swabia*. An edition of his works was published in Florence in 1831.

NABUCCO.

Nabucco.—Hence, trembling slave! I do not
pardon you,
But scorn to punish.

[*The Senate withdraws.*]

Arsaces.—Murder me thou may'st,
But not debase.

Nab.—Thou hop'st such glorious death
In vain. I with thy blood pollute my sword.

Ars.—'Twere for thine arm a moral enter-
prise
As yet thou hast but shed the blood of slaves.

Nab.—And what art thou, Assyrian?

Ars.—I deserve
A different kingless country.

Nab.—Lo! A rebel!

Ars.—Such were I, 'midst thy slaves a
jocund flatterer
Thou hast beheld me, bending low my head
Before the worshipped throne; and in thy
power

GIOVANNI BATTISTA NICCOLINI—

I thus might share. Thou, with their fears did bargain
That made thee king and that maintained thee tyrant.

Nab.—Bethink thee of this sword, in which the fate
Of Asia hangs, strike not rebellious slaves,
Thousands of weapons wait upon my word.

Ars.—Then why delay'st thou! Call then.
I believed thee
Worthy to hear the truth. Do thou chastise
So gross an error.

Nab.—He who on this earth
No equal knows, may tolerate thy boldness
Say on.

Ars.—Wert thou a vulgar tyrant, hung not
Assyria's fate on thee, Arsaces then
Could slay or scorn thee. I, who in thy ranks
Have fought, have seen thee general and
soldier,
And on the battlefield a god in arms.
Admired upon thy throne, abhor thee.

Nab.—Of liberty what talk'st thou to a
king?

In me our country dwells; then speak of me.

Ars.—To thee I speak, Nabucco; to thy
fortune
Others have spoken. Asia's ills thou seest,—
Not thine. The sea of blood deluging earth
Touches thy throne; it totters; dost not feel
it?

For us I ask not pity; on thyself,
Nabucco, have compassion.

Nab.—Did I prize
My power above my fame, I were at peace,
And you in chains.

Ars.—The founder thou wouldst be
Of a new empire, and a high emprise
This seems to thy ferocious pride. Thou'rt
great,

If thou succeed; if in the attempt thou fall,
Audacious. Well I know that splendid ruins
To man yield glory, but not genuine fame.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA NICCOLINI.—

Nab.—I upon victory would found mine empire,

Not owe it to the charity of kings.

Assyria, conquered, boasts not as her monarch Nabucco. On this head my crown must blaze With all the terrors of its former brightness, Or there be crushed. Wherefore choose not

Assyria

Her king amongst the unwarlike Magi? Then, When to this hand, trained but to wield the sword,

The sceptre she committed, she pronounced

Her preference of glory to repose.

Is glory ever bloodless? Would ye now

Return to your effeminate studies, ply

The distaff, break our arms! Who my reverses

Could not support never deserved my fortune.

If I am vanquished, to unwarlike leaders,

To venal satraps, Asia must be slave.

Whom seest thou on the throne worthy a throne?

Where is the crown on which I have not trampled?

Ars.—To me dost thou recall the arts of kings,

And vileness? To Arsaces such a crime

Royalty seems; that scarce could he in thee

Forgive it, did thy virtue match thy valor.

But is't the sole reward of so much blood

That we may choose our tyrant, and our sons

Be born to a new yoke!

Nab.—My reign attests That ye were free.

Ars.—O, direst lot of slaves!

Slavery, to him who has lived free, is shame.

But why my wounds re-open! I address not

The citizens, 'tis to the king I speak.

To thee Assyria has given her crimes,

Her valor, virtue, rights, and fortune. Rich

Art thou through ancient ills, rich in her wealth;

The harvest of the past, the future's hopes,

Are placed in thee.

The urn of fate God to thy powerful hand

GIOVANNI BATTISTA NICCOLINI.—

Committed, and forsook the earth. But was't
Guerdon or punishment? Heavens! Dar'st
thou stake

The world's last hope on doubtful battle!
Now,

When in the tired Assyrian courage flags,
And fair pretexts are wanting, other sons
Demand of mothers, wrapt in mourning weeds,
With tear-dimmed eyes? For what should
we now battle?

Cold are our altars or o'erthrown our gods
Uncertain; slain or prisoners our sons;
Not e'en their graves are given to our affliction;

The Scythian snows conceal our brave Assyrians;

And our ancestral monuments are buried
Beneath the ruins of our temples. Say,
What should the Assyrian now defend?

Nab.—His crimes!

I with my dazzling glory fill the throne,
Hiding the blood with which by you 'twas
stained.

'Twill redden if I fall, and for revenge
Call on your murdered sovereign's servile heir,
Ay, and obtain it. But, with minds unstable,
Ye look for pardon of past crimes, of new ones
For recompense.

Ars.—Nor fear nor hope are mine;
His sword secures Arsaces from all kings.

JOHN NICHOL.—

The lonely death of the hero makes an effective close to the moral tumult of the preceding scenes. But the reflections, often striking, are seldom absolutely fresh: that beginning,

“The mind, which is immortal, makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts,
Its own origin of ill and end,
And its own place and time.”

is transplanted from Milton with as little change as Milton made in transplanting it from Marlowe. The author's own favorite passage, the invocation to the sun, has some sublimity, marred by lapses. The lyrics scattered through the poem sometimes open well,
e. g.—

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains ;
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a lake of clouds,
With a diadem of snow ;

but they cannot sustain themselves like true song-birds, and fall to the ground like spent rockets. This applies to Byron's lyrics generally ; turn to the incantation in the *Deformed Transformed* the first two lines are in tune—

“Beautiful shadow of Thetis's boy,
Who sleeps in the meadow whose grass grows
o'er Troy.” ;

Nor Sternhold nor Hopkins has more ruthlessly outraged our ears than the next two—

From the red earth, like Adam, thy likeness I shape,
As the Being who made him, whose actions I ape (1).”

Of his songs: “There be none of Beauty's daughters,” “She walks in beauty,” “Maid of Athens,” “I enter thy garden of roses,” the translation “Sons of the Greeks,” and others, have a flow and verve that it is pedantry to ignore ; but in general Byron was too much of the earth earthy to be a great lyricist. Some of the greatest have lived wild lives, but their wings were not weighted with the lead of the love of the world.

JOHN PRINGLE NICHOL.—

NICHOL, JOHN PRINGLE, a Scottish astronomer and author, born at Brechin, in 1804; died at Rothesay, in 1859. He was the son of a bookseller, taught school in Dundee, studied for the ministry, and was licensed to preach, but abandoned preaching to study astronomy, and became professor of the science in the University of Glasgow. His lectures on astronomy were popular, and he wrote many books upon the subject. These are: *The Architecture of the Heavens* (1838), *Contemplations on the Solar System* (1844), *Thoughts on Some Important Points relating to a System of the World* (1846), *Exposition and History of the Planet Neptune* (1848), *The Stellar Universe: Views of its Arrangements, Motions, and Evolutions* (1848), *The Planetary System, its Order and Physical Structure* (1851), *Cyclopædia of the Physical Sciences* (1857).

OTHER SUNS THAN OURS.

This planetary system, however, comprehends only a few of the stars shining around us. Indeed, the instant we extend our inquiries among the multitudes of other luminaries, we are constrained to consider the planets as bodies of the second order—subordinate, in fact, to the sun, or, rather, portions of his constitution.

The distances of few of these external stars can even be guessed at; but what I may term the limit of their nearness, or the distance beyond which they must lie, demonstrates that assuredly they are suns; for our gigantic orb would dwindle into a point not comparable to the largest of them, if seen through so vast an interval. There are, indeed, only three of these fixed stars whose degree of remoteness can be said to be ascertained; one, that famous star in the Swan, which under the examination of

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the precise and skilful Bessel, first yielded such a measure, and which is reckoned 670,000 times farther from the sun than we are. Another is α Centauri—a star in the south, which is away only one-third of that huge distance; and the third, the bright star in the Lyre, almost three times more remote than 61 Cygni. We cannot realize these enormous distances. They are gulfs so immense, that from a Lyre light would not reach us in less than thirty of our years; and yet this is but the first mile-stone among trackless space! It is not possible, I think, to look thoughtfully on the skies of midnight, without discerning that they manifest a *perspective*. The stars, I mean, do not appear as if placed on the inner surface of a concave or vault, but communicate irresistibly the idea of *successive deeps*, through which brilliant orbs lie scattered; and the cause of our judging this is probably the impression made by the variety of magnitudes they assume, and the evident relation between the *magnitudes* and the *numbers* of the bodies belonging to the several classes. It cannot be doubted that down to a certain point in the scale, perhaps as far as the eye can reach, the number of the stars augments as the magnitude diminishes—precisely as the fact would be, if difference of magnitude were owing to difference of distance;—the bodies of the second magnitude, for instance, appearing with that inferior splendor, because they occupy the sphere *behind* that appropriated by the brightest orbs. Supposing, then, that the nearer stars should, to our most perfect instruments, readily yield what is requisite for the determination of their actual distances, it is still most evident that the structure of the Heavens can never be laid down on the basis of positive and accurate measurement; inasmuch as after the first outwork is passed, a new and more arduous feat is demanded of higher instrumental power and so in succession apparently endless—or, at least, stretching too far to permit the possibility of its being ever exhausted. Positive determi-

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nations therefore, however welcome as tests of the efficacy of observation, and probably as preparing data for the solution of inquiries concerning the workings of the celestial mechanism accomplish for us, in regard of the structure of the skies, little else than a communication of the description of those numbers in which we must reckon interstellar intervals; and assuredly they are sufficiently august. It, indeed, lifts us far away from the earth and terrestrial concerns, when, to gauge SPACE, we must employ the agency of TIME; when—although with us the velocity of light is so swift that for practical purposes we deem its transit performed in periods that are evanescent—we speak of stars, even of the first magnitude, and therefore nearest to our sphere, as not seen at the moment in which the eye rests upon them but as they were ten or thirty years ago! It is accepted, as at all events approximately true, that the unaided eye can reach the twelfth order of distance—that is, we would see the star *Lyra* were it withdrawn into space through twelve times our present distance from it,—so that, assuming the last of the foregoing numbers as the average distance of a star of the first magnitude (it is the mean of the numbers expressing the distances of α *Lyræ* and α *Centauri*) the smallest star we see may be so far from the sphere of our abode, that when we think we are looking at it, our eye is receiving only the beam of light that left the orb from which it issued one hundred and twenty years ago! We spoke only a few pages back of the immensity of the distance of *Neptune* from the sun; but it shrinks, beside these intervals, into a space so small that we cannot use it as a unit—nay, our whole solar system, extensive though it is and filled with marvels, would, if surveyed from any of these fixed stars, seem no larger than might be covered by a thick spider's thread! Such is something of that Universe, to which, as among its minor and scarce visible constituents, it is our world's fate to belong.

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Not seldom, awed by the glories of this stupendous Materialism, the diffident and shrinking spirit has regarded it, not in joy but despondency; feeling that to fathom it were vain even as a hope; and that beneath these ever-burning lamps, man may be a spark of light, flashing once, and then vanishing amid the night. Indeed this is not so:—let the spirit but use its own majestic power, and it may pass beyond that array of dazzling gems. Amid those depths to which it can penetrate, depths never reached by earth, sun, or stars, it discerns during those moments of awful quietude, when its own greatness becomes revealed to it—that all these external majesties are but shadows—an emblem, or form of speech, by which it is their noblest function to inform the human soul. Not in the brightness with which they shine, neither their numbers, though endless as the sands of the sea,—herein is the value of these glorious orbs, that the heart hears their solemn intimations, rises at once to its own origin and theirs, and feels the presence of what can never change: “They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.”—*The Stellar Universe.*

GEORGE WARD NICHOLS.—

NICHOLS, GEORGE WARD, an American author, born at Mount Desert, Maine, in 1837; died at Cincinnati in 1885. Soon after the outbreak of the civil war, he was placed on the staff of General Frémont, and subsequently upon that of General Sherman, during the march to the sea, and through the Carolinas. In 1876 he went to Cincinnati, where, having come into possession of a considerable fortune, he devoted himself to music and ceramics. He projected the design and procured the endowment of the Cincinnati musical college, of which he was the first president. He wrote *The Story of the Great March* (1865), *Art Education applied to Industry* (1877), and *Pottery, how it is Made* (1878).

SEARCHING FOR TREASURE.

As rumors of the advance of our army through Georgia reached the frightened inhabitants, frantic efforts were made to conceal not only their valuable personal effects—plate, jewelry and other rich goods—but also articles of food, such as hams, sugar, flour, and so on. A large part of these supplies were carried to the neighboring swamps; but the favorite method of concealment was the burial of the treasure in the pathways and gardens adjoining the dwelling-house. Sometimes also the graveyards were selected as the best places of security from the “Vandal hands of the invaders.” Unfortunately for these people, the negroes betrayed them, and in the early part of the march the soldiers learned the secret.

It is possible that supplies thus hidden may have escaped the search of our men; but if so, it was not for the want of diligent exploration. With untiring zeal the soldiers hunted for concealed treasures. Wherever the army halted, almost every inch of ground in the vicinity of the dwellings was poked by ramrods, pierced with sabres and upturned with spades. The

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universal digging was good for the garden land, but its results were distressing to the owners of the exhumed property, who saw it rapidly and irretrievably "confiscated." It was comical to see a group of these red-bearded, barefoot, ragged veterans punching the unoffending earth in an apparently idiotic, but certainly in a most energetic way. If they "struck a vein," a spade was instantly put in requisition, and the coveted wealth was speedily unearthed. Nothing escaped the observation of these sharp-witted soldiers. A woman standing upon the porch of a house, apparently watching their proceedings, instantly became an object of suspicion, and she was watched until some movement betrayed the place of concealment. The fresh earth recently thrown up, a bed of flowers just set out, the slightest change of appearance or position, all attracted the gaze of these military agriculturists; it was all fair spoil of war," and the search made one of the greatest excitements of the march.—*The Story of the Great March.*

THE ARMY "BUMMER."

A "Bummer" is a raider on his own account; a man who temporarily deserts his place in the ranks while the army is on its march, and starts out upon an independent foraging expedition. Sometimes he is absent for a few days only; occasionally he disappears for weeks together. An officer whose duty requires him to pass from one column to another, or a private soldier sent out upon a scout in the forest, or on the flank of the army, not unfrequently stumbles suddenly upon an encampment in the woods, or finds a party of them at a house by the wayside. This party bears all the outward aspect of an authorized and perfectly legitimate foraging party. The capacious wagons are there, with caparisoned mules; blooded horses stand tethered within reach of their apparent owners; the campfires burn brightly, but if one of these men be accosted with some such ques-

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tion as this: "To what command do you belong?" the answer comes out: "Well, we don't answer for any body in particular—'bout every corps in the army, I reckon."

A bummer may once have been a foot-soldier; but I never saw one who was not mounted on some sort of an animal. Sometimes he bestrides a superb blooded horse which is the envy of every general of the army; more frequently he rides a broken-down nag that is able to hobble along sufficiently fast for its owner's purposes; but the favorite animal is the mule. There may be little or no actual poetry in a mule—although I profess an unwillingness to admit any slur upon that much-abused beast; yet it would be difficult to find a more hardy, long-winded, strong-legged, uncomplaining, and altogether lovable, creature for the use of man, than the mule. The bummer appreciates his good qualifications—and hence his favoritism.

Sometimes we see the bummer approaching the camp from a piece of woods, with a wagon which he has overloaded with good things. The scene is perfectly exhilarating. The bummer, coming in on horseback, holding the bridle between his teeth, clasps under one arm a basket of fresh eggs, and under the other a pail full of delicious honey, while a brace of fat sheep, hams, chickens or geese lie across the saddle in front and rear, and the carcass of a hog, firmly tied to the mule's tail, is dragged along the road. The bummer himself is probably clothed in an irregular sack-coat of linen, with a ridiculously unmilitary hat perched on one side of his head; and as he approaches, his face beams with smiles of recognition, tempered by half-suppressed apprehension lest his bounteous supplies should not be accepted as a peace-offering for his delinquencies.—*The Story of the Great March.*

JOHN GEORGE NICOLAY.—

NICOLAY, JOHN GEORGE, an American historian, was born in Germany in 1832; came to the United States in childhood, and was educated in the public schools of Ohio and Illinois. He became a journalist; and was for some years editor of a paper at Pittsfield, Ill. He was private secretary to President Lincoln throughout his administration; and was United States consul at Paris 1865-67. From 1872 to 1887 he was marshal of the United States Supreme Court. He wrote *The Outbreak of the Rebellion* (1881), and is joint author with John Hay of *Abraham Lincoln: A History* (12 vols., 1891-94).

SPRINGFIELD TO WASHINGTON.

Malicious gossip and friendly jest had both, during the campaign, described the "rail-splitter" candidate as possessing great personal highness; this was now seen to be an utter misfortune. The people beheld in the new President a man six feet four inches in height, a stature which of itself would be hailed in any assemblage as one of the outward signs of leadership; joined to this was a spare but muscular frame, and large and strongly-marked features corresponding to his unusual stature. Quiet in demeanor, but erect in bearing, his face even in repose was not unattractive; and when lit up by his open, genial smile, or illuminated in the utterance of a strong and stirring thought, his countenance was positively handsome. His voice, pitched in rather a high key, but of great clearness and penetration, made his public remarks audible to a wide circle of listeners. His speeches were short; but his pithy, epigrammatic sentences, full of logical directness and force, presented the questions of the hour in new and unwonted aspects, which the exhaustive discussions of the campaign had not yet reached.

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It would be impossible within any short space to give an analytic summary of the twenty to thirty short addresses he delivered on this journey. But, so long as the nation shall live, every American ought to remember his thrilling keynote of that crisis, uttered in his very first speech at Indianapolis; an admonition equally valuable to statesmen or people in every emergency which the future may bring. "The people," said he, "when they rise in mass in behalf of the Union and the liberties of their country, truly may it be said, 'The gates of hell cannot prevail against them! In all trying positions in which I shall be placed—and doubtless I shall be placed in many such—my reliance will be upon you and the people of the United States; and I wish you to remember, now and forever, that it is your business and not mine; that if the Union of these States and the liberties of this people shall be lost, it is but little to any one man of fifty-two years of age, but a great deal to the thirty millions of people who inhabit these United States, and to their posterity in all coming time. It is your business to rise up and preserve Union and liberty for yourselves, and not for me.'"—*From "The Outbreak of the Rebellion."*

BARTHOLD GEORG NIEBUHR.—

NIEBUHR, BARTHOLD GEORG, a German historian, born at Copenhagen in 1776; died at Boren in 1881. He was the son of Kaistens Niebuhr, the traveller (1733-1815), by whom he was carefully educated, in languages, history, and geography. After studying at German universities, he entered the Danish civil service in 1795, residing chiefly at Copenhagen until 1806, when he received an appointment under the Prussian government at Berlin; and in 1809 he was placed at the head of the department for the management of the national debt and the supervision of the banks. In 1810 he was appointed Historiographer to the King and delivered lectures on ancient Roman history in the University of Berlin. In 1815 he was sent as Prussian ambassador to Rome, where he devoted himself especially to ancient Roman history. In 1822 he obtained a release from his official duties, and was soon after appointed Adjunct Professor of Ancient History in the University of Bonn. He was for many years employed upon his *History of Rome*, the first edition of which appeared in 1811. The first volume of a revised edition was published in 1827. Two years afterwards his house was burned down, and with it the manuscript of nearly all the second volume, which, however, he was able to reproduce within a year; the third and concluding volume appeared soon afterwards. This work, which has been pronounced to be "the most original historical work of the present age," is an effort to reconstruct ancient Roman history from the early traditions and legends; to reproduce the fabric of history.

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from scattered fragments ; to extract truth and certainty out of traditional narratives. After his death several collections were made of his *Minor Writings*. In 1838 appeared his *Life and Letters*, which was in 1852 translated into English, with large abridgements, by Susanna Winkworth.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE REGILLUS.

Tarquinius and his family are said to have been the first cause of this war between the Romans and the Latins, and I readily believe that he was not unconnected with the movement, since his family connection with Mamilius Octavius at Tusculum has an historical appearance; but we cannot possibly class the battle of Lake Regillus, as it is related, among the events of history. It never has occurred to me to deny that the Romans endeavored to restore their dominion by war; but it is quite a different question whether a great battle was fought near Lake Regillus under the command of the dictator Postumius, in which the Latins were conquered and thrown back into their former condition. If we may infer the cause from its effects—which cannot be done as surely in moral affairs, as in physical ones—the Latins were not by any means defeated, for they attained, after a considerable time, it is true, their object—a perfectly free alliance with Rome. . . .

The Romans imagined that they had gained a complete victory in the battle, as is clear from the story about the Dioscuri. Near Lake Regillus, where the whole district consists of a volcanic tufa, the mark of a horse's foot was shown in the stone (just as on the Rosskappe in the Harz Mountain), which was believed to have been made by a gigantic horse of the Dioscuri—a tradition which, down to the time of Cicero, was in the mouths of the people. After the battle the Dioscuri, covered with blood and dust, appeared in the comitium, an-

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nounced the victory to the people, gave their horses drink at a well, and disappeared. Of this battle we have no accounts except those in which there is an evident tendency to make it appear historical; but the poem nevertheless cannot be mistaken.

The descriptions of the battle in Livy and Dionysius have more points of agreement with each other than is usual between the two writers; though Dionysius's description more resembles a bulletin, while that of Livy is fresh and animated, like the Homeric description of a struggle between heroes, the masses being entirely thrown into the background.

The cessation of the peace between the two states had been announced a year before in order that the many connections of friendship might be dissolved as gently as possible, and that the women might return to their respective homes. Tarquinius had gone to Mamilius Octavius, his son-in-law, and all the Latins were aroused. The dictator led the Romans against an army far superior in numbers, and Tarquinius and his sons were in the enemy's army. During the contest the chiefs of the two armies met. The Roman dictator fell in with Tarquinius who, being severely wounded, retreated, while the *magister equitum* fought with Mamilius. T. Herminius and the legate M. Valerius, as well as P. Valerius, fell, the last being slain while endeavoring to rescue the body of Valerius. In the end the Roman equites gained the victory by dismounting from their horses and fighting on foot. The consul had offered a reward to those who should storm the hostile camp; and the object was gained at the very first assault, in which two gigantic youths distinguished themselves.

Even the ancients were greatly perplexed about the M. and P. Valerius, for Marcus soon afterwards appears as dictator, and Publius had died even before the battle; both accordingly are described as sons of Poplicola; but this is an unfortunate remedy, since a P. Valerius, as a

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son of Poplicola, again occurs in the *Fasti* afterwards. The poem, however, was not concerned about *Fasti* and *Annals*. We cannot regard the two *Valerii* sons of Poplicola, but as the ancient heroes *Mamilius* and *Poplicola*, themselves, who had fought and fell. The legend undoubtedly related that *Tarquinius* and his sons were likewise slain; and the statement that the king was only wounded arose from the record that he died at *Cuma*. The introduction of the dictator *Postumius* was certainly a pure interpolation, and the poem undoubtedly mentioned *Sp. Lartius* who could not be wanting here any more than *M. Valerius*. The reward offered by the dictator refers to the legend of the *Dioscuri*—as in the war against the *Lucanians*, under *Fabricius*, when a youth carried the ladder to the wall, and afterwards, when the mural crown was awarded to him, was not anywhere to be found.

This battle forms the close of the lay of the *Tarquins*, as the lay of the *Nibelungen* ends with the death of all the heroes. The earliest period of Roman history is thus terminated, and a new era opens upon us. There is no definite time to which the battle can be assigned. Some suppose it to have taken place in *A. U.* 255, others in *A. U.* 258. Some represent *Postumius* as consul, others as dictator—a sufficient proof that the account is not historical, for if it were the *Fasti* would have marked such an event.

It is not impossible that peace with the *Latins* was restored in *A. U.* 259; and if we were to take this statement literally, it would confirm the victory of *Lake Regillus*. It might be conceived that the *Latins* were defeated there, and submitted to the condition which *Tarquin* had established for them; but that afterwards the Senate, from other motives, restored them to the constitution of *Servius Tullius*. Be this as it may, peace was renewed between the *Romans* and the *Latins* before the secession of the *plebs*. For many years after

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the battle of Lake Regillus, Livy records nothing about the Latins, whereas Dionysius relates a variety of events, which however are arbitrary inventions.—*Lecture XIII.*

THE LEGEND OF REGULUS.

Every one remembers the beautiful verse of Horace and what Cicero says concerning Regulus. After the defeat of the Romans in Africa under Regulus, the Carthaginians, it is said, sent Regulus to Rome with proposals of peace, with the understanding that if he should not succeed, he should endeavor at least to effect an exchange of prisoners. Regulus, however, is stated to have dissuaded his fellow-citizens from either measure ; to have returned to Carthage, and there to have been tortured to death.

The first who demonstrated the untenableness of the story was the excellent French philologist, Paulmier de Grentmestril. Beaufort afterwards adduced further reasons to prove that this tragedy is a complete fiction, and that it was probably invented because the Romans acknowledged that the terms of peace proposed by Regulus were abominable, and that he had to make amends for his shameful conduct. Beaufort has drawn attention to a fragment of Diodorus, according to which two noble Carthaginians were retained at Rome as hostages for the life of Regulus, and were given over to his wife and family. The same fragment states that they were tortured by the relatives of Regulus in a frightful manner, and that the tribunes summoned the senate, and compelled the monsters to release one of the hostages who was shut up in a cage containing the dead body of his comrade. Now, as both Paulmier and Beaufort justly observe, if the Carthaginians did actually torture Regulus to death, it was probably this crime, committed by his family, which caused the fabrication of the whole story about the death of Regulus.

But even this is not the same in all authors.



THE LEGEND OF REGULUS.

"The undaunted Regulus returns into captivity."

BARTHOLD GEORG NIEBUHR.—

According to some, his eyes were put out; others say that he was tortured with iron nails; others that he was killed, being exposed to the sun and insects. Some middle-age writers take especial delight in inventing the most fearful and complicated tortures, as was done by the authors of the forged *Acta Martyrium*. Such is also the case with the story of Regulus. It surely cannot have been known previously to the time of Polybius; for had he been acquainted with it, as told by later writers, he would not have passed it over in silence.

The common account of the death of Regulus may be effaced from the pages of history without any scruple. It may be it was taken from Nævius, for Diodorus was not acquainted with it, as is clear from his fragments. He knew this history of Rome but very imperfectly, and only from early, almost contemporary, writers, as Philinus of Agrigentun, Timæus, and Fabius Pictor; he had not read Nævius, and hence the latest Roman historians were probably those who gave currency to the story from Nævius. Cicero knew it, and it must therefore have been related either in Cato's *Origines* or by Nævius. If it originated with later authors, it arose, at the earliest, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years after the time of Regulus.—*Lecture LVI.*

HANNIBAL.

I do not say that Hannibal committed no act of cruelty, but what he did was no more than the common practice among the Romans themselves, with whom, as with the ancients generally, the destruction of the enemy was the principal object of war. Of the *perfidia a plus quam Punica*, with which he is charged by Livy, not a single instance is known, and Polybius confidently asserts that in capitulations he always kept his engagements; for, if he had not, the charge would have been brought against him, and no one would have made any capitulation with him.

BARTHOLD GEORG NIEBUHR.—

The Romans are terrible liars when they blame an enemy. Stories like those of the murder of the senate at Nuncina, and the massacre of that of Acerræ are not established by any good authority.

His greatness was not less striking in peace than in war; and in this respect the difference between him and Scipio is very remarkable. In times of peace Scipio was a useless citizen. Hannibal, on the other hand, showed his genius in everything, and in times of peace, after the second Punic war, he was the benefactor and reformer of his country by wise laws and institutions. He was a being of a higher order, who governed all men, and dazzled them by his lustre. A man who settled the administration of Spain crossed the Alps, shook the power of the Romans, and reduced them to extreme weakness—such a man I call the greatest among his contemporaries; yea, I may call him the greatest of all ages. How small in comparison with his are the achievements of Alexander the Great, who had no difficulties to overcome. . . .

Scipio came forward against Hannibal under the most favorable circumstances; and he could not but conquer unless Hannibal had been a being of supernatural power. Hannibal's perseverance and faithfulness towards his country cannot be sufficiently praised. His transactions with other states had only one object—to serve his country. This man I honor, esteem and reverence almost unconditionally; although I do not wish to deny that things are related of him which fill our eyes with tears.—*Lecture LIX.*

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

If we examine the legislation of Constantine with an unbiassed mind, we must acknowledge that there are not a few among his laws which were very judicious and beneficial, though there are some others which must have been injurious. Among those who have written upon

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the history of Constantine, some are fanatic panegyrists; others are just as fanatic detractors. Gibbon judges of him with great impartiality, though he dislikes him. The exaggerated praise of oriental writers is quite unbearable, and makes one almost inclined to side with the opposite party. I cannot blame him very much for his wars against Maxentius and Licinius, because in their case he delivered the world from cruel and evil rulers. The murder of Licinius and that of his own son Crispus, however, are deeds which it is not easy to justify; but we must not be more severe towards Constantine than towards others.

Many judge him by too high a standard, because they look upon him as a Christian; but I cannot regard him in that light. His religion must have been a strange compound indeed. The man who had on his coins the inscription *Sol invictus*, who worshipped pagan divinities, consulted the haruspices, indulged in a number of pagan superstitions; and, on the other hand, built churches, shut up pagan temples, and presided at the council of Nicæa, must have been a repulsive phenomenon, and was certainly not a Christian. He did not suffer himself to be baptized till the last moments of his life. Those who praise him for this do not know what they are doing. He was a superstitious man, and mixed up his Christian religion with all kinds of absurd superstitions and opinions. When, therefore certain oriental writers call him *Isapostolos*—"Equal to the Apostles," they use words without reflection. To speak of him as a saint is a profanation of the word.—*Lecture CXXX*

THOMAS NOEL.—

NOEL, THOMAS, an English poet, born in 1799, died in 1861. In 1841 he published a volume of poems of marked merit entitled *Rhymes and Roundelayes*. The most celebrated of these is *The Pauper's Drive*, so often wrongly attributed to Thomas Hood.

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot :

To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot ;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no
springs ;

And hark to the dirge that the sad driver
sings :——

*" Rattle his bones over the stones !
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns ! "*

Oh, where are the mourners ? Alas ! there are
none ;

He has left not a gap in the world now he's
gone ;

Not a tear in the eye of child, woman or man.
To the grave with the carcass as fast as you
can.

*" Rattle his bones over the stones !
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns. "*

What a jolting and creaking and splashing
and din !

The whip how it creaks, and the wheels how
they spin !

How the dirt right and left o'er the hedges is
hurled !

The pauper at length makes a noise in the world !

*" Rattle his bones over the stones !
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns ! "*

Poor pauper defunct ! He has made some
approach

To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach !

He's taking a drive in his carriage at last,
But it will not be long if he goes on so fast.

*" Rattle his bones over the stones !
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns ! "*

THOMAS NOEL.—

You bumpkins, who stared at your brother conveyed,
Behold what respect to a "cloddy" is paid!
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,
You've a chance to the grave like a "gem'man" you'll go!

*"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"*

But a truce to this strain; for my soul is sad
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brute, such a desolate end,

And depart from the light without leaving a friend!

*Bear soft his bones over the stones!
Though a pauper, he's one whom his
Maker yet owns!*

The following lines are part of a poem entitled,

A THAMES VOYAGE.

On like a hawk upon the wing
Our little wherry flies;
Against her bows the ripples sing,
And the wavelets round her rise.

In view is Cookham's ivied tower;
And up yon willing reach,
Enfolding many a fairy bower,
Wave Bisham's woods of beech.

O'er Marlow's loveliest vale they look,
And its spire that seeks the skies;
And afar, to where in its meadow-nook
Medmenham's Abbey lies.

Still on, still on, as we smoothly glide,
There are charms that woo the eye,—
Boughs waving green in the pictured tide,
And the blue reflected sky.

Swift dragon-flies, with their gauzy wings,
Flit glistening to and fro,
And murmuring hosts of moving things
O'er the waters glance and glow.

THOMAS NOEL.—

There are spots where nestle wild-flowers small
 With many a mingled gleam ;
Where the broad flag waves, and the bulrush
 tall
 Nods still to the trusting stream.

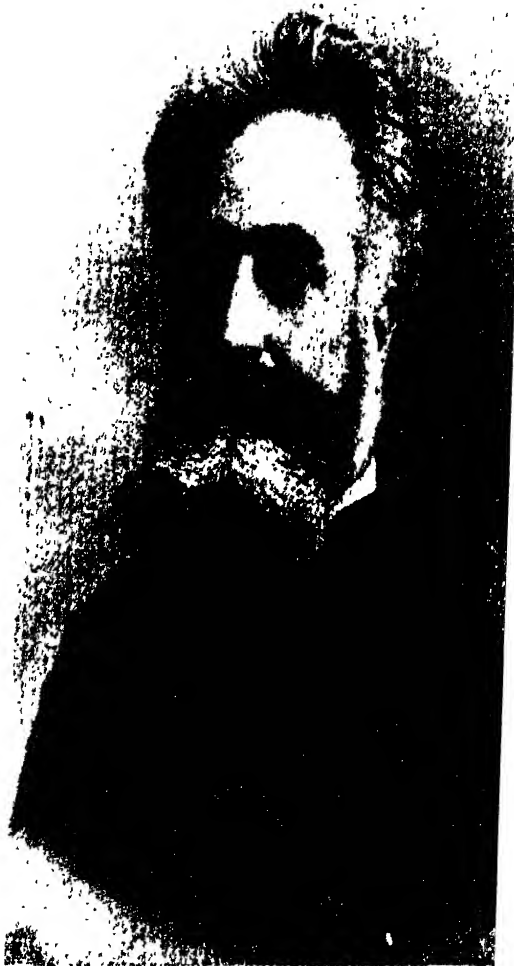
The forget-me-not on the water's edge
 Reveals her lovely hue,
Where the broken bank, between the sedge,
 Is embroidered with her blue.

And in bays where matted foliage weaves
 A shadowy arch on high,
Serene on broad and bronze-like leaves,
 The virgin lilies lie.

Fair fall those bonny flowers ! O how
 I love their petals bright !
Smoother than Ariel's moonlit brow !
 The water Nymph's delight !

Those milk-white cups with a golden core,
 Like marble lamps, that throw
So soft a light on the bordering shore,
 And the waves that round them flow !

Steadily, steadily, speeds our bark,
 O'er the silvery whirl she springs ;
While merry as lay of morning lark
 The watery carol rings.



MAX NORDAU.

MAX SIMON NORDAU.—

NORDAU, MAX SIMON, a Hungarian author, was born at Budapest, of Jewish parents, in 1849. He studied medicine there and graduated with the degree of M. D. in 1872. He travelled extensively until 1878, visiting Austria, Germany, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Belgium, England, France, Spain, Italy, and even Iceland. Returning, he practiced medicine in his native city until 1880; when, removing to Paris, he devoted himself to the further study of medicine, and in 1882 engaged permanently in the practice of his profession. He was a contributor as early as 1868 to the *Pester Lloyd*, and thereafter to many other periodicals. His first book, *Aus dem Wahren Milliardenland*, appeared in 1878. Of his later works, *Die Konventionellen Lügen der Kulturmenschheit* (1883), *Paradoxe* (1885), and *Entartung* (1893), have been translated into English—*Conventional Lies of Society*, *Paradoxes*, and *Degeneration* (1895).

“FIN-DE-SIÈCLE.”

This fashionable term has the necessary vagueness which fits it to convey all the half-conscious and indistinct drift of current ideas. Just as the words “freedom,” “ideal,” “progress” seem to express notions, but actually are only sounds, so in itself *fin-de-siècle* means nothing, and receives a varying signification according to the diverse mental horizons of those who use it.

The surest way of knowing what *fin-de-siècle* implies, is to consider a series of particular instances where the word has been applied. Those which I shall adduce are drawn from French books and periodical of the last two years.

MAX SIMON NORDAU.—

A king abdicates, leaves his country, and takes up his residence in Paris, having reserved certain political rights. One day he loses much money at play, and is in a dilemma. He therefore makes an agreement with the Government of his country, by which, on receipt of a million francs, he renounces forever every title, official position and privilege remaining to him. *Fin-de-siècle* king.

A bishop is prosecuted for insulting the minister of public worship. The proceedings terminated, his attendant canons distribute amongst the reporters in court a defence, copies of which he has prepared beforehand. When condemned to pay a fine, he gets up a public collection, which brings in tenfold the amount of the penalty. He publishes a justificatory volume containing all the expressions of support which have reached him. He makes a tour through the country, exhibits himself in every cathedral to the mob curious to see the celebrity of the hour, and takes the opportunity of sending round the plate. *Fin-de-siècle* bishop.

The corpse of the murderer Pranzini after execution underwent autopsy. The head of the secret police cuts off a large piece of skin, has it tanned, and the leather made into cigar-cases and card-cases for himself and some of his friends. *Fin-de-siècle* official.

An American weds his bride in a gas-factory, then gets with her into a balloon held in readiness, and enters on a honeymoon in the clouds. *Fin-de-siècle* wedding.

An *attaché* of the Chinese Embassy publishes high-class works in French under his own name. He negotiates with banks respecting a large loan for his Government, and draws large advances for himself on the unfinished contract. Later it comes out that the books were composed by his French secretary, and that he has swindled the banks. *Fin-de-siècle* diplomatist.

A public school-boy walking with a chum passes the jail where his father has repeatedly

been imprisoned for fraudulent bankruptcy, embezzlement and similar lucrative misdemeanors. Pointing to the building, he tells his friend with a smile: "Look, that's the governor's school." *Fin-de-siècle* son.

Two young ladies of good family, and school friends, are chatting together. One heaves a sigh. "What's the matter?" asks the other. "I'm in love with Raoul, and he with me." "Oh, that's lovely!" "Yes, but he has nothing, and is nothing, and my parents want me to marry the baron, who is fat, bald, and ugly, but has a huge lot of money." "Well, marry the baron without any fuss, and make Raoul acquainted with him, you goose." *Fin-de-siècle* girls.—From "*Degeneration*" ("*Entartung*"). by Max Nordau.

CHARLES NORDHOFF.—

NORDHOFF, CHARLES, an American journalist and author, born in Westphalia, Germany, in 1830. While a child he was brought by his parents to America, and at the age of thirteen was apprenticed to a printer in Cincinnati. In 1844 he left the office in Philadelphia where he was working, to ship on board a man-of-war upon which he served for three years, making a voyage round the world. He then served as a sailor in the merchant, whaling and mackerel fisheries. Returning to the United States, he entered upon journalism in Philadelphia and Indianapolis. In 1857 he came to New York where he was for five years upon the editorial staff of *Harper's Magazine*. From 1861 to 1871 he was one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, and subsequently of the *Herald*, becoming head of the Washington bureau of correspondence for the latter paper in 1874. Besides many pamphlets and magazine articles he has published: *Man-of-war Life* (1855), *The Merchant Vessel and Whaling and Fishing* (1856), *Stories of the Island World* (1858), *Cape Cod and all along Shore: a collection of stories* (1868), *California for Health, Pleasure, and Residence* (1872), *Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands* (1874), *Communitistic Societies in the United States* (1875), *Politics for Young Americans* (1875), *The Cotton States in 1875* (1876), *God and the Future Life* (1881), *Peninsular California* (1888). In later years he has given up active work and resides at Coronado Beach, California.

COMMUNAL LIFE.

In judging of the *quality* of communal life, I have found myself constantly falling into the error of comparing it with my own, or with the life of men and women in pleasant circumstances in our great cities. But, to be fairly judged, the communal life must be compared with that

CHARLES NORDHOFF.—

of the mechanic or laborer in our cities, and of the farmer in the country. And, when thus put in judgment, I do not hesitate to say that it is in many ways a higher and a better, and also a happier, life.

It provides a greater variety of employment for each individual, and thus increases the dexterity and broadens the faculties of men. It offers a wider range of wholesome social enjoyment, and also greater restraints against debasing pleasures. It gives independence, and inculcates prudence and frugality. It demands self-sacrifice, and restrains selfishness and greed; and thus increases the happiness which comes from the moral side of human nature. Finally it relieves the individual's life from a great mass of carking cares, from the necessity of severe and exhausting toil, from the dread of misfortune or exposure in old age.

If the communal life did not offer such or equivalent rewards, no commune could exist. For, though in almost all which I have described a religious thought and theory enter in, it may nevertheless be justly said that all of them arose out of a deep-seated dissatisfaction with society as it is constituted—a feeling which is well-nigh universal, and affects men and women more the more thoughtful they are; and that they continue only because this want of something better is gratified; but that a commune could not long continue whose members had not, in the first place, by adverse circumstances, oppression, or wrong, been made to feel very keenly the need of something better. Hence it is that the German peasant or weaver makes so good a communist; and hence, too, the numerous failures of communist experiments in this country begun by people of culture and means, with a sincere desire to live "the better life."—*Communist Societies on the United States.*

OUR GOVERNMENTAL MACHINE.

The larger the machine, the more important it is that all shall be built upon sound principles

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of mechanics, and that it shall be carefully managed in accordance with the law of its construction ; for a break in a machine which weighs a hundred tons, and moves at a great speed in all its parts, is more disastrous than one in a hand-machine whose momentum is insignificant, even if its speed of revolution should be great. What is true of a piece of machinery in this respect, is equally true of a state or nation. The more populous it is, and the more extended its area, the more unwieldy it becomes ; and the more vital it is that its managers or rulers shall be made to adhere closely to the principles on which its government is constructed.

The fundamental and most vital principle underlying our political system is that called "Decentralization," by which the duties imposed by the people on their rulers are divided among several distinct governments, each acting independently in its sphere, but all subordinate to one general organic law, called the Federal Constitution, and so arranged as to work harmoniously to a common purpose. Thus we secure uniformity in the general system, with independence, variety, and elasticity in details ; the least interference with personal liberty, combined with security to person and property.—*Politics for Young Americans.*

CENTRALIZATION TO BE OPPOSED.

In all earthly contrivances there is a tendency to change ; and it has been noticed that as we increase in population there is an increasing propensity to impose more upon the Federal Government, and to take from the powers of the local governments. This all wise citizens ought to resist ; for as we increase in population it is necessary that we shall even add to the number of objects over which the people shall determine and rule in their local governments ; for thus only can their political harmony be continued. It is in this direction that wise citizens will strive to guard against future dangers.—*Politics for Young Americans.*

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STABILITY IN GOVERNMENT.

The inconveniences, the temporary maladministration, and, above all, the apparent carelessness with which people condone blunders in their public servants, need not give occasion for gloomy forebodings. Our people are naturally inattentive to minute details in their governments. They forgive much to their rulers, if only these have an honest desire to serve the public. They are slow to lose their faith in an old public servant, and especially in a political party which has once secured their confidence by conspicuous good services. This quality, which is often vexatious, and sometimes causes thoughtful men to despair, is, in fact, a most valuable trait in any people; for it secures what is of the greatest importance in public affairs—stability.

Change is so great a curse that we could not even abolish so great an evil as slavery without great temporary suffering; and that people is the happiest and most likely to maintain its liberties and to be prosperous, which by its natural temperament dislikes change, and can be moved to it only for clearly and even pressingly necessary objects. Stability of laws, stability in industry and business, stability of character and a purpose in the individual, are of far greater importance than the most brilliant experiments in government or the most seductive and venturous enterprises. But it must be borne in mind that nothing is stable except justice. Unjust and unequal laws are liable to perpetual change.—*Politics for Young Americans.*

JOHN NORRIS.—

NORRIS, JOHN, an English clergyman, metaphysician, and poet, born in 1657; died in 1711. He took his degree at Oxford in 1680. His work, *An Idea of Happiness* (1683), gave him a foremost place among the Platonists of his time. In 1684 he took orders, and in 1693 was made rector of Bemerton. Among his works, many which have passed through several editions are:—*An Idea of Happiness* (1683), *Poems and Discourses* (1684), *The Theory and Regulation of Love* (1688), *Reason and Religion* (1689), *Two Treatises concerning the Divine Sight* (1692), *Letters Concerning the Love of God* (1695), *An Essay toward the Theory of the Ideal or Intelligible World* (1704), *The Natural Immortality of the Soul* (1708).

ON PERFECT HAPPINESS.

I come now to show wherein this perfect happiness does consist, concerning which I do affirm, in the first place that it is not to be found in anything we can enjoy in this life. The greatest fruition we have of God here is imperfect, and consequently unsatisfactory. And as for all other objects, they are finite, and consequently, though never so fully enjoyed, cannot afford us perfect satisfaction. The objects wherein men generally seek for happiness here are not only finite in their nature, but also few in number. . . . Indeed, could a man's life be so contrived that he should have a new pleasure still ready at hand as soon as he had grown weary of the old, he might then perhaps and for a while think himself happy in this continued succession of new acquisitions. But, alas! nature does not treat us with this variety. The compass of our enjoyments is much shorter than that of our lives; and there is as perfect a circulation of our pleasures, as of our lives. The enjoyments of our lives run in a perpetual round, like the months in the calendar, but

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with a quick revolution. We dance like fairies in a circle, and our whole life is but a perpetual tautology. We rise like the sun, and run the same course that we did before; and to-morrow is but the same over again. . . .

From these and the like considerations, I think it will evidently appear that this perfect happiness is not to be found in anything we can enjoy in this life. Wherein, then, does it consist? I answer positively, in the full and entire fruition of God. He, as Plato speaks, is the proper and principal end of man, the centre of our tendency, and the ark of our rest. He is the object which alone can satisfy the appetite of the most capacious soul, and stand the test of fruition to eternity; and to enjoy Him fully is perfect felicity.

THE SOUL'S ASPIRATION.

How long, great God! how long must I
Immured in the dark prison lie?
Where at the gates and avenues of sense
My soul must watch to have intelligence;
Where but faint gleams of Thee salute my sight,
Like doubtful moonshine in a cloudy night?
When shall I leave this magic sphere,
And be all mind, all eye, all ear?
How cold this clime! and yet my sense
Perceives even here thy influence.
Even here Thy strong magnetic chains I feel,
And pant and tremble like the amorous steel.
To lower good, and beauties less divine
Sometimes my erring needle does decline;
But yet (so strong the sympathy)
It turns and points again to Thee.
I long to see this excellence,
Which at such distance strikes my sense,
My soul, impatient, struggles to disengage
Her wings from the confinement of her cage!
Wouldst Thou, Great Love, this prisoner once
set free,
How would she hasten to be linked with Thee!
She'd for no angel's conduct stay,
But fly, and love on all the way.

NORRIS, W. E., an English novelist, born in 1847. His first book, *Heaps of Money*, appeared in 1876: it has been followed by *Mademoiselle de Mersac*, *Thirlby Hall*, *Matrimony*, *A Man of his Word*, *That Terrible Man*, *Her Own Doing*, *Adrian Vidal*, *No New Thing*, *Chris, Major or Minor*, *Miss Shafto*, *The Rogue*, *My Friend Jim*, and *Misadventure*, and *The Countess Radna* (1890), and *Billy Bellew* (1895).

NEARLY CAUGHT.

He kept silence until he and his companion had reached the outskirts of the town, and then began:—

"Do, you know, Gervis, I have made an everlasting fool of myself?"

"Ah! I can guess what you mean. I saw you doing it, didn't I?"

"I suppose you did. At least you saw me kissing the girl. But, dear me, that was nothing, you know."

"Wasn't it?"

"I mean of course it was all right. I knew you and Nina Flemyng were safe enough; and really it was the sort of thing that might have happened to anybody. But, by George, sir!" continued Freddy, impressively, "do you know what that girl did as soon as you were gone?"

"Burst into tears?" suggested Claud.

"Not she! Began to laugh, and said that, now we had been so neatly caught, the best thing we could do was 'to give out our engagement at once.' I thought she was chaffing at first, but she wasn't—deuce a bit. She was as serious as I am now."

"I can quite believe it."

"Well, but my dear fellow," resumed Freddy impatiently, "don't you see what a horrid mess I am in? I never meant anything of that kind at all: and how was I to suppose that she did? I don't want to marry anybody; and Miss Lambert of all people! She's a very jolly girl, and

a first-rate dancer, and all that; but as for spending the rest of one's life with her!—Oh, I'm simply done for, and I shall go and drown myself in the harbor."

"I don't think I would decide upon doing that quite yet," remarked the other young man pensively.

"What *would* you do, if you were in my place?"

"I should run away, I think. Have you committed yourself to anything definite?"

"O, no. In point of fact, I rather tried to laugh the whole thing off; but she wouldn't have that at any price. And the worst of it is, I'm afraid she has told her mother. The old girl gave me a very queer sort of look when I put her into her carriage, and said she would expect to see me to-morrow afternoon."

"And what did you say to that?"

"I? Oh, I said 'Good-night.'"

"That was vague enough, certainly," observed Claud, laughing. "Well, I have an idea. I think I can get you out of this. Only you must promise me not to see Mrs. or Miss Lambert till you hear from me again. Most likely I shall be with you before the afternoon."

"My dear fellow, I won't stir out of my bedroom," answered the affrighted baronet earnestly. "I'll stay in bed if you like. Oh, if only I escape this time, not another woman under sixty years of age do I speak to!"

"It is possible to speak to young women without kissing them," Claud remarked sagely.

"It isn't easy, though," returned the other, sighing. "The safest plan is to let 'em alone."

Matrimony.

ANDREWS NORTON.—

NORTON, ANDREWS, an American scholar, born at Hingham, Mass., in 1786 ; died at Newport, R. I., in 1853. He graduated at Harvard in 1804 ; became librarian there in 1813, and in 1819 Professor of Sacred Literature. He resigned the professorship in 1830, and passed the remainder of his life in retirement, but during these years he wrote several elaborate works, mostly of a polemic character. Prominent among these are : *Reasons for not Believing the Doctrines of the Trinitarians* (1833), *The Genuineness of the Gospels* (1837-1844), *The Latest Form of Infidelity* (1839), and a *Translation of the Gospels* which was published in 1855, with notes by his son, Charles Eliot Norton. Besides these works he contributed, in prose and verse, to periodicals.

POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE.

The relations between man and man cease not with life. The dead leave behind them their memory, their example, and the effects of their actions. Their influence still abides with us ; Their names and character dwell in our thoughts and hearts ; we live and commune with them in their writings ; we enjoy the benefits of their labors ; our institutions have been founded by them. We are surrounded by the works of the dead ; our knowledge and our arts are the fruits of their toil ; our minds have been formed by their instructions ; we are most intimately connected with them by a thousand dependencies. Those whom we have loved in life are still objects of our deepest and holiest affections. Their power over us remains. They are with us in our solitary walks ; and their voices speak to our hearts in the silence of midnight. Their image is impressed upon our dearest recollections and our most sacred hopes. They form an essential part of our treasure laid up in heaven. For, above all, we are separated from them but

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for a little time. We are soon to be united with them. If we follow in the path of those we have loved, we too shall soon join the innumerable company of the just men made perfect. Our affections and our hopes are not buried in the dust to which we commit the poor remains of mortality. The blessed retain their remembrance and their love for us in heaven ; and we will cherish our remembrance and our love for them while on earth. There is a degree of insecurity and uncertainty about living worth. The stamp has not yet been put upon it which precludes all change, and seals it up as a just object of admiration for future time. There is no service which a man of commanding intellect can render his fellow-creatures better than that of leaving behind him an unspotted example. It is a dictate of wisdom, therefore, as well as of feeling, when a man, eminent for his virtues and talents, has been taken away, to collect the riches of his goodness, and add them to the treasury of human improvement. The true Christian "liveth not for himself, and dieth not for himself ;" and it is thus, in one respect, that he dieth not for himself.

TO A CRICKET.

I love, thou little chirping thing,
To hear thy melancholy noise ;
Though thou to Fancy's ear may sing
Of summer past and fading joys.
Thou canst not now drink dew from flowers,
Nor sport along the traveller's path ;
But through the Winter's weary hours,
Shall warm thee at my lonely hearth.
And when my lamp's decaying beam
But dimly shows the lettered page,
Rich with some ancient poet's dream,
Or wisdom of a purer age ;
Then will I listen to thy sound,
And, musing o'er the embers pale,
With whitening ashes strewed around,
The forms of memory unveil ;

ANDREWS NORTON.—

Recall the many-colored dreams
That fancy fondly weaves for youth,
When all the bright illusion seems
The pictured promises of truth ;
Perchance, observe the fitful light,
And its faint flashes round the room,
And think some pleasures feebly bright,
May lighten thus life's varied gloom.

TRUST AND SUBMISSION.

My God, I thank thee : may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisement severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay,
Thy equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.
Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
Thy various messengers employ,
Thy purposes of love fulfill ;
And 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling Faith adore Thy will.

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CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON.—

NORTON, CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH, an English poetess, born in 1808; died in 1877. She was a grand-daughter of R. B. Sheridan, and in 1827 married Hon. George Norton. In 1830 she left her husband, but returned. His persecutions culminated in 1836 in an accusation of criminal intimacy with Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister. Her innocence and wrongs were quickly apparent, and the jury gave their verdict without leaving the box. Her sufferings enlisted her in the cause of reform, which she earnestly urged in *A Voice from the Factories* (1836), *English Laws for English Women* (1854), *A Letter to the Queen*, concerning divorce (1855), and other writings. In verse she published *The Dandies' Rout* (1825), *The Sorrows of Rosalie* (1829), *The Undying One* (1831), *The Wife* (1835), *The Dream, etc.* (1840), *The Child of the Islands* (1845), *Aunt Carry's Ballads, Tales and Sketches* (1850), and *The Lady of La Garaye* (1861); and in prose fiction, *Stuart of Dunleath* (1851), *Lost and Saved* (1863), *Old Sir Douglas* (1868), and *The Rose of Jericho* (1870). Her husband died in 1875, and within a year of his death she was married to Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, who died in 1878.

LOVE NOT.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay!

Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly
flowers,—

Things that are made to fade and fall away

When they have blossomed but a few short
hours.

Love not, love not!

Love not, love not! The thing you love may
die,—

CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON.—

May perish from the gay and gladsome earth,
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam on its grave as once upon its birth.

Love not, love not !

Love not, love not ! The thing you love may
change.

The rosy lips may cease to smile on you ;
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.

Love not, love not !

Love not, love not ! O warning vainly said,
In present years as in the years gone by ;
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal—till they change or die

Love not, love not !

SPRING.

The Spring is come again ! the breath of May
Creeps whisperingly where brightest flowers
have birth,

And the young sun beams forth with redder ray
On the broad bosom of the teeming earth.

The Spring is come ! How gladly nature wakes
From the dark slumber of the vanished year ;
How gladly every rushing streamlet breaks
The summer stillness with its music clear !

But thou art old, my heart ! the breath of Spring
No longer swells thee with a rapturous glow :

The wild bird carols brightly on the way,

But wakes no smile upon my withered brow.
Thou art grown old ! No more the generous
thought

Sends the warm blood more swiftly through
the veins :

Selfish and cold thou shrinkest—Spring hath
naught

For thee but memory of vanished pains.

Ah, mocking wind, that wanderest o'er my form,
With freshened scents from every opening
flower !

Deep, deep within, the never-dying worm,

CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON.—

Life's longings all unquenched, defy thy
power!
There coolness comes not with the cooling
breeze;
There music flows not with the gushing rill;
There shadows calm not from the spreading
trees;
Unslaked, the eternal fever burneth still!
Mock us not, Nature, with thy symbol vain
Of hope succeeding hope, through endless
years.
Earth's buds may burst, earth's groves be green
again,
But man—can man forget youth's bitter
tears?
I thirst, I thirst! but duller day by day
Grow the clogged soarings of my spirit's wings;
Faintly the sap of life slow ebbs away,
And the worn heart denies a second Spring.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Word was brought to the Danish king
(Hurry!)

That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(O ride as though you were flying!)

Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl:
And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
(Hurry!)

Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(O, ride as though you were flying!)

Spurs were stuck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
For the rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles were beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)

They have fainted and faltered, and homeward
gone;

CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON.—

His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying !
The king looked back at that faithful child ;
Wan was the face that answering smiled ;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped ; and only the king rode in
Where his rose of the isles lay dying !

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn ;
(Silence !)
No answer came ; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide ;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride ;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying !

The panting steed, with drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast ;
And, that dumb companion eying,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check ;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck :
“ O steed, that every nerve did strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying !

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.—

NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT, an American scholar, son of Andrews Norton, born at Boston in 1827. He graduated at Harvard in 1846, and shortly afterward entered a mercantile counting-house. In 1849 he went as supercargo of a ship sailing for India, returning home in 1851. From December, 1855, to April, 1857, he resided in Italy, making a special study of Dante; and in 1860 published *Notes of Travel and Study in Italy*. During our civil war he edited at Boston the series of papers put forth by the Royal Publication Society; from 1864 to 1868 he was joint-editor of the *North American Review*, and in 1874 became Professor of the History of Art in Harvard College. In 1867 he published a translation of the *Vita Nuova* of Dante, accompanied with *Essays and Notes*, a part of which had already appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Other works by Mr. Norton are: *Memoir of Arthur Hugh Clough*, prefixed to an edition of his Poems (1862), *Sketch of the Life and Works of William Blake*, accompanying his Illustrations of the Book of Job (1875), *List of the Principal Works relating to Michael Angelo* (1879), *Historical Studies of Church-Building in the Middle Ages* (1880). He edited *James Russell Lowell's letters* (1893). His translation of the *Vita Nuova* is spoken of in the article upon Dante in this Cyclopaedia. Of this *Vita Nuova* the translator says:

THE "VITA NUOVA" OF DANTE.

This work, which was the earliest of Dante's writings, as well as the most autobiographic in form and intention, gives the story of his early love—its beginning, its irregular course, its hopes and doubts, its exaltations and despairs, its sudden interruption and transformation by death. . . . In dealing with the intimate revelations of a character so great and so peculiar

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.—

as that of Dante, a respectful deference is required for the very words in which they are contained. Dante has a right to demand this homage of his translator.

CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF ITALY IN 1860.

The Middle Ages still possess Italy. In the country towns, even in enlightened Sardinia one feels himself a contemporary of Boccaccio, and might read many of the stories of the *Decameron* as stories of the present day. The life of the common people has much the same aspect now as it had centuries ago. Italy has undergone many vicissitudes, but few changes.

The success of the experiment of constitutional government in Sardinia is at this moment the chief hope of Italy. A liberal and wise spirit of reform is uniting the interests of all classes, and a steady, gradual progress, proving the ability of the Italians to govern themselves, without the excesses of enthusiasm, or the evils of extravagant and undisciplined hopes. While Milan and Venice are hemmed round by Austrian bayonets, and Florence is discontented under the stupid despotism of an insane bigot—while Rome stagnates under the superstition of priests, and Naples under the brutality of a Bourbon, Turin and Genoa are flourishing and independent.—*Study and Travels in Italy.*

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NOVALIS.—

NOVALIS (the pseudonym of FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG), a German author, born in 1772; died in 1801. His father was director of the salt-works in Saxony, and the son was trained for a similar career. He studied at the universities of Jena, Leipsic, and Wittenberg, and afterwards at the mining-school at Freiberg. He manifested decided capacities for natural sciences and mathematics, united to a profoundly mystical turn of mind. His writings, with the exception of a few short pieces, notably, *Hymns to the Night*, were written in a kind of rhythmical prose, and are altogether fragmentary. They were published, edited by his friends Tieck and Friedrich von Schlegel, in 1802. Several later editions have appeared.

DEVELOPMENTS OF THE PHILOSOPHIC SPIRIT.

The rude discursive Thinker is the Scholastic. The true Scholastic is a mystical Sabbitist. Out of logical atoms he builds his universe; he annihilates all living Nature to put conjuror-tricks of Thought in its room. His aim is an infinite Automaton. Opposite is the rude intuitive Poet. This is the mystical Macrologist. He hates rules and fixed form; a wild, violent life reigns instead of it in Nature; all is animate; no law; wilfulness and wonder everywhere. He is merely dynamic. Thus does the Philosophic Spirit arise at first in altogether separate masses.

In the second stage of culture these masses begin to come in contact, multifariously enough; and as in the union of infinite Extremes the Finite, the Limited arises, so here also arise "Eclectic Philosophers" without number; the time of misunderstandings begins. The most limited is in this stage the most important, the purest philosopher of the second stage.

NOVALIS.—

This class occupies itself wholly with the actual, present world, in the strictest sense.

The philosophers of the first class look down with contempt on those of the second; say they are a little of everything, and so nothing; hold their views as results of weakness, as Inconsequentism. On the contrary, the second class, in their turn, pity the first; lay the blame on their visionary enthusiasm, which they say is absurd, even to insanity.

If, on the one hand, the Scholastics and Alchemists seem to be utterly at variance, and the Eclectics, on the other hand, quite at one, yet, strictly examined, it is altogether the reverse. The former in essentials are indirectly of one opinion; namely, as regards the non-dependence and infinite character of Meditation, they both set out from the Absolute; whilst the eclectic and limited sort are essentially at variance. The former infinite but uniform, the latter bounded but multiform. The former have genius, the latter talent; those have ideas, these have knacks; those are heads without hands, these are hands without heads.

The third stage is for the Artist, who can be at once Implement and Genius. He finds that primitive separation in the absolute Philosophical Activities is a deep-lying separation in his own nature; which separation indicates, by its existence as such, the possibility of being adjusted, of being joined. He finds that, heterogeneous as these activities are, there is yet a faculty in him of passing from the one to the other; of changing his *polarity* at will. He discovers in them, therefore, necessary members of his speech. He observes that both must be united in some common Principle. He infers that Eclecticism is nothing but the imperfect, defective employment of this Principle.—*Transl. of Carlyle.*

ON RELIGION.

Religion contains infinite sadness. If we are to love God He must stand in need of help.

NOVALIS.—

The Christian religion is especially remarkable, as it lays claim to the good-will in man, to his essential Temper, and values this independently of all culture and manifestation. It stands in opposition to Science and to Art, and properly to Enjoyment. Its origin is with the common people. It inspires the great majority of the Limited in this earth. It is the light that begins to shine in the darkness. It is the root of all Democracy, the highest Fact in the Rights of Man. Its unpoetical exterior, its resemblance to a modern Family-picture, seems only to be lent to it. Martyrs and spiritual heroes. Christ was the greatest martyr of our species; through him has martyrdom become infinite, significant and holy.

Transl. of Carlyle.

ON BIBLES.

The Bible begins nobly with Paradise, the symbol of youth; it concludes with the Eternal Kingdom, the Holy City. Its two divisions also are genuine grand-historical divisions; for in every grand-historical compartment the grand-history must be, as it were symbolically, made young again. The beginning of the New Testament is the second higher Fall—the Atonement of the Fall—and the commencement of a new period. The history of every individual should be a Bible. Christ is the new Adam. A Bible is the highest problem of Authorship.
—*Transl. of Carlyle.*

EDGAR WILSON NYE.—

NYE, EDGAR WILSON ("Bill Nye," *pseud.*), an American humorist, born at Shirley, Me., in 1850; died at Asheville, N. C., February 22, 1896. At an early age he removed with his parents to Wisconsin and thence to Wyoming Territory, where he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1876. He practiced his profession one year, reported for newspapers, and in 1878 began to write regularly a humorous letter for the Sunday papers of the West. In 1884, he came to New York and organized the Nye Trust, through which a weekly letter appears simultaneously in the journals of the principal cities of the Union. Mr. Nye has given lectures throughout the country, and has published: *Bill Nye and the Boomerang* (1881); *The Forty Liars* (1883); *Baled Hay* (1884); *Bill Nye's Blossom Rock* (1885); *Remarks* (1886); *Bill Nye's History of the United States* (1894).

BOUND TO BE A PALL-BEARER.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am here to act as the pall-bearer of Sandy Baldwin. I shall do it, and those of you who know me know that I will do it. He cared little for the empty titles which the errors of humanity bestow upon unworthy men. He knew his friends while living. He knows them still. I was his friend. I am nothing more than that now. If he were alive he would indorse that sentiment."

At that moment Mr. Goodman stooped, and taking hold of the casket, he gently jolted it to test its weight. After he had hefted it he said:

"Now, gentlemen," and he looked like a Numidian lion whose tail had been shut into the door of the Coliseum by mistake, or a royal Bengal tiger, whose own private martyr had been ruthlessly jerked away from him by means of a string: "pride, pomp and circumstance can no longer reach Sandy Baldwin in that mysterious country to which he has gone.



EDGAR WILSON NYE.



SIR THOMAS MORE ON THE ROAD TO EXECUTION, TAKES FAREWELL
FROM HIS DAUGHTER.

Painting by A. Zieck.

EDGAR WILSON NYE.—

Empty titles and the false glamour and glitter of hollow honors cannot gladden his dead heart now. Your Honorable this and your Judge that cannot bring the flash of pride to his pallid clay.

“But friendly hands shall be the last to touch his bier. No stranger shall bear my friend away to his grave, for—I will carry him myself.”

Then he reached down and put his strong arms about the casket of Sandy Baldwin to shoulder it. But better judgment moved the man who had charge of the services, and the original programme was carried out.

Lawrence Barrett said it was at once the grandest and the most ludicrous sight he ever saw. There in the midst of mourning, on the most solemn and impressive of occasions, stood a brave and defiant man, in a Prince Albert coat that tried to be dignified but lacked the necessary scope, and with trousers which shuddered at the idea of touching the earth by a foot or so. With flashing eye and distended nostril he defied the entire programme, and, threatening to bear away the body of his friend, like a true gladiator, he won his case, and Sandy Baldwin went to his grave surrounded by a little band of plain American citizens, followed by the titled but overawed pall-bearers, whose names were respectively Messrs. Mud, Dennis and others.

Fresno is also noted latterly for having among its citizens a gentleman named Whisk, who has done well for a number of years by attaching the baggage of various theatrical companies. I do not mention this because I have any personal grudge against Mr. Whisk for I am not a theatrical company, neither did he attach my baggage. On the contrary, he bought a box and treated me well, but others murmur, and, I believe, with just cause, insomuch that the citizens of Fresno kick with a loud and sonorous kick, which extendeth even unto San Francisco, and even also unto the sound which is to the north thereof.

EDGAR WILSON NYE.—

Mr. Whisk married in rather a romantic way, I thought. A Fresno gentleman told me about it. He said that Mr. Whisk was doing well in his attachment industry there, and finally formed another attachment for a very wealthy widow. She feared, however, that he only loved her as a brother, and also as one who hath his eye on the bank account wherewith she had been blest.

So she said to him: "Oh, darling, I fear that my wealth hath taught thee to love me, and if it were to take wings unto itself thou wouldst also do the same."

"Nay, Gwendolin," said Mr. Whisk, softly, as he drew her head down upon his shoulder and tickled the lobe of her little cunning ear with the end of his mustache, "I love not thy dollars, but thee alone. Also elsewhere. If thou doubttest me, give thy wealth to the poor. Give it to the World's Fair. Give it to the Central Pacific Railroad. Give it to any one who is suffering."

"No," she unto him straightway did make answer, "I could not do that, honey."

"Then give it to your daughter," said Mr. Whisk, "if you think I am so low as to love alone your yellow dross."

He then drew himself up to his full height.

She flew to his arms like a frightened dove that has been hit on the head with a rock. Folding her warm round arms about his neck, she sobbed with joy and gave her entire fortune to her daughter.

Mr. Whisk then married the daughter, and went on about his business.

I sometimes think that, at the best, man is a great coarse thing.

The widow wept for Mr. Whisk for a week or two and bought a revolver with which to kill him, but better judgment prevailed. She suddenly came to her senses, and, realizing what a weak revenge it was after all, merely to kill him, she packed up her parrot and went to live at his house.

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